

The Australian

July 12, 1967

Over 830,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Women's Weekly

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 1/6 (15c)

New Guinea 33c

Malaysia \$1.00

THE CRUEL SEA

More Gold Coast pictures
on pages 10 and 11

**\$9000 RECIPE
CONTEST**

Page 47

**16-page lift-out
DON'T WORRY, MOTHER!**
Doctor's advice
on rearing children

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 33c; New Zealand, 1/6; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Congress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Hordian St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

JULY 12, 1967

Vol. 35, No. 7

OUR COVER

Trucks dumping gravel along the Esplanade at Surfers Paradise in an attempt to hold back the seas that caused damage estimated at \$5 million to beachfront properties on Queensland's Gold Coast. Cover picture and those on pages 10 and 11 by Bob Millar, jun.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

How Your Brain Works . . . 25, 27
New Recipe Contest . . . 47
DON'T WORRY, MOTHER!
Centre lift-out

REGULAR FEATURES

Social . . . 12, 13
TV Parade . . . 19
Compact . . . 22
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain,
Ross Campbell . . . 29
House of the Week . . . 38, 39
Stars . . . 40
Australian Almanac . . . 41
Teenagers' Weekly . . . 42, 43
Butterick Patterns . . . 67

FICTION

The Further Side of Fear
(Serial—Part I), Helen
McCloy . . . 51
Lame Dog, Betty Colson . . . 62
The Grass is Green, Mary
Drake . . . 65

FASHION

Swimwear on the New Wave-
length . . . 20, 21
Fashion Frocks . . . 40
Needlework Notions . . . 54
Butterick Patterns . . . 67

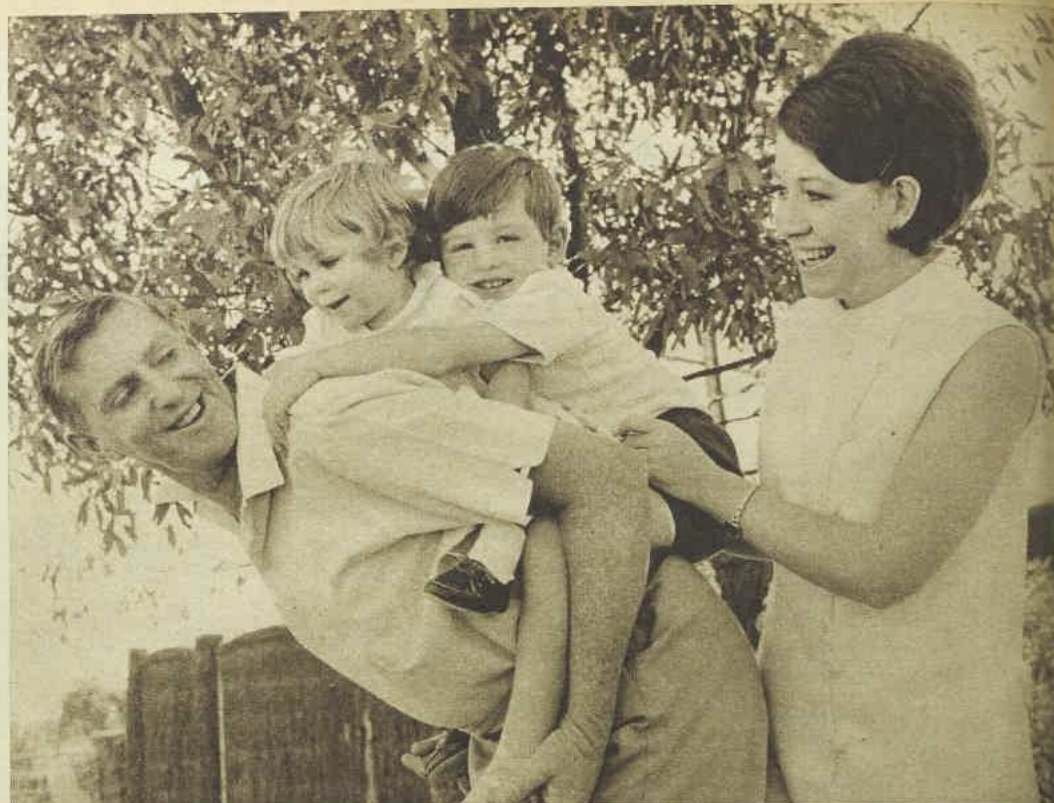
HOME and FAMILY

Cookery: Perfect Grills . . . 31, 32
Prize Recipes . . . 33
Home Hints, Transfer . . . 36
Collectors' Corner . . . 37
A Broad with Margaret
Sydney . . . 40
Gardening: Ferns . . . 44
A Reader's Story . . . 45

Page 2

● Surveyor - author Len Beadell with his attractive wife and two of their three children, Jacqueline, two, and Gary, four. Connie Sue, five, was at school when this snap was taken.

Fellow-author Douglas Lockwood has described Len Beadell as "the greatest bushman of them all," but . . .



OUTBACK OUT OF BOUNDS TO SURVEYOR-AUTHOR

By RITA DUNSTAN

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN surveyor-author Len Beadell, whose second book, "Blast The Bush," has just been published, is as much at home in the remoteness of Australia's centre as any white man can be.

Otherwise he could not have survived in that harsh country where he has spent years surveying and building 4000 miles of road, all of which are the result of his astronomical observations (or "star sums," as one outback friend describes them).

Fellow-author of outback tales Douglas Lockwood has described Len Beadell as "the greatest bushman of them all."

But now doctors have warned Len not to go bush again.

The warning follows severe hepatitis, the result of prolonged malnutrition in temperatures of more than 100 degrees outback.

"It was too hot to think of food," he said. "Sometimes it would be three or four days before I could eat."

Although fairer in color-

ing, the surveyor-author looks very much like American comedian Jerry Lewis and, at a pinch, could stand-in for him on location.

But Jerry Lewis could hardly return the compliment, since the Beadell working location has covered just about all of "the great Australian loneliness."

His first book, "Too Long In The Bush," tells of his first outback road survey between Alice Springs and Carnegie Station, in Western Australia, almost 1000 miles.

Atomic test

The publishers say it is one of the most successful books they have put on the market—three editions since it was published last year—and a similar success is expected for Len's second book, "Blast The Bush."

This tells of the first atomic test in Australia, in which Len was involved from the beginning as the man chosen to select and survey the detonation site.

If ever a book was authentic, this is. It had to be read by about 20 scien-

tists and other experts before it could be released for publication.

While this manuscript was passing from one to another in England and Australia, Len Beadell was working on another, provisionally titled "Around The World In 80 Delays," which tells of an overseas trip in 1959. He is also planning two more books about the bush.

All this is quite by chance. He never thought of writing until poet-author Ian Mudie, then Adelaide editor-in-chief of Rigby Ltd., publishers, suggested about seven years ago that Len had a story to tell of his bush experiences.

He started on his first book soon afterwards way outback on the Connie Sue Highway (named after his daughter), while he was waiting for repairs to his grader and four-wheel-drive vehicle, each of which "suffered with a gearbox full of loose cog teeth."

A sense of humor and a remarkable memory make writing easy for him.

Some of his diary entries are brief to the point of absurdity. His pretty wife, Ann, says the words "hot day," recorded to jog his memory, seem to be enough to produce a chapter of incidents.

His drawing ability adds to his word pictures in "Blast The Bush," which he has illustrated with cartoons.

When he was surveying in the Gibson Desert, his skill

with a pencil came in handy to communicate with Aborigines who had never seen a white man before.

To gain their confidence, Len would squat down and draw one of the tribe, a piccaninny, or a dingo, muttering to himself as he worked.

When they recognised the subject of these "portraits" the natives would laugh in delight, then point to the person or animal Len had drawn. From then on the ice was broken.

He loves the outback Aborigines for their unspoilt simplicity and uncanny bush ability.

Ann, who has made some trips with her husband into the unexplored parts of Australia—one of five months—became Mrs. Beadell seven years ago in a rather unusual way.

As Range Reconnaissance Officer for the Weapons Research Establishment at Salisbury, north of Adelaide, Len needed a headquarters in the district, so he bought a house in the suburb of Salisbury.

Awarded medal

While outback, he let it through an agent to an Englishman and his wife who had not long migrated from England with their daughter.

When he returned to Salisbury six months later, he met the family.

"The result was the parents moved out and their daughter stayed on as my wife," he said.

They have three children—Connie Sue, five, Gary, four, and Jacqueline, two—all of whom have had a highway

or a road junction named after them.

Len was born in 1923 in Castle Hill, N.S.W. He did survey work for the Sydney Water Board before serving with the AIF. After a term with the CSIRO in Arnhem Land, he joined the Department of Supply and did the first survey for the Woomera Rocket Range.

In 1958 he was awarded the British Empire Medal for his services as Range Reconnaissance Officer for the WRE, Salisbury.

Len says he learned his bushmanship over 25 years of camping out in the bush, which he has loved doing—for work or for pleasure.

In spite of the doctors' warning, he hopes he will be fit after a few years to do some less rigorous trips.

Until he can go bush again, Len has one of his own watercolors to remind him of the peaceful, lonely, baking, long dry days in the centre—a painting of his famous hobnailed boots.

At least, they are famous among the few folk who have seen the surveyor at work, because Len liked to wear them without socks.

"You collect too many prickles and burrs in socks," he said.

Once he got dressed up to meet "company" coming from civilisation. The "company" remarked that they had never seen him wearing socks before.

Whereupon Len cast formality aside and rolled the socks off over his boots. It was easy because the socks were footless and kept only for quick changes on such occasions.

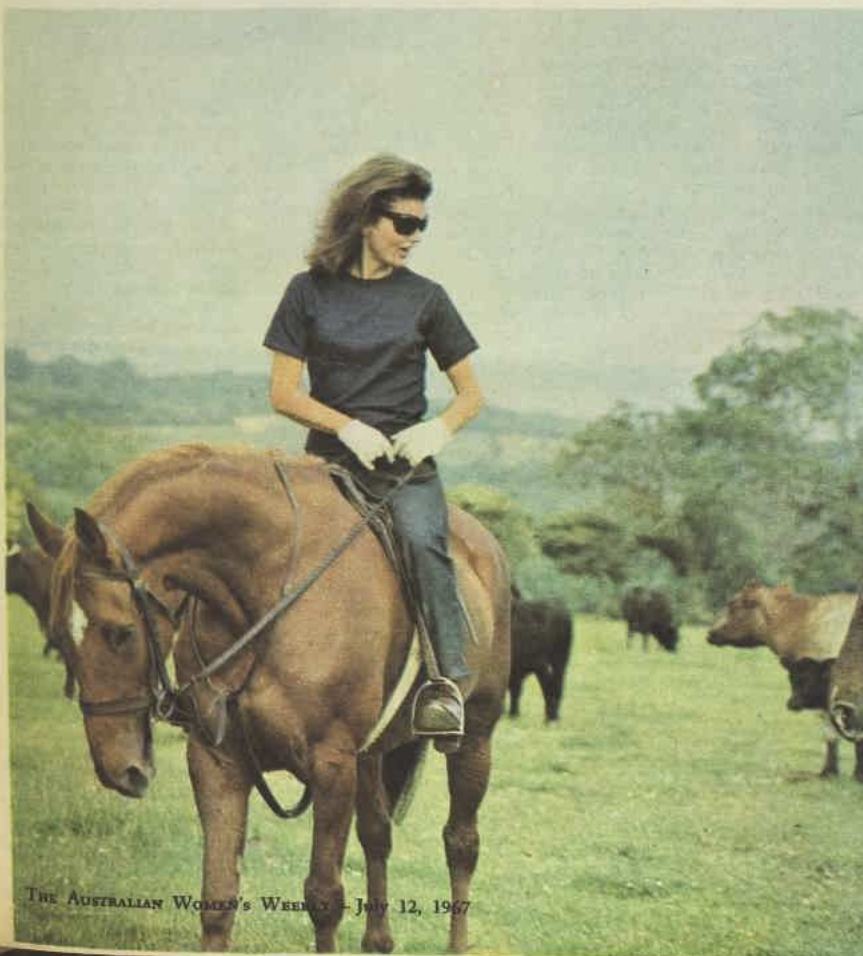
Warm Irish welcome for Kennedys



● Horse riding has been one of the pleasures of the month-long Irish holiday of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy and her children, Caroline, 9, and John, jun., 6. Mrs. Kennedy was keeping a promise made to the Irish people by the late President four years before—that he would return with his family.



● Warm welcome awaited Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy and her children, John, jun., and Caroline (almost hidden), above, when they arrived at Shannon Airport for their Irish holiday. Above, left, Caroline follows in her mother's footsteps as a horsewoman.



● Framed by Eire's famous scenery, Mrs. Kennedy, left, and John, jun., photographed on horseback. The family's holiday home has been Woodstown House, a 50-room Georgian mansion in County Waterford, standing in acres of flower-colored grounds.

FASHION AND PEOPLE AT ROYAL ASCOT



IT TAKES all kinds to make a day at Ascot. These pictures illustrate some of the outfits — from weird to mod — worn at the recent race events in England.

By MRS. TOMMY SMITH,
wife of one of Australia's
top trainers, as told to
Anne Woodham.



● Ascot is elegant women, men in top hats and morning coats, the best of racing, champagne, smoked salmon, strawberries and cream.

AND, of course, the freakish outfits, whose wearers obviously feel this is the one day they may make the papers.

Opening day at Ascot recently was rather overcast and chilly, but nothing could have dampened the spirits of the racegoers.

True to tradition, many of the hats were large and decked with flowers.

In many cases, the faces of the wearer did not match the hat. One woman wore the largest black halo hat I've ever seen—at least three or four feet in diameter—with the crown covered in stamens and radiating large white petals.

The outfit had been designed by her 18-year-old son.

As well as the passion for flowers, many of the English women, from the Queen Mother down, adore ostrich feathers, but the Queen Mother's hats always look right.

Half the fun is just watching some of the weird costumes.

I saw one girl wearing an enormous mauve chiffon-draped hat which, if a hole was cut in it, would have

done admirably as a crinoline skirt.

With it she wore a mini-mini skirt. The whole effect looked so top heavy that I was afraid she would topple over at any minute.

From one extreme to the other. In the passing parade were two girls in flowing Victorian dresses, looking as though they'd slipped out of "My Fair Lady."

I couldn't help eavesdropping on two of the security guards discussing the Queen's dress as she walked into the Royal Enclosure in a brilliant emerald-green silk coat and dress with a matching turban.

Queen's outfit

"I've seen that before," said one.

"She wore it last year," replied the other.

It makes you realise how much attention the average English person pays to the Queen.

Tommy and I had lunch with our old friend Brigadier Scott.

Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ted Birch, leading racehorse breeders in South Africa. They made front-page headlines last year when their champion

horse Sea Cottage was shot before a big race.

The horse is still racing in South Africa—but they've never been able to find the bullet.

Famous names were everywhere. I saw Norman Hartnell keeping a hawk's eye on the fashions, and well-known race fan Lady Zia Werner among the royal party.

The second day of Ascot—gloriously sunny—started with a wonderful luncheon at the delightful house which Frank and Angela More O'Ferrall had rented.

Frank More O'Ferrall is head of one of the big bloodstock agencies.

Guests included the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Stanley (he is the brother of Lord Derby), who were missing Ascot that day to fly to Thirsk, a lonely little racecourse in the North of England, to see their filly Radio Caroline run in the evening race.

"Don't you think we're being frightfully chic NOT going to Ascot?" Mrs. Stanley asked over lunch. Incidentally, Radio Caroline won her race.

Also at lunch were Sir John and Lady Muskin (he is a well-known English

banker who breeds horses in England and races them in France), Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall, and the Duke of Devonshire, whose horse, Park Top, won the last race.

The Duke was delighted. In fact, I have never seen anyone so exuberant. He told me that in 20 years of racing, he had never even had a runner at Ascot, let alone a winner.

After the race, he took us to the champagne bar to celebrate his victory.

His trainer, Bernard Van Cutsem, told me the story of how he had originally bought the filly for Paul Getty, the multimillionaire, but as it cost only £500 he hadn't liked to offer it to him. Instead, he asked the Duke of Devonshire if he would like it.

The first person we met on arrival at the course was Bing Crosby, who was busy studying form, trying to pick a winner.

Lunch on Thursday was in William Hill's private box. He was England's biggest bookmaker, and he now owns a beautiful stud at Whitsbury, where Sir Gordon Richards trains 60 horses for him.

The private boxes are fun

— people keep popping in and out to say hello.

One of the interesting faces to drop in was Phil Bull, the famous turf authority, who presented us with his time form. I felt I had really tapped the fountain of knowledge.

When we went back to the Royal Enclosure we ran into Bernard Van Cutsem again, who told us that the Duke of Devonshire was still celebrating his victory of the day before.

On Friday, the fourth and last day of Ascot, we drove to Forest House, near the racecourse, the lovely old home of Lord Patrick Beresford and his wife, Julia, who, incidentally, was deb of the year when she came out.

Patrick is a magnificent polo player and plays with Prince Philip's team.

Lunch for 12

He is a most handsome man, and he and Julia are an outstanding couple wherever they go. Unfortunately, they are going to have to sell their house, as the servant problem is so difficult these days.

The lunch was fairly small and intimate, with only 12

people present, but it was great fun.

There was great speculation among our friends as to who would be the leading jockey in England this season. Australian Ron Hutchinson was a favorite, but my bet was Scobie Breasley, who is riding in fantastic form.

It has been nice to hear everyone singing the praises of George Moore, whose riding has been a joy to watch.

The accent at the course on Friday was on the young girls, all in short skirts with colorful accessories, and long, straight hair, which seems to be a must.

The royal family were all present again. The Queen is evergreen—she doesn't seem to have aged a minute. In fact, she looks almost as young as she did the first time I saw her at Ascot many years ago.

Princess Margaret is the mod member of the royal family. She follows current fashions very closely, and this year wore the shortest hem of all the "royals." Princess Marina's dressing was the epitome of elegance every day, and Princess Alexandra looks a lovely young girl. Incredible that she is the mother of two children.

BETTY BEST, of our London staff, tells:

WHY HAYLEY LOVES HER BOSS

● Shortly after director Roy Boulting began work on the new Hayley Mills starrer, "The Family Way," he was shown a set of publicity pictures of Hayley and was asked, "Aren't they wonder-

ful?" He riffled through them without much reaction, and said, "Oh, yes, they're all right. But don't rave about the photographer too much. You just can't go wrong with that girl."



● Hayley Mills and Roy Boulting, U.S.-bound to publicise their film. He is not yet divorced, but they say they plan to marry.

AT that time, just a year ago, no one on the film unit would ever have predicted a romance between the then 53-year-old director and his 20-year-old star.

Certainly, as a casual-visitor to the set, such a possibility never occurred to me.

Roy was as preoccupied with his job, as always. I watched him direct a scene (which did not happen to include Hayley), and he seemed to be in a world apart. Every ounce of his concentration was riveted on the two actresses in front of him.

It is no secret that, although the twin Boulting brothers alternate their jobs of directing and producing, John really enjoys the administrative half of the partnership, whereas Roy has always preferred directing.

In fact, before the war he always directed their films, from "The Landlady" in 1937 (their first expose of so many) and "Consider Your Verdict" right through to "Pastor Hall," a prophetic attack on Nazism, which was actually held up in distribution until war was declared.

Roy has always been regarded as the more creative of the two Boultings. He has a pungent wit which comes through very clearly in his writing. He has most frequently worked on the scripts of Boulting films, usually collaborating with another writer.

But like brother John he has never attempted to hide his impatience with intellectual inferiors. In fact, both he and John have a name in the industry for the cavalier way they are prepared to write off anyone whose conversation does not come up to their own standard.

This applies just as much

to executives as to people who are working for them. They do not suffer fools gladly, and have no hesitation in showing it.

The young Miss Mills, however, is no fool. Far from it. She has been brought up from early childhood by very sensible parents who have always been prepared to discuss anything and everything with her.

They never talked down to their children and gave them the opportunity to learn to live with adults at an early age.

This means that Hayley has always had an ease of behaviour with people older than herself. At the same time, she has never gone in for trying to sound or appear older than she is for effect. When you are not treated as a baby at home, you don't have to play at being grown up before your time.

There is no doubt that this poise, naturalness of manner, and general good common sense would be bound to appeal to a man of Roy Boulting's mentality. He has dealt professionally with a lot of dizzy-dame actresses in his career, and Hayley is far from dizzy.

During the filming of "The Family Way" she reached the age where she had begun to think about leaving her family home for the first time. She discussed with me the great conflict in her mind. She is so genuinely attached to her family, enjoys their company more than most people's, and has been given enough freedom by them not to feel that she has to escape.

But she also felt that if she didn't get her own flat and learn to live alone soon she would find it difficult to make the break later.

And here, I think, is the first pointer to the reason why Hayley has fallen in love with a man 33 years older.

She has made the official break with her family living-in arrangement without actually losing an older person in her daily life.

A Harley Street psychiatrist, commenting on the romance, put it this way:

"At one stage all little girls want to marry their daddies. Reality for most people means discovering that you can't do this. But show-business people have much more opportunity to live their fantasies.

"It is true that creative men do often keep young longer."

There is no doubt that every attitude Roy Boulting shows in public tends toward the young image.

see him in any old-fogy light, despite the fact that his eldest son is a year older than she.

"The age difference doesn't matter," she said. "Older husbands are IN — like mini-skirts."

Mr. Boulting himself says that he had misgivings at first:

"I met Hayley for the first time during the shooting of 'The Family Way.' I realised I was very much in love with her. For a time I denied these feelings because it was ridiculous. I told myself I was a much-married man — it's three times — and that there was the age difference. I didn't tell her or anyone.

"But you can't legislate against love, and whether you're 15 or 50 when it

But knowing Hayley I doubt very much if a very young man would ever have appealed to her as a husband at this stage of her life.

She really enjoys the company of older people. She asks their advice with a genuine interest in learning their opinion.

She has a tremendous appreciation of artistic merit, whether it be in her father's acting or her mother's writing. It is bound to be one of Roy Boulting's great attractions that he is recognised as one of the most talented of English film-makers.

His films have always been keen satires on the Establishment in all facets of its pomposity, and this, too, could not help but appeal to a young woman brought up to question life for herself and not accept conformity for its own sake.

Mary Hayley Bell, her mother, is a woman with a mind of her own who fully appreciates individuality in her children.

When asked how she felt about Hayley marrying Roy (who is only five years younger than John Mills), she said: "Both John and I asked Hayley if she thought she ought to wait a little time while she thought about it.

"But we would have said exactly the same thing if she had announced she wanted to marry a 22-year-old boy just a few months older than herself.

"After all, marriage is a thing you should think wisely about. And if you're sure, then go ahead.

"I look at it this way: there are some older men who are quite young and some men who are quite old at heart. And Roy is very light of heart. He must be,

because otherwise Hayley would not be so enchanted by him.

"These marriages do work. Look at Larry Olivier, and the Sinatras. It depends entirely upon the individuals, and in this case we think it is very unwise to interfere with what Hayley wants.

"She is a mature girl, and is very happy, and that is all that counts. In one way we are sad — because she will be taken away from us much sooner than we had expected."

John Mills backed his wife's attitude.

"I do not object to Hayley and Roy marrying because of this great difference in their age. That sort of objection is Victorian.

"I may play Victorian roles sometimes, but I have no Victorian attitudes."

Mary Hayley Bell said that the romance had never been any secret to the family.

"Of course, word gets around in close circles like show business, so this led to people saying that this was splitting our family because John and I fought the marriage.

"But these rumors were all tosh and rubbish.

"We talked about it like intelligent people. There has never been any rift.

"I agree not all such marriages work. Every marriage is different. The chances of people the same age being more successful than other couples with many years between them depend entirely on the individuals concerned.

"Hayley and Roy are just wonderful together. He's an artistic, erudite, and very stimulating person — but most of all very youthful in outlook.

"And Hayley is really older and wiser than her 21 years. After all, she was in her first picture, 'Tiger Bay,' when she was 12, and for

To page 19

It's not so long ago that she was confiding,
"I simply didn't feel ready to be 19"

Just now he has a mod hairdo which would not be surprising on a teenager.

His clothes are entirely "with it." He makes a point of keeping his slim figure in good trim and chuckles at those of his age who don't.

He drives a Mini-Cooper Special and boasts that he can get her up to 110 miles an hour between the lights on the way to London Airport.

Only two years ago while holidaying in Italy he was showing off his diving prowess to friends and nearly broke his neck on a submerged rock. He had not taken the trouble, that most men in their 50s would, to check whether the tide was as high as it was when he'd dived there the previous day.

Hayley obviously doesn't

happens, it's too late to deny it.

"When the film was finished I found I was still in love with her."

That was when Roy flew to Singapore, where Hayley was shooting "Pretty Polly" away from her family setting. In the tropical and exotic new surroundings it was obviously impossible to keep the mutual feelings undisclosed any longer.

To do Mr. Boulting justice he had been forced to watch Hayley being paid court to in England by a handsome 6ft. assistant director from another film, during location shooting on "The Family Way."

The young man used to dash up from London to Manchester to take her out in the evenings, and Mr. Boulting must have felt it was pretty solid competition.



THIS FEELING COULD ONLY BE JOHNSON'S

She gets two pretty special things in Johnson's: a soft, highly absorbent talc gently medicated against nappy rash; and a perfume that smells more like "fresh clean baby" than fresh, clean babies do. And it's a nice way for grown-ups to smell, too. Share a can with your baby this week. You couldn't get a finer, softer talc.

Johnson & Johnson Best for baby, best for you.

AUSTRALIAN GIRL IN CYPRUS

—the island that has become the pivotal point for aid to refugees from war zones in the Middle East.

A 22-year-old Patricia Murphy flew from Syria on her way to work in a kibbutz in Israel, the lines of a Greek classic she had read at school in Melbourne were running through her head.

"Where is the home for me?
"O Cyprus, set in the sea,
"Aphrodite's home in the soft sea-foam,
"Would I could wend to thee."

"So I cancelled my booking to Israel and came to Cyprus," Patricia told me. "I felt it was an omen."

That was earlier this year as tension and trouble in the Middle East were fermenting, and the island of Cyprus, with its own troubled history, was enjoying a sunny calm.

The new £1,750,000 stg. (\$A4,375,000) Cyprus Hilton Hotel was opening, tourists were pouring in from overseas, ambassadors, ministers, and officials were arriving. His Beatitude, the

would, in happier times, have been travelling through the Holy Land and places of interest in the countries that have been at war.

"They come to Cyprus now for rest and relaxation, and to refresh themselves on the natural beauty of this island."

The people of Cyprus took Patricia to their warm hearts.

They call her "Anassa," the ancient name for Aphrodite, who, according to legend, arose from the sea. "But I descended from the air," says Patricia with a laugh when she hears her nickname.

Patricia soon settled down in her new life. Although it is only a few months since she came to Cyprus, she has made many friends.

One is Effie Araouzos, niece of Andreas Araouzos, Minister of Commerce and Industry, who has introduced Patricia to her uncle's colleagues in the Cabinet.

"It is so friendly and informal in Cyprus, these leading men just call me 'Pat'

the Cypriots with whom I work would dream of asking me out.

"There is no easy and friendly dating for them. An invitation out is considered as the first step to an engagement. And a girl has to have a substantial dowry before she can marry.

"This is usually a house, but even Cyprus is becoming more modern regarding marriage, and the young men are having to make do with a bride and a flat.

"There are lots of new flats going up all around Nicosia," she said.

In the few months that Patricia has lived in Cyprus, she has known the luxury of the Hilton hotel plus the comfort of a happy family life.

Nicosia," she said. "And no Greek ever goes into the Turkish quarter."

Patricia has learned the hard way not to detour off the main roads when driving. "We go in convoy guarded by UN soldiers when we go to Kyrenia for a swim," she said.

the patrolled roads, or go the long way round and thus bypass the section not patrolled, then they are assured of safety and can have a happy and carefree time here," she said.

She finds it sad, however, to work with young Turkish boys who after office hours never speak to their Greek colleagues.

The Turkish quarter is very poor and a sharp contrast to the luxury and the go-ahead policy of the rest of Nicosia.

The Turks are rationed everything from petrol—to one gallon a day for taxis—to food. There is little regular employment.

Not so grim

In the Turkish quarter within the citadel at Famagusta at the other end of the island, life is not quite so grim, because many of the Turkish Cypriots work at the port.

"In the evening they return within the walls of the ancient fortress and never see or speak to a Greek Cypriot," Patricia explained.

In the interests of peace, and to prevent a recurrence of fighting, there is a United Nations force in Cyprus of more than 4000 military personnel and 174 civilian police, among them the Australian contingent.

Patricia said the Australians are very well thought of in Cyprus.

The Hilton hotel, built as part of the five-year plan to attract visitors to Cyprus, is the pride of the island.

Much of the lore of ancient Cyprus has been incorporated in the hotel.

The crusaders have an important place in the island's history, and this influence is

reflected in medieval chain mail decor and furnishing.

Patricia, whose English parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murphy, settled at Blackburn, in Melbourne, is fascinated by the history and antiquity of the island.

"Now there is much to do to help rehabilitate the unfortunate people who are the tragic casualties of the war," she said.

The British are sending aid to the refugees and supplies already in Cyprus are being rushed to the needy as quickly as possible.

British people who have retired to Cyprus have been recruited to help in the work.

Stores of food, blankets, medical equipment have already gone to refugees to try to stem the tide of disease and suffering that will sweep across the Middle East in the aftermath of war.

Tension lessens

In Cyprus, under a cloudless sky, tension has temporarily lessened as those who can work to aid those who have suffered defeat.

The tourist in Cyprus can still gather fragments of gold and richly hued mosaic, of iridescent Byzantine glass, and enjoy the ancient ruins, the gaiety, and sporting life of the sun-soaked island away from the turmoil.

Only an hour's flight from the troubled areas, Cyprus is a sanctuary. "And those who had to cancel their holidays and come to Cyprus for safety have stayed to make it a happy visit," said Patricia.



PATRICIA MURPHY, of Melbourne, by the pool in the grounds of the luxury Hilton hotel in Cyprus. She was hostess at the official opening of the hotel earlier this year and stayed on to be the manager's assistant.

By ANNE MATHESON,
then in Nicosia, Cyprus

President of the Republic of Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios, was being welcomed by Conrad Hilton, vice-president of the hotel chain, when into the cool marble entrance hall stepped pretty Patricia Murphy to be official hostess.

"It was the most exciting moment of my world tour," said Patricia. "I was flattered to be asked at very short notice to be a hostess and extend the warm welcome for which Cyprus is famous to all the important people arriving.

"I was happy to stay on when the opening ceremony and gay celebrations were over, and now that war in the Middle East has left this sad legacy of refugees and all their problems I am glad I did.

"There is plenty for me to do here in Cyprus, which the world, moved by the misery of refugees, is using as a pivotal point for sending aid.

"As well, we have the overflow of tourists, who

as though I were one of the family."

When she had settled into her job at the Hilton, Patricia was invited to live with Mr. and Mrs. Salaeuri, whose daughter, Dita, is about her age.

"Dita's parents are Italian and Rumanian who have settled in Cyprus, and we live the life of girls in any European household," Patricia told me.

"They are charming, but I doubt if I would have been quite as free to come and go as I like if they had been Greek Cypriots. A young girl is very carefully chaperoned here and until a marriage has been arranged she is not allowed to go to parties and dances alone."

Patricia has an enviable social life in Cyprus, and with every evening free from her job at the Hilton hotel she has many invitations to parties and discotheques.

"But never from Cypriot boys," she said. "Not even



PATRICIA at her desk in the hotel. Off the job she lives with a Cypriot family, enjoys a bright social life, and assists in refugee rehabilitation.

But she has also had to endure the strain of living on an island torn apart by its own problems of Greeks and Turks living together in Cyprus without a solution to their separate ways of life.

As an Australian, Patricia is free to come and go at will through the Greek parts of Cyprus as well as its Turkish quarter.

"No Turk ever ventures into the Greek part of

"The convoy leaves in the morning and returns in the evening, and we form up at the barricades, manned by the UN forces."

The recent shooting of two American boys in a car when they swerved off the road in the direction of a Turkish village was proof there is still violence in the area.

Both boys were friends of Patricia's.

"If visitors will keep to

Thirty suits are on tour with Lovelace Watkins

By ANNE OLSEN



LEFT: Brown front panel, edged with red, and brown turtle-neck add contrast to cream woollen sweater.

ABOVE: Puffed sleeves are feature of unusual mauve shirt tailored-made for Lovelace Watkins.

BELOW: Cream polo-neck, Italian-knitted bulky sweater features purple and black side strips.



EACH year American singer Lovelace Watkins cheerfully spends about \$5000 on his wardrobe of clothes as a "business necessity."

"I feel I owe it to my public to be well groomed and well dressed all the time," said Lovelace, who is in Australia fulfilling singing engagements in capital cities.

Lovelace considers himself a business.

"It's like all businesses — you plough money back into them to make them more successful," he said.

"It's sad but true that a lot of first impressions are formed by how a person is dressed. I've seen more than one guy blow a job simply because an agent didn't think he looked successful enough."

That is one thing that couldn't be said about Lovelace. He has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed performers on the nightclub circuit.

His travelling wardrobe alone consists of 30 suits, 15 pairs of trousers, 35 shirts, seven pairs of shoes, and 16 colorful sweaters.

Lovelace pays more initially for his suits so that creases drop out a minute or two after he first hangs them up after unpacking.

"Some people have to rush round getting their clothes pressed — I don't."

After wearing each suit he airs it thoroughly, then gets it dry-cleaned.

"Dry-cleaning really means you get a lot more mileage out of your clothes."

"After a performance some of my suits are damp with perspiration — that's why I need so many."

Though he changes his wardrobe round frequently, Lovelace takes good care of each item.

Shirts are always hung in a cupboard, never folded away, and sweaters are always folded carefully in individual mothproof bags.

Since earlier visits — he has been here twice before — Lovelace "dis-

covered" a little shirt shop which now makes all his shirts exclusively.

"Boy, they really do a good job," he said enthusiastically.

"A lot of my friends have put in orders after seeing the line and fit my shirts have."

Most of his suits come from London and Paris, but Lovelace has his fitting recorded with a Sydney firm who now make all his jazzy silk suits.

"You Australians don't just realise what good fashion you have here right in your own backyard," he said, smiling.

Lovelace — so named after his Creole forefathers — was not originally intended to be a singer.

His mother, a registered nurse, wanted him to be a doctor, but a Bachelor's degree in Microbiology was as far as he went at college.

"I found singing too compelling. It wasn't the glamor or the lights or the fabulous money," he said. "I just had to sing."

Lovelace is an ordained deacon of a New Jersey Baptist Church, its former treasurer, and one-time choir-master.

He has appeared with the Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson. "My religion is very close to me," he said.

With the figure of an athlete, Lovelace is an expert in karate, holds his Black Belt for judo, and was a Golden Gloves Tournament boxer.

His path to success as a singer ("I sing adult-pop, semi-Sinatra type songs") began a few years back when he filled in for Sammy Davis Jr., who couldn't keep an engagement because he was making the film "Golden Boy."

"I stepped in and did so well that from then on I got all kinds of offers."

Lovelace has succeeded in establishing a good following among Australian audiences.

One Adelaide horse-owner was so impressed that he named his champion racehorse after Lovelace.

"And that," said Lovelace happily, "is quite an honor."



PICTURES BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER ERNIE NUTT



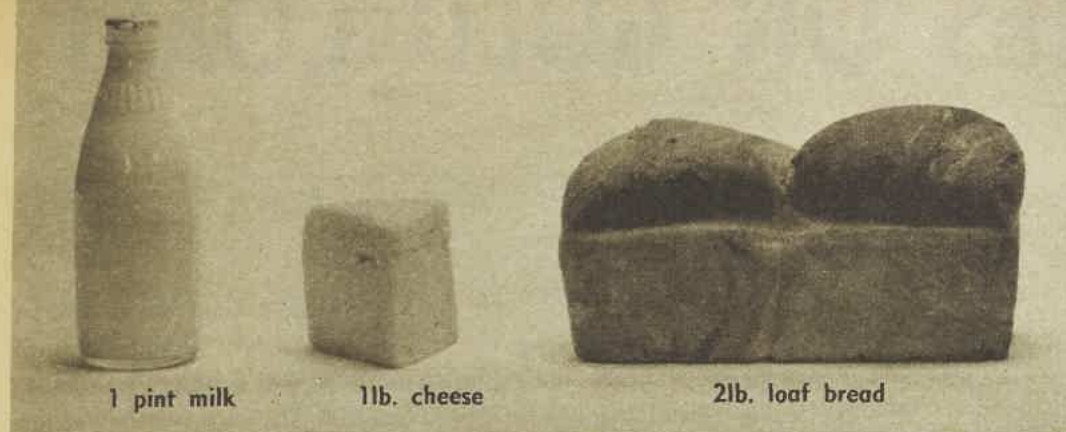
LEFT: "Maverick" suit in green silk has high back vents, double-breasted vest, and green lining.

RIGHT: For casual outings he wears double-breasted jacket with raglan sleeves and bright brass buttons.

$\frac{1}{2}$ litre (approx.)

500 grams or $\frac{1}{2}$ kilo

1 Kilogram (approx.)



● Some of the new arithmetic housewives will learn under the metric system.

Metric statistics give girls 86-63-96 figures

● "New times demand new measures," and the measures are metric. Your shopping list may yet read: a half kilo of butter, 100 grammes of cheese, and a litre of milk.

FOLLOWING the conversion of Australian money to decimal currency, a Senate Committee is at present investigating a proposal to convert the entire system to a decimal system—the metric system.

In a very few years you could be cheerfully discussing your weight reduction from 63 to 57 kilograms (that's about a stone) while your husband boasts that his new car can do 32 kilometres to the dekalitre.

Your daughter could have a crush on that handsome 1 metre 82 centimetre tall boy next door; while he no doubt will admire her trim figure of 86-67-86. (Centimetres: 1 centimetre is $\frac{1}{100}$ metre.)

The heatwave weather of 38 degrees will cause the men to pop into the local for a few muddies or "28 centilitres."

In the background a jukebox could well be playing "I'd Walk 1,609,300 Kilometres For One Of Your Smiles, My Mammy."

But, although the new terminology will be difficult, calculating in metric measures will be incredibly simple compared with the present Imperial system.

No more 16 ounces to the pound, 14lb. to the stone, 112lb. to the hundredweight, and 2240lb. to the ton. Even better will be the elimination of 7.92 inches to the link, 5½ yards to the rod, pole, or perch, and 1760 yards to the mile.

Instead, it will be a simple 10 grammes to the dekagram, 10 dekagrams to the hectogram, and 10 hectograms to the kilogram. In other words, every unit is a multiple of the figure 10.

Also, the Imperial system has three systems of weights: Avoirdupois, Apothecary (medical), and Troy

(precious metals), while the metric system allows only one system for all weights.

And when it comes to strange terminology, the Imperial system is so cluttered with words most people don't understand that the metric terms should hold little terror. (Did you know that a peck was two gallons, a chaldron was 36 bushels, or one drachm was three scruples?)

The origins of weights and measures are buried deep in antiquity. Standards of length were derived from limb measurements, while the

By
BARBARA MARTYN

earliest units of weight were either kernels of grain or shells.

The foot, as can be guessed, was derived from the length of the human foot. At first it was anybody's foot, then the need for a standard was realised, and so it became the length of the tribal chief's foot, thus varying from reign to reign.

The Romans brought the foot to Britain, where it was finally defined as one-third of the yard during the reign of Edward I (about 1305). The inch, originally a thumb's breadth and defined by the Romans as one-twelfth of a foot, was also adopted by the British.

The mile was defined by the Romans as 1000 paces, each pace equal to five Roman feet. In Tudor times the English decided they could fit 5280 feet to the mile.

The yard seems to have originated much later than the other units and appeared in various forms. In Northern Europe it was the length of the girdle worn by the Anglo-Saxons, while tradition has

it that Henry I decreed that the yard should be the distance from the tip of his nose to the end of his thumb.

The British also adopted the Roman system of weights in which their pound (libra) contained 12 ounces of 437 grains each. But this unit underwent many changes until the reign of Elizabeth I, when, in 1587, the avoirdupois pound containing 16 ounces each of 437.5 grains was legalised.

The Industrial Age, with its consequent expansion of foreign trade, made people realise the need for an international agreement on measures, and so, in 1875, 17 countries signed the Treaty of the Metre and adopted the metric system for trade.

England would not support the metric system at this stage, but finally succumbed and joined the Metric Convention in 1884, adopting the system for foreign trade.

In 1897 the use of metric weights and measures for trading in Great Britain was legalised, giving the British two independent systems (and greater chaos).

As the metric system was the more modern, simpler, much more extensive, and stable (in 1947 it was established that the Imperial Standard Yard was shrinking), Britain finally redefined its Imperial measures in metric terms.

Thus one yard became 0.9144 metre and one pound (avoirdupois) became 0.45359237 kilogram for use in science and technology.

Today, between 80 and 90 percent of the world's population are using the metric system. Britain, with its eye on the Common Market, is in the process of converting all its weights and measures to metric, and is allowing a ten-year transition period for the conversion (to 1975).

Australia, New Zealand, Canada, U.S.A., and South Africa are the only countries yet to change over.

The general feeling now is that changeover is inevitable. The question is "How?" and "When?" This is what the Senate Select Committee, chaired by Senator K. A. Laught, is studying.

It has been estimated that 20 percent of the time needed to teach maths to children aged from five to 11 would be saved and an overall saving of five percent in teaching time effected.

(These figures, quoted in evidence to the committee, were from a survey by the British Association for the Advancement of Science.)

Already a start has been made on the conversion, as the metric system has been adopted in Australia by scientists, pharmacists, most hospitals, some government departments, some industrial concerns, and sporting bodies.

A transition period of ten to 15 years is envisaged as the most desirable to give the public time to adjust to the new measures and business and industry time to cover their costs.

The overall cost is practically impossible to estimate, but one thing is certain, the longer the conversion is delayed the greater the cost will be. The committee will be making its recommendations to Parliament by next June.

For everybody, the main difficulty will be in relating the new terms to actual quantities. Housewives will wonder what a kilogram of butter looks like, whether a two-kilogram roast will be large enough, or 25 decilitres of milk the right amount for the recipe.

The men will, no doubt,

BUST
86
centimetres
(approx.)
WAIST
63
centimetres
(approx.)
HIPS
96
centimetres
(approx.)

BUST
34in.
WAIST
25in.
HIPS
38in.

HEIGHT
1 metre
75 centimetres
WEIGHT
60 kilograms
and 30 grams

HEIGHT
5ft. 9in.
WEIGHT
9st. 7lb.

● There'll be new figures for girls' figures.

argue over their measure of beer, how fast they were travelling at 80 kilometres per hour, and try to work out what a girl looks like when her vital statistics are 91-67-91 (centimetres).

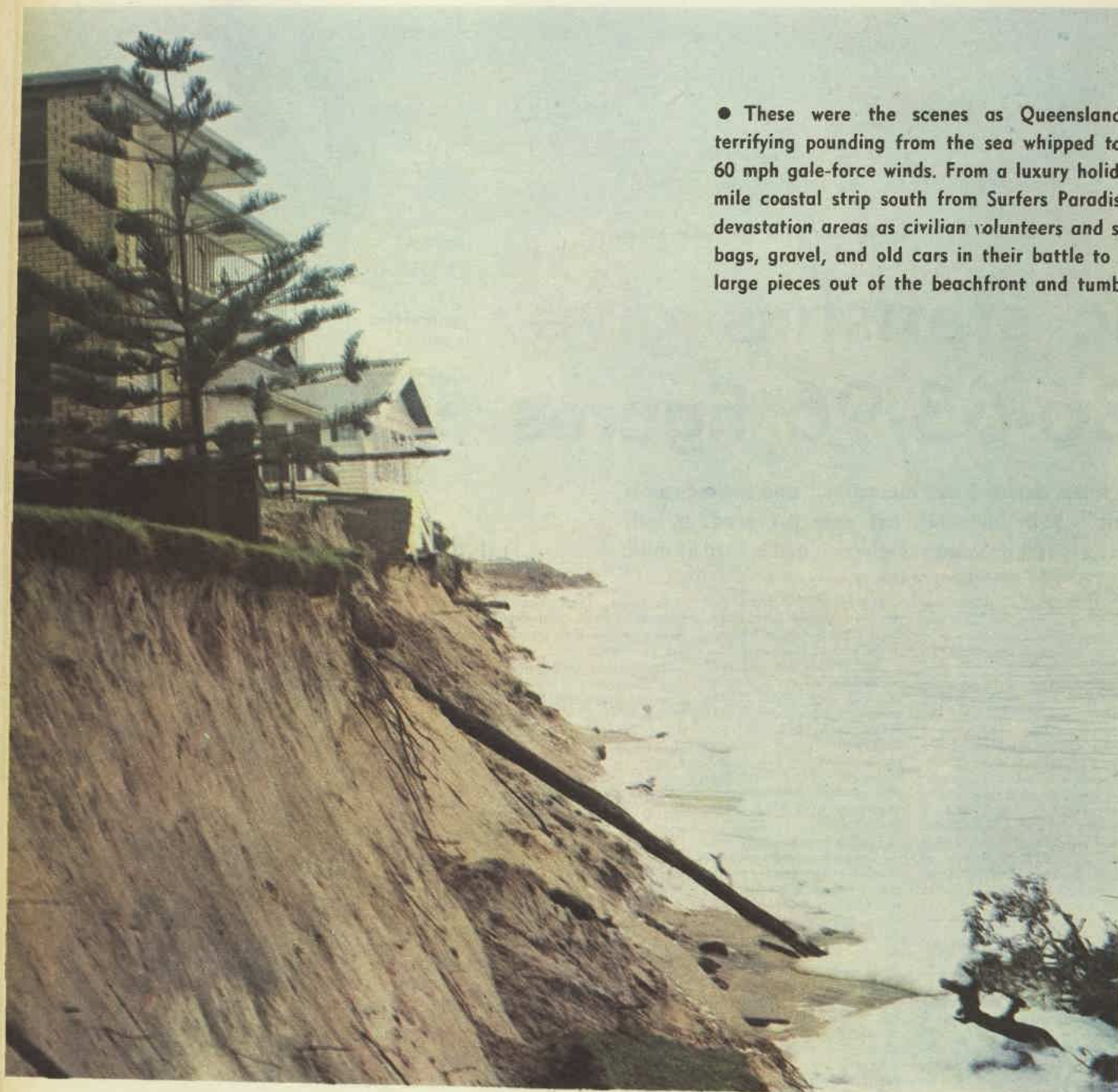
Mr. H. F. Bolton, Superintendent of Weights and Measures for New South Wales, suggested to the Senate Committee that packaging could state both measures for the transition period and scales, signposts, and speedometers could also show both measurements.

But many tinned products, milk bottles, and other bottles that are measures in themselves will have to be replaced.

One thing is certain. There has been no opposition to the suggested conversion, and in most cases it is heartily welcomed, so it won't be too long before heads will be reeling with thoughts of kilograms, litres, and metres.

Thank goodness there are still some things in life people can treasure beyond measure!

GRIM SCENES ON GOLD COAST



● These were the scenes as Queensland's Gold Coast took a terrifying pounding from the sea whipped to fury by high tides and 60 mph gale-force winds. From a luxury holiday area, parts of the 20-mile coastal strip south from Surfers Paradise were transformed into devastation areas as civilian volunteers and servicemen dumped sandbags, gravel, and old cars in their battle to halt the erosion that bit large pieces out of the beachfront and tumbled houses into the sea.

● How the pounding sea took its toll of the foreshore (left) as Queensland's Gold Coast suffered the worst erosion in the history of the developed area. Early estimate of damage was \$5 million.



● Only a small strip of lawn remains to a house in Mermaid Beach (left), which, with the northern end of Surfers Paradise, Nobby's Beach, and Northcliffe, was among the hardest hit.

● Volunteers (right) battling to build sandbag barricades to temper the force of the sea. Every available truck and bulldozer and hundreds of volunteers worked along the seafront.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July

● Houses at Mermaid Beach (right), poised on the seafront edge. Removal vans were busy all along the coast moving household furniture as properties were threatened.

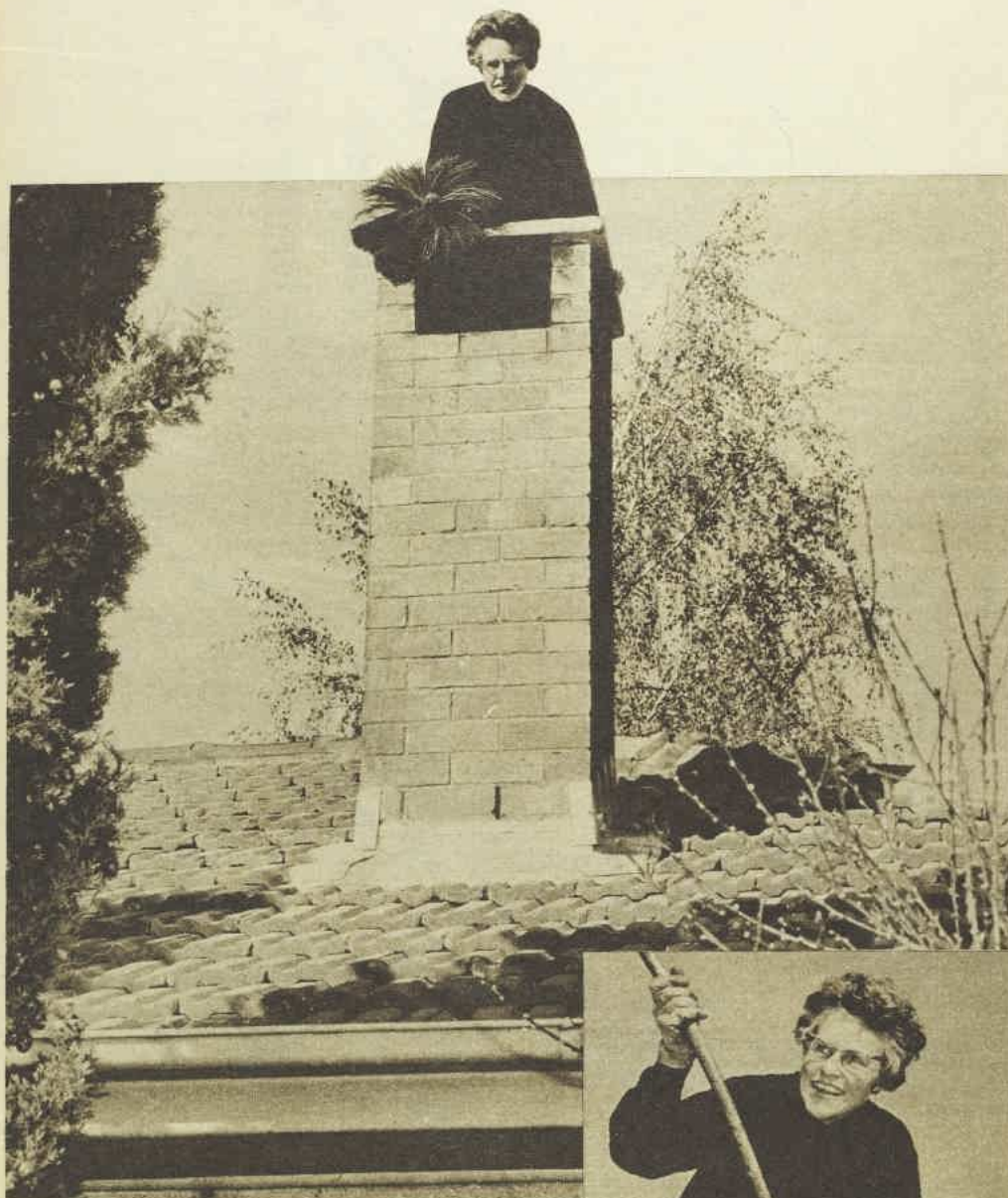


● Luxury swimming-pool in front of a modern 24-unit building at the badly battered northern end of Surfers Paradise tumbled into the sea.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1967



● Television aerial at a slant tells the story of a house in Wave Street, Mermaid Beach, part of which had been claimed by the pounding waves.

LADY CHIMNEY-SWEEP



CHIMNEY-SWEEP Mrs. Donnelly at work.

● Canberra's only registered chimney-sweep is a grandmother—Mrs. Nancy Donnelly.

"WHAT a view! It sure is a supercalifragilistic day—I feel like Mary Poppins," she said as she perched precariously on the rooftop of a Canberra house.

Mrs. Donnelly, who admits to being over 50, began brushing soot out of chimneys about two years ago and owns and runs Canberra's only chimney-sweeping business.

"I knew nothing about chimney-sweeping when I started," she said. "Now I know plenty."

"We do most of the homes in Canberra. This place is not high; The Lodge, where the Prime Minister lives, is higher. So is the New Zealand High Commission,

and the view from Government House is really nice.

"Some of the homes in Red Hill are too high for me. I let my sons do them."

As she stuffed the long-handle brooms down the blackened chimney she said: "I have five children. I began the business for the boys. I find the work gives them something to do during the weekends."

"It keeps them busy and out of mischief and gives them some spending money."

Mrs. Donnelly's two sons Tim, 20, and Robert, 15, are the main helpers.

She has one son, Peter, in the Army, a married daughter, Judy, and a younger son, Michael, 12.

"I like the job on the roof better than down in the house cleaning up the soot,"

she continued as she emerged from her task.

"It's a messy job cleaning up the soot. We use a vacuum-cleaner for that and spread sheets out to keep the house clean."

"But, I'm afraid, it's the roof for me. No mess," she said shaking her head.

Mrs. Donnelly keeps fit by teaching physical culture at the YWCA. "Sometimes, when I am out on a chimney-sweeping job, I see some of the girls from the 'Y.' And they get a surprise to see me up on the roof!" she said.

The chimney-sweeping business is operated from Mrs. Donnelly's home in Deakin, and, though she has no plans for retiring yet, she hopes to hand the business over to her sons one day.

Mrs. Donnelly was born in Queanbeyan. She and her family have lived most of their lives in the ACT area.

—RAY SAUNDERS

SOCIAL ROUNABOUT

INTERESTING news for Dr. and Mrs. Charles Huxtable from their daughter, Mrs. John Kempe, in England, tells them that her husband has been appointed headmaster of Gordonstoun School in Scotland and will take up the appointment in January. Mr. Kempe (who is headmaster of Corby Grammar School in Northamptonshire) led the British expedition in 1956 which was the first to climb Mt. Huagaruncho in the Peruvian Andes. The Kempes have three children—Nicholas, Clive, and Penelope.

SPOKE this week with proud new father Mr. Jack Slingo, who told me of the birth of his fourth son, Jonathan Michael, on June 26 at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. The Slingos' other sons are Martin, Jason, and Peter.

HEAR that pretty auburn-haired Robyn Blanch is thrilled with the lovely baguette diamond engagement ring, with diamond shoulders, given to her by Tom Earl. They plan to wed in the New Year.

THE 100 members of the newly formed RAN Officers' Wives' Association are on the hunt for the 1400 other women who are eligible to join the group. The president, Mrs. T. K. Morrison, wife of Admiral Morrison, Fleet Officer in Charge Eastern Area, tells me that this is the estimated number of wives of ex-officers, serving officers, and widows who can become members. First function will be a chicken and champagne luncheon at Royal Naval House on July 7.

CAN'T make up my mind who gets the most attention from passersby when Mrs. Michael Champion takes her bobtailed tabby cat "Jack" for a walk in the park at Double Bay. She wears the most delicious camel-hair suit (which she bought recently in London) with long brown kid boots (which she bought in Italy). "Jack," just six months old, wears a leather collar to which is attached a smart green leather lead which his mistress bought for him in Paris. Incidentally, "Jack" wasn't born without a tail. It happened at Christmastime when the wind blew shut a door just as he was walking out into the garden.

MOST noteworthy party talk I heard during the week was from charming television personality Penny Harvey, who arrived late apologising because "someone left the back door open and our pet goat walked in and ate all the fruit and vegetables." His name (the goat's) is Gideon.

THREE cheers for the little black dress which invariably takes my fashion award at cocktail parties. I saw it this week worn by Mrs. Frank McCall Power, although it was a little black suit, not a dress. Slim, beautifully cut, quite plain, it was the perfect background for a luxurious white mink collar.

AND, talking of fashion, thought how attractive Mrs. "Mit" Loneragan, from Mudgee, looked when I saw her in King Street at the end of a day's shopping. With a casual blouson-jacket suit of black and white tweed she wore a mole-colored high-neck jumper which exactly matched her almost-to-the-knee boots. Unexpected touch was the lovely white mink beret, complete with pompadour.

BELIEVE that pretty young Anne Macfarlane is quite excited about the 21st birthday party her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Macfarlane, are giving for her on July 8. For Anne, who has been living in the country, at Barraba, for five months, it will be a wonderful opportunity to catch up on news of her young Sydney friends.

—By Mollie Lyons



TO WED. Champion tennis player Miss Margaret Smith and Mr. Barry Court, who celebrated their engagement at a party given by Barry's parents, the Minister for Industrial Development in Western Australia, Mr. Charles Court, and Mrs. Court, of Nedlands. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Smith, of Albury.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1956



AT LEFT: Singer June Bronhill (right) with Miss Sandra Carter and Mr. Colin Clarke at the farewell dinner party given by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust Younger Set at Ye Olde Crusty Tavern. Miss Bronhill, who opens on Broadway in the musicale "Robert and Elizabeth" on November 6, was guest-of-honor at the party.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. John McLaughlin after their marriage at St. James's Church, City, with attendants, from left, Mrs. Ron Logan, Miss Wendy Griffiths, and Miss Louella Green. The bride was Miss Elaine Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, of Nyngan. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. J. A. McLaughlin, of "Merryanbone," Warren, and of the late Mr. McLaughlin. After a four-month honeymoon in New Zealand and the United States, the newlyweds will live at "Merryanbone."



AT LEFT: Miss Virginia Kreitner and Mr. Toomas Nelson were among guests at the University of New South Wales Swimming Club ball. It was held at the Roundhouse at the University.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Bray, of "Vaughan," Eugovra, with their junior attendants, pageboy Patrick Meagher and flowergirl Catherine Herbert, after their marriage at St. Mary's Church, North Sydney. The bride was Miss Carmel Talbot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Talbot, of "Homelands," Quandialla. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Bray. Other attendants were Miss Rosemary Talbot, Miss Jan Graham, Miss Constance Herbert, Miss Suzette Bray, and Mrs. F. Donoghue.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. Brett Hall (left), president of the newly formed Food for Babies Appeal Committee, met Lady Cutler, wife of the Governor of New South Wales, when she arrived at a meeting at the Bank of New South Wales to launch the 1967 Appeal Drive for Funds.

NEXT WEEK

● There are 60 marvellously warming recipes for cold wintry days in our **Sixteen-page lift-out**



... with 16 good sustaining soups, 13 satisfying main dishes to bake in the oven and 17 main dishes to cook on top of the range, six fruity desserts, and eight spicy hot drinks.

AND ...

● Two girls hitchhiking from London to Greece: it's an adventure, and the girls' story is the first of our real-life

TRAVELLERS' TALES

... a new series, in which people who have been there tell you what it's like!

AND ...

● This is our next **HOUSE OF THE WEEK**

... it's one family's dream home.



AND ...

● Do you chop and change from one job of housework to another? And does your husband ever criticise you for doing so? Well, he's wrong! Your method is the most efficient — but you'll read what the experts have to say in Part II of "How Your Brain Works"; it tells you

WHEN YOU ARE AT YOUR BEST

... there's a quiz to find out whether you're an introvert or an extrovert, too.

AND ...

● In three "Family Affairs" stories to encourage and inspire the downhearted, readers talk about some of the sacrifice and hardships that can go into

Acquiring a home of your own

AND ...

● For gardeners:
**TREES FOR
AUTUMN COLOR**



Love-triangle trick



EAGER EXPECTANCY shines in the face of beautiful Marta Rosmanith as she travels by plane from Hungary to rejoin her husband, Dr. Andor Rosmanith, in Sweden. She and her husband broke through the Iron Curtain by a daring "love-triangle" plot that completely tricked Communist authorities in Budapest.

PICTURES on these pages show the moving scenes as a Hungarian doctor was reunited with his wife and son after an amazing escape from behind the Iron Curtain.

When Dr. Andor Rosmanith planned two years ago to escape, he knew that the Communist authorities would never let his wife, Marta, and son, Bandi, leave Hungary to join him.

So he divorced her and escaped alone to Sweden.

Through a Hungarian bricklayer living in Hudiksvall, in Sweden, where the doctor was working in a city hospital, he got in touch with a Swedish construction executive, Thore Jonsson, who travelled to and from Hungary on contracts. Thore agreed to a pretended marriage with Marta.

Dr. Rosmanith wrote letters to Marta in bad Hungarian in Jonsson's name.

This was the beginning of the "love story" that ended in the "marriage" of Jonsson and Marta. Later Jonsson legally adopted Marta's son.

Six months after her "wedding" to Jonsson, Marta and her son left Hungary, ostensibly to join him in Sweden. They had a joyful meeting on the plane at Kastrup Airport, in Copenhagen, Denmark. As Jonsson escorted them over the tarmac, Dr. Rosmanith awaited them.

Legalities which have been begun to divorce Marta from her "temporary" husband and remarry her to Andor will bring a happy ending to one of the most remarkable "triangle" stories ever told.



SAFELY away from the troubles of her native Hungary, Marta Rosmanith (left) talks to her "temporary" husband, Thore Jonsson, who came to meet her and her son, Bandi, at Kastrup Airport in Copenhagen, Denmark. At right, the happy party hurry from the plane to meet the waiting Dr. Rosmanith.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1960

reunites a family



REUNITED after two long years of separation with fear-haunted months of waiting and hoping, husband and wife greet each other with all the joy in the world written on their faces. It was a surprise meeting at Kastrup Airport, in Copenhagen. Marta had not expected to see her husband until she arrived in Sweden. Even her parents did not know that her "marriage" to Thore was an escape arrangement.



DEEP THANKFULNESS glows in the smile of Marta as she farewells Thore Jonsson, her "temporary" husband, to whose understanding co-operation she and her husband owed so much. When they are "divorced," Thore will be free to wed his own fiancée, who had agreed to wait while the plot worked out.

19 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 12, 1967



OVERCOME with emotion, Marta sheds tears of joy on her husband's shoulder as he holds her in his arms for the first time after two years of plotting that had at last brought her to freedom.



ONE FAMILY AGAIN, Andor greets his son, Bandi, while Marta looks on. Bandi had grown a lot in the two years since the story started with a "divorce."

Page 15

Golden Circle

WINNERS for WINTER!



BRAISED POCKET STEAK with TROPICAL PINEAPPLE

• one of the delicious recipes in Golden Circle's new recipe book

15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple, 2½ to 3 lb. topside steak, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups stock or water, 2 cups herb-flavoured breadcrumb stuffing.

Drain pineapple, chop 1 slice fine and add breadcrumb stuffing. Cut large pocket in steak and fill with stuffing. Close pocket with small metal skewers. Rub steak with plain flour and brown richly in melted butter. Place in casserole, add stock, cover and bake in slow oven (325 degs. F.) until steak is tender. Whole potatoes, onions and carrots can be added during the last hour of cooking. Or potatoes can be baked separately. Brown remaining pineapple slices and serve with the steak.

NEW!



Golden Circle
Sweet 'n' Sour
PINEAPPLE

DELICIOUS SAUCE OR SPREAD

Use Sweet 'n' Sour as a spread for toast or sandwiches. Serve it over fish, chicken or duck. For parties, Sweet 'n' Sour makes a delicious dip to serve with potato flakes, cracker biscuits, toast points and cheese.

Have you ordered your personal copy?

Discover how simply you can prepare family meals with the look and taste of the tropics. Here are pages of exciting dishes—lavishly illustrated in beautiful full colour—for budget-minded food for all meals, including picnics, parties and school lunches. There's a colourful section on glamour salads and a special selection of dishes Dad can cook.

Include \$1.00 remittance, plus your name and address. Address your envelope: **RECIPE BOOK**, The Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.



WORLD TOURISTS, on one of the many "supplementary" visits to European countries, find keen pleasure in the glowing colors of Holland's bulb fields. These trips range from five to 14 days.

World tourists find delight in spots of special beauty

JOIN our World Discovery Tour in February, and as well as seeing 22 countries in just on five months of travel you'll have the opportunity of visiting many other places in your own free time.

Excellent supplementary tours to Ireland, Spain, Scandinavia, and Holland are available at wonderfully low prices. These tours may be taken during a 23-day "at-leisure" period in London.

Our World Tour — the third arranged by World Travel Headquarters — offers a fantastic itinerary.

For only \$1708 (£N.Z.716) you get ship-board return accommodation to London, PLUS a 23-day tour of eight European countries, PLUS a seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland, PLUS 13 nights' accommodation in London hotels.

The tour begins from Sydney on February 4, when the *Orcades* sails for Brisbane.

(Special arrangements have been made for Western Australian, Victorian, and New Zealand passengers to join the tour ship in their own ports. South Australians will travel to Melbourne for embarkation.)

Each of the 1400 tour members will have the complete run of the well-appointed P and O liner *Orcades*, with its many lounges, decks, libraries, and swimming-pools.

First port of call is Guam, duty-free Pacific island.

Calls are later made at Kobe and Tokyo, in Japan, before the cross-Pacific run to Hawaii.

After Honolulu the ports en route to England include Los Angeles (home of Hollywood), Acapulco, Panama

Canal, Cristobal, Miami, and Portuguese Madeira.

The return voyage is made in the tourist section of the *Canberra*, and calls are made at Gibraltar, Athens, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, and the duty-free port Singapore.

While the basic price covers return accommodation in four-berth cabins aboard both ships, there are still excellent four-berth cabins with and without private facilities, as well as two-berth cabins without facilities, available for booking.

Supplements for this improved cabin accommodation are very reasonable. For example, the four-berth cabins with private facilities cost from \$118 in the *Orcades* and from \$42 in the *Canberra*; two-berth cabins without private facilities are from \$20 in the *Orcades* and from \$26 in the *Canberra*.

On both sea voyages you have the services of your own Tour Director, who will arrange all your shore excursions in the ports en route to England.

He will be based in London to ensure the complete success of the tour.

After your arrival in London you will have a few days in which to explore the city and to settle in before you set off on a 23-day coach tour of the most scenic parts of Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, Monaco, and France.

Highlights of this trip—in special wide-vision coaches with their individual bilingual couriers—are the stop-overs in Paris, Rome, Nice, and Monte Carlo.

After your return for yet another few days in which to explore London, you begin an interest-packed tour of England and Scotland. The highlight of this will probably be the two days and nights in Edinburgh.

On your return to London you have the option of a

23-day leisure period—which is entirely at your own expense—or of returning home in an earlier P & O sailing in the *Oriana*.

The *Oriana* calls at Athens, Port Said, Aden, and Singapore before arriving in Fremantle on May 17, Melbourne, May 20, and Sydney, May 21.

Most tour members will avail themselves of the wonderful opportunities that this special "free time" period gives by either visiting relatives or friends in England or by undertaking further sightseeing tours.

In the past our tourists have really enjoyed these supplementary tours, which range from five to 14 days and cost from \$90 to \$183 extra.

They include:

COPENHAGEN INTERLUDE: Ten-day coach tour via Ostend, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, to Copenhagen—the "Paris of the North"—where a day is spent exploring the beautiful Tivoli Gardens with its amusements and three-star restaurants.

Price for this tour is \$137, with \$11.25 more if single-room accommodation is required.

SUNNY SPAIN AND THE CHATEAUX COUNTRY: Fourteen-day tour takes in the famous chateaux country of France. The itinerary covers Lille, Tours, Bordeaux, Bayonne, San Sebastian, Madrid, Toledo, Barcelona, Valencia, Toulouse, Bourges, Rheims, and Ostend.

All-inclusive cost is \$183 per person, with \$15 extra if private rooms are required.

BULB FIELDS OF HOLLAND: Five-day tour covers Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, and Arnhem, from where side excursions to the town of Delft and The Hague are made. Tour cost is \$62.

DEVON AND CORNWALL: There are two

separate tours of this famous region of England.

One, a six-day trip, takes in Bude, Plymouth, Exeter, Shaftesbury, and costs \$90 per person.

The other seven-day tour takes in Aylesbury, Oxfordshire, and Cheltenham. It costs \$106 per person.

IRELAND: There are two air-coach tours of Ireland which take seven days ("Cork and the Ring of Kerry" and "Galway and Old Killarney") and one ten-day steamer-and-coach tour ("Spring in Tralce"). Prices are all about \$142 per person.

HOW TO BOOK

New South Wales—A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria—Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

Queensland—Northern Territory—New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Westfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 2-0959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W.1, England. Telephone HYDe Park 8494, GROSvenor 7221.

—OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

Hold it! this is a stick-up

BAND-AID Brand Dressings stick at a touch—stay put even under water. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

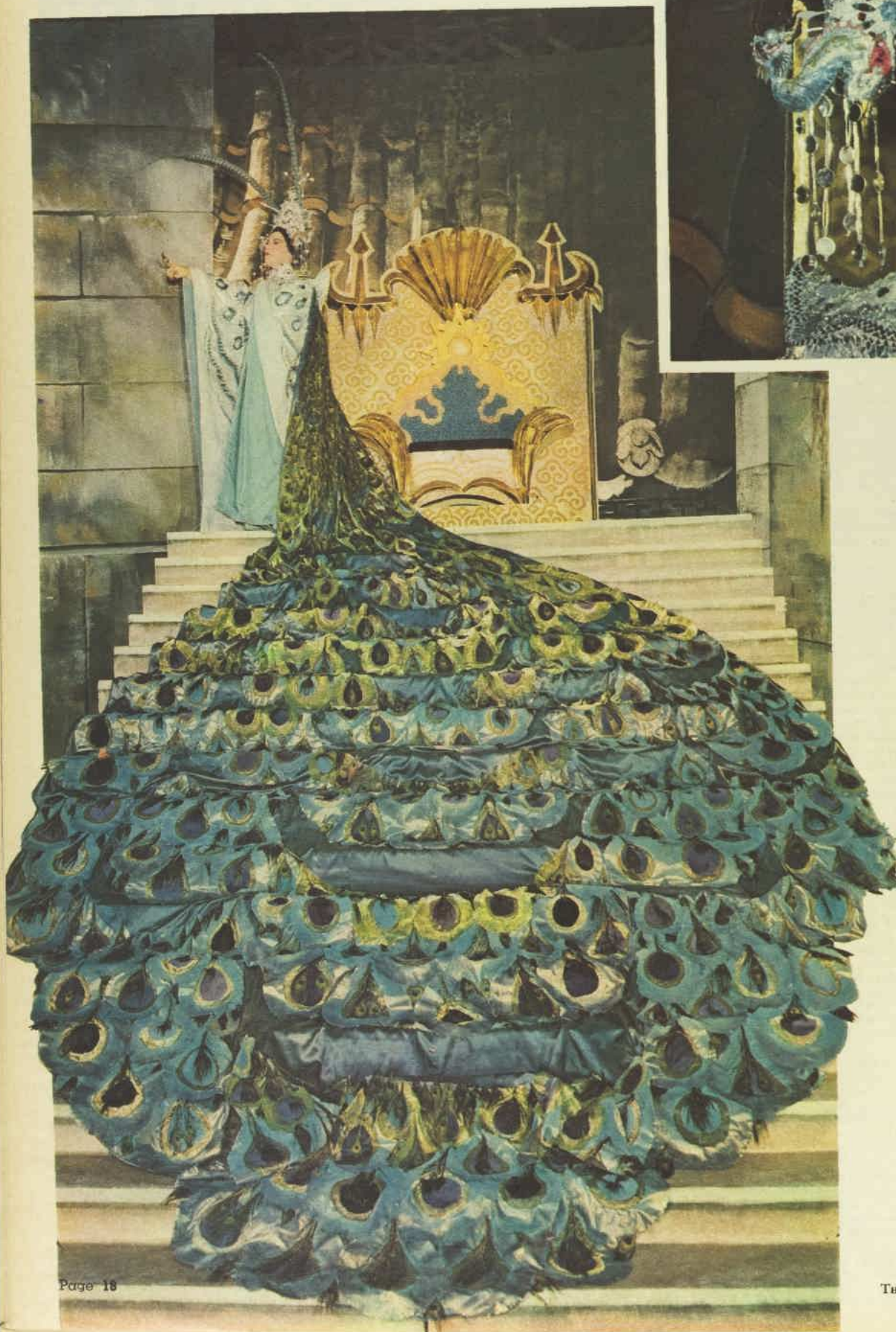
BAND-AID

BRAND
strips



Johnson & Johnson

Puccini's last opera
"TURANDOT"



MAGNIFICENT PEACOCK train, left, worn by Princess Turandot (Morag Beaton), contains more than 2000 real peacock feathers. Peacock feathers mean bad luck to theatre folk. To counteract those 2000 feathers, Miss Beaton (picture above) wears two lucky pheasant feathers from Scotland in her headdress.

"TURANDOT," the last opera Puccini wrote, is probably the most spectacular of the operas to be presented this year by the Elizabethan Trust Opera Company.

Puccini died before he finished it. One of his pupils, Franz Alfano, finished the work from the ideas Puccini left.

There was a sensation at the premiere in 1926 at La Scala, Milan. Toscanini, who was conducting, got to the point in the final act where Puccini's composition ended, turned to the audience, and said: "At this point, the Master laid down his pen," and left the podium. The premiere was unfinished.

There will be no such sensation in Australia. The whole opera with Alfano's ending will be heard.

Scots-born dramatic soprano Morag Beaton plays Princess Turandot. Miss Beaton was a principal singer with the Joan Sutherland company during her tour two years ago. She was so impressed that she returned to live in Australia recently.

— NAN MUSGROVE

Australian spy drama and U.S. science-fiction

● "Hunter," TCN9's Australian serial, begins on Thursday, July 6, at 7.30 p.m. Immediately afterward, at 8.30 p.m., "Star Trek," a brand-new American science-fiction series set in outer space, has its premiere.

I HAVE seen the first episode of "Hunter" and enjoyed it; the first episode of "Star Trek" and marvelled at it.

Many things have been written about "Hunter," but, really, it is simply an entertaining spy-adventure story attractively produced. Tony Ward is its star.

To be honest, I groaned when I heard that Ward was the big name of the series. I had seen him previously only in very glossy commercials when, wearing swim trunks, he appeared in beefcake poses drooling over cigarettes. I wasn't impressed.

In "The Tolhurst File" — the name of the first six episodes of "Hunter" — Tony Ward the actor is very much in evidence (in swim trunks again at the beginning). I found him surprising.

I had no idea he could act, but in the first episode there is evidence that he can. I haven't seen any further episodes, but I have heard unofficially that Ward improves.

Diet, exercise

I also heard that he had gone on a tough diet and exercise routine, was 100 per cent fit, and enjoying himself in "Hunter," all of which are great aids toward a good performance.

Since the first episode, the "Hunter" crew have travelled thousands of miles filming on location. This is good news, for there is nothing worse or more unreal than the same dusty old studio sets of interiors week after week.

One episode of "Hunter" has already been made in Surfers Paradise, another at Woomera. At present the crew and cast are in Singapore.

The series is made by Crawford Productions, who also make "Homicide."

"Hunter" is streets ahead of "Homicide," although I was amused to see that the villains in "Hunter" wear what I call "Homicide" hats, the style favored by Leonard Teale.

Fernande Glyn, well known to viewers as a good-looking brunette, co-stars with Ward. She is an undercover agent, too, and also

Ward's continuing female interest. (He has other passing interests.)

Crawford Productions have changed Fernande from her familiar brunette look to blonde. I think this is a mistake, but gentlemen always have preferred blondes, and that is evidently the paramount consideration.

Other well-known continuing characters in "Hunter" are Nigel Lovell and Ronald Morse.

I hope there is a good long commercial between "Hunter" and "Star Trek." Viewers need a few deep breaths before they take off for outer space in the fantastic space ship Enterprise, the biggest "Big E" yet.

Captain James T. Kirk of the Enterprise is William Shafter, who did such a good job in that off-beat series "For the People," in which he played the idealistic young attorney.

I didn't take much notice of him, though, I was too intrigued by the crew of the Enterprise, who have achieved integration in a big way. "Star Trek" blazes into space without a racial prejudice showing.

Crew members include Negroes and Negresses, Japanese, Scots, Chinese, English, and Americans.

There is also my latest crush, Mr. Spock.

Mr. Spock is the world's first hybrid, the result of a union between an earthman and a woman from the planet "Vulcan." He looks like an earthman except for his ears. They are pointed and look chic with his hairstyle, which I prophesy will be the big thing anytime now.

But the interesting difference between earth people and Mr. Spock is that he has no feelings. Feeling, for him, is replaced by pure logic. This makes him a very valuable crew member.

"Star Trek" really is way out as well as way out in space. It is good science-fiction.

Aftermath of global telecast

MORE than 500,000 people in Australia braved the dark and cold at 4.50 a.m. on Monday, June 26, 1967, to watch the first global satellite telecast in the history of the world.

Senior Research Officer for the ABC, Ray Newell, told me this several days after the telecast.

The audience figure is based on an "educated guess" that has been proved right many times — the consumption of electricity and a scientifically based telephone survey.

The consumption of electricity rose with a great "whump" between 4.30 and 7 a.m. in quantities that would be used by between 250,000 and 260,000 TV homes.

A conservative, Mr. Newell decided that two people per TV home would watch, so got his base figure of 500,000.

I added my own check and rang the PMG's wake-up service. Supervisor J. Doyle told me there had been a "slight" increase from the usual 3600 calls to 3900, with the bulk

of the increase from 4.30 to 5 a.m.

Rating experts working with statistical data and calling on science again say that the ABC's pre-dawn figure of 500,000 equals an 8 p.m. audience of more than 1,000,000 TV homes, which is pretty good.

Beatles popular

Here are some other interesting global satellite aftermath snippets:

● Most popular part of the program with both sexes was the birth segment.

● Music came next, in this order: The Beatles recording "All You Need Is Love," the Mexican Dancing Music, the Van Cliburn, Leonard Bernstein rehearsal of Rachmaninov's Third Piano Concerto.

● Twice as many men liked the Beatles as the women. All other Beatles surveys have reversed this figure.

● The ABC has had countless numbers of calls about the theme music "Our World," from people wanting to buy it on disc. They have

had to contact the BBC about having it released here.

● "Our World" was written by famous French composer Georges Delerue, who also wrote the music for the Academy-Award-winning picture "A Man For All Seasons." The melody is based, he said, on the rhythm established by the words "Our World" repeated in all the languages of the countries taking part.

● "Our World" was played by the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, sung by the Vienna Boys' Choir, who arrive here on July 30 for a season.

● The theme music is the only tangible evidence that Russia and the Eastern Communist countries were to have taken part. Recorded before the Russian "defection" from the telecast, lyrics include the words "Our World" sung in all their languages.

● Russia's request for a postponement was refused because it would have made the first global telecast political.

● Australia's executive producer, Dr. Peter Pockley, could only whisper 60 hours after the telecast. He had flown three times round the world and 20,000 miles within Australia arranging it. Before the show he worked 36 hours without sleep.

● Canberra's phytotron was not specially staffed with Cambodians, Fijians, and other suitable nationalities for the occasion. Ordinarily 18 different nationalities are employed there.

● Australians did not see pictures of the Australian content direct. They went round the satellite circuit and came in from the U.S. so the whole telecast would be even in quality.

● Dr. Pockley had the weird experience of actually "seeing" the speed of light when the Australian segments were shown. He had two monitors, one carrying the direct picture loud and clear, and the other, where exactly half a second later, having travelled at 186,000 miles a second, the same picture, less sharp, arrived via satellite.



TONY WARD, star of the new Australian spy series "Hunter," talking to two of the crew members during a break in the filming at Woomera. At present the crew and cast are in Singapore.

WHY HAYLEY LOVES HER BOSS

From page 5

years she has been working, travelling around the world, back and forth from Hollywood. She has always mixed with older people, people of our generation.

"So the years' span isn't as wide as one might imagine.

"She has grown up so quickly that I really can't remember when we last thought of her as a child."

Roy Boulting proved that he was a great success as a director with young actresses when he got the young Charlotte Rampling to give such a stunning performance in her first film, "Rotten to the Core."

And he has always been attractive to most women, possibly because he has a very dominant personality and makes it clear that he wants to run the show.

There is always a form of professional courtship between a director and his leading lady while working on a film. It is part of the

director insuring that his star feels confident enough with him to give her best performance.

In this way many show-business marriages, from Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini onward, have begun.

And there are some happy spring-winter marriages in show business.

Charlie Chaplin and Oona O'Neill could not be a more devoted or utterly contented pair.

Sophia Loren says repeatedly that she would not exchange Carlo Ponti for any handsome young man of her own age.

Kathryn Grant gave up a promising acting career to marry Bing Crosby, years her senior, and they are as much in love as the day they married.

In each case the younger woman has brought a new life and fresh hope for the future to the older man, while he has given a much-needed

sense of security to the young woman. Not that Hayley lacks security in her background the way Oona and Sophia did. Quite the reverse.

But it is not so long ago that she said to me, "I cried when I woke up and found it was my 19th birthday. I simply didn't feel ready to be 19."

This is the type of temperamental insecurity which is bound to make her more attracted to older men.

And Roy Boulting, having been married three times before, is like most people with a record of disappointments behind them — he is eager to prove that he can achieve a happy marriage.

Professionally, Hayley has already proved herself to be a lucky charm.

"The Family Way" is doing record business all over the world.

Since the war it was John Boulting who, commercially speaking, had been the more successful as a director. It

was John who directed "Brighton Rock" and, more recently, "Private's Progress," "I'm All Right, Jack," "Brothers in Law," and "Heavens Above." This reads almost exclusively as a list of the Boulting Brothers' best box-office draws since 1944.

On the other hand, after Roy's grand war documentaries, "Desert Victory" and "Tunisian Victory," pictures like "High Treason" and "Singlehanded" have not added a great deal to his personal fame.

With "The Family Way" he has made a dramatic comeback as a director not only of artistic distinction but also with box-office appeal. He is bound to connect his latest success with his star Hayley, and he is already planning to shoot his next film, "A Nice Girl Like Me," with Hayley as a star.

If their personal partnership is half as successful as their professional one, then they are in for a very fine future.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1967

● IN THE SHOPS

SWIMWEAR ON THE NEW WAVELENGTH



● Classic bri-nylon helanca one-piece with plunge back, soft-shirred bodice, little-boy legs by Jantzen. Sizes 32 to 38, \$13.95. (Grace Bros., Farmer's, Sydney.)

● Bold multi-stripe-and-plain suit (above, right) is Waterknit bri-nylon one-piece belted on hipline. Sizes 32 to 38, \$16. (McDowells, Farmer's, Sydney.)



● Nifty nylon one-piece mio (Catalina). Open-knit stripes are fully lined. Sizes 32 to 38, \$20. (All Grace Brothers' Stores, Hordern's, Mid-City Store, Sydney.)



● In the pink — long top of cable helanca linked with plain, little-boy leg briefs by striped, buckled belt on hips. (Jantzen.) Sizes 32 to 38, \$16.95. (Waltons, Sydney.)

● Pretty, V-neck, plunge-line one-piece with low back, little-boy legs is nylon boucle. (Cole of California.) Sizes 32 to 38, \$18. (David Jones, Mark Foy's, Sydney.)

● Much of the excitement in this summer's crop of new swim fashions stems from truly flattering shape-up as well as colors that smoulder and glow in the sunshine. Stripes in the round and up-and-down are everywhere. The sun fashions shown here — they will be on sale in Sydney and Melbourne shops at about the prices supplied — give an indication of the new - season trends available in Australia.



● Matchmates in bold striped bri-nylon towelling by Maglia. No-cup, soft bra makes the bikini top news. The casual shirt cover-up is comfort plus. In range of colors. Bikini sizes 32 to 36, \$8. Cover-up sizes 32 to 38, \$10. (Sports-girl, Sydney and Melbourne.)



● Uncover gear in scarlet lycra lace by Cole of California is form-fitting and chic as the corselette on which it is modelled. Tiny frills and rosettes trim bra-top and legs. Sizes 32 to 36, \$24. (Buckley's, Melbourne.)



● Petunia patch colors (left) in bri-nylon stretch towelling blouson above little-boy pants. (Ada of California.) Sizes 32 to 38. About \$15. Matching hat, \$4. (Myer's, Melbourne.)



● Stripes tell the newest beach story, are seen above in a skirted bri-nylon one-piece from Ada of California. There's a deep V-plunge at back. Sizes 32 to 36, \$18.95. (George's, Melbourne.)

Another setback for . . .

COMPACT

THE SHIP THAT REFUSES TO "SINK"

THE most famous showboat in Australia — the Sydney Queen (formerly Kalang) — found the sea very cruel again recently.

The Maritime Services Board of N.S.W. knocked back her owners' seventh application to use her as a floating restaurant on Sydney Harbor.

A syndicate member said the Queen would be sold if the Board rejects, as he anticipates, another application.

However, fans of the old girl are hoping she can make some sort of comeback as a Sydney playground. Certainly, the Queen is a doughty fighter.

During her life of 41 years she has made almost as

many farewells as Nellie Melba. But each time, so far, she has defied threats to banish her.

To some generations the Queen must be just a hazy memory. Indeed, some young people probably have never heard of her. Horrible!

But in her pre- and post-World War II heydays a quarter of a million people a year were entranced, and danced, and romanced on her tallowwood dance-floor and spacious decks.

The ship's dicing with "death" started when she was only six years old.

Built in England in 1926, she was first called Kalang, and became, in 1928, a vehicle-ferry between Sydney's Milson's and Dawes Points.

In 1932 the Harbor Bridge put her off the run. And for the next six years she rusted at a wharf.

Then, in 1938, the caterpillar emerged as a butterfly — Kalang, the colorful, three-decker Showboat.

She was soon a Sydney landmark as she glided along at 12 knots, with music drifting across the Harbor.

"Kalang's even got rhythm in her timber," one of her captains (she had two seven-men crews and 40 casuals — musicians, waitresses, etc.) once said.

"When they are dancing below we can feel the floor of the wheelhouse vibrating to the beat."

The former vehicle-ferry seemed set for an uninterrupted career of gaiety.

But war came and, stripped of its finery, the Showboat became a Navy mobile workshop in the south-west Pacific.

She was on active service until 1946. After a

refit she was back on "civvy" street the next year.

Then, gradually, as more cars went on to roads and people planned their own entertainment, the Showboat crowds declined.

Extended hotel hours and the coming of TV probably finally scuppered her.

The Showboat has changed hands quite a few times during the past ten years, one change making her the Sydney Queen.

Well, whatever happens to the Queen, there's one thing you can be sure of.

Her timber — no matter where it ends up — will always have rhythm. And a romantic slice of Sydney life.



● The beginning . . .



. . . and the end?

■ Wines and liqueurs aren't restricted to parties or meals for Sue O'Malley, an attractive 20-year-old Sydney blonde. They're her job.

For Sue is an executive in one of Australia's largest liqueur-manufacturing companies, and has been a connoisseur of wines and liqueurs since she was a child.

"In fact, you could almost say I was weaned on them," said Sue. "The company was started by my father in 1939, and has always been a family business. So when I left school I did a secretarial course and then went to work at the factory."

● Early start

"And I'd been helping there since I was eight. I used to go during the school holidays and help with the bottling and labelling to earn pocket-money."

Sue is now the "odd-job girl" at the factory and does everything from secretarial and bookkeeping work to finance, advertising, and public relations. Although she

has been there only 18 months, she can talk liqueurs (and identify them all, too) with the ease of an "old hand."

Sue drinks very little. "But I do love a good wine and, naturally, liqueurs," she said.

"Women have quite different taste in liqueurs from men — who, on the whole, prefer a stronger or less sweet drink. Women like the coffee-type liqueurs, or a white curacao."

Sue said her firm manu-

MAKING LIQUEURS IS TO HER TASTE

factures one liqueur at a time, and most of them only take a day's work.

"Advocaat is one of the most interesting to make, and that day begins in the

● London newspaper's witty headline on a story about a Chinese delegate angrily leaving a Red Cross meeting: CROSS RED QUITTS RED CROSS.

very early hours of the morning with the delivery of gallons and gallons of milk. At 11 a.m., hundreds of egg-yolks arrive. Everything is worked out to clock-work timing, which is so important in the manufacture of this liqueur."

Sue said liqueurs were quite widely used in the Middle Ages — purely for medicinal purposes — when they were made from herbs, fruit, and berries, with probably some alcohol added.

● History

"But they date back even before then, to 460 B.C. when Hippocrates mentions them as being used in cases of grave illnesses," she added.

Sue is excitedly looking forward to August, when she leaves for an 18-month holiday overseas. It will be a pleasure trip with business interests involved. Her visits will include famous liqueur-manufacturing factories in Cognac (France), and also Italy (where a favorite at the moment, she said, is an aniseed liqueur with coffee beans floating in it!).



● Sue O'Malley at work.

How would you sweep a landing strip?

★ Would you believe a vacuum cleaner costing \$30,000?

Its brush measures 6ft. by 7ft. and it can clean a floor covered with two inches of water, picking up the dirt and discarding the water.

One of the largest in the world, it is the proud possession of the Transport section of the RAAF base in Darwin. It is used to vacuum the airstrips and keep them smooth and clear of any obstruction.

One tiny pebble lying on the strip could do untold damage to the landing of a sensitive plane such as the missile-carrying fighter the Mirage.

Although designed on the same lines as a domestic vacuum cleaner, it is a little bit too large to push around. So it is mounted on a truck.

"Which makes it a little difficult to use around the home," said Sgt. T. H. Hawthorn, transport fitter, who demonstrated it to us.

"But, of course," he added, "emptying the bag — actually there are 21 of them — is much easier than for a housewife. You simply drive to a nice, far-distant spot, press a lever, and the dust is shaken from the bags and blown out the back. You don't soil your hands at all."

● Sgt. Hawthorn and his king-size vacuum cleaner at Darwin air base.



How many of these 9 Campbell's Vegetable Soups have you tried?



VEGETABLE SOUP: Every vegetable you can think of—16 of them, simmered long in a nourishing beef broth.



SCOTCH BROTH SOUP: From a real Scottish recipe. Tender mutton, pearl barley and fresh vegetables in a mouthwatering meat stock.



CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP: Chunks of tender chicken, noodles and five garden vegetables in real chicken broth.



MINISTRONE PARMESAN SOUP: Soup Italian style! With parmesan cheese for real Roman flavour.



SCALLOP CHOWDER SOUP: Delicious diced scallops, simmered with potatoes, onions, celery and red peppers — delightful soup for seafood lovers.



TAGLIARINI SOUP: Made from an Italian style recipe — with three kinds of noodles, minced beef and juicy pieces of tomato in a mouthwatering beef broth.



Old-Fashioned STOCKPOT SOUP: Most like your own home-made! Seven garden grown vegetables simmered in a meat broth.



VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP: Tender chunks of beef and six of the best loved vegetables in a nourishing beef broth.



OLD-FASHIONED VEGETABLE SOUP: A real Old-Fashioned Soup thick with long-cut vegetables in a rich beef broth.



Campbell's Soups
made to a recipe
—not just a price!

*Reg'd trade marks

X 121

Roderick Church bought a new Kelvinator because his mother's is still going strong...

20 years strong!



Mrs. Josephine A. Church still has the 5 cu. ft. Kelvinator she bought 20 years ago. It has never stopped running and never needed a service call. "Twenty years continuous use without a hitch," wrote Mrs. Church. So naturally, Roderick followed in his mother's footsteps. At Kelvinator, we've lots of case-histories on record, where the original refrigerator (usually grandmother's) is 20 to 25 years old and still running well. Did someone say "they don't build things like they used to?" True. We build them better! Still with the same solid lasting qualities. But quiet. Better looking. More efficient. In fact, we'd go so far as to say Roderick Church's children will buy a new Kelvinator before he needs another!



JOIN THE HAPPY ONES
KELVINATOR '67
BIGGEST SELLING REFRIGERATOR BRAND

“Increasingly from now on, men and women will be called upon to work with their brains and senses instead of their hands and muscles”

HOW YOUR BRAIN WORKS

PART ONE

of a series by

J. P. GALLAGHER

—And how you will use it in tomorrow's world

THE most important piece of equipment in tomorrow's world will be the human brain, and for years to come it must more and more dominate the machines which do the work.

In a world of machines, the nuclear power station will still depend upon the brain-work of the engineers who watch the dials and gauges and flickering lights. However many electronic aids he has, the major and final decisions in an aircraft cabin will still be taken by the pilot. Computers are useless without people to feed them their initial information.

The electronic computer is a remarkable invention. But the human brain and its associated senses remain more remarkable still.

As a result of their experiments, the psychologists conclude that the human brain operates as shown in the diagram on this page.

On the left are the inputs — what you hear, what you see, what you feel (when you burn your finger, for instance).

These sensations first enter the short-term memory store. If they are not then translated into action or repeated right away, they are almost always lost for ever.

From the short-term memory store the input selector passes sensations to the computer. This computer can handle only one thing at a time and does not work very fast.

Even if you continually repeat them to yourself (what is called a "rehearsal" in the diagram), only about ten digits or letters can be retained by the brain at a time. And while

this is going on, nothing else can go through the computer and be translated into action. Other information received from the senses during this period is most likely to be forgotten before it can be used.

It is the long-term memory section — the "experience store" — which retains information and training. It is able to do so because the short-term unit, through rehearsal, can go on and on "priming" the long-term store with fundamental techniques such as how to write, read, or change gears in a car — all things which, once learnt, you do not forget.

FOR the brain to work at all it requires information from the senses — especially the eye and the ear.

The human ear is fantastically versatile and selective. It can hear sounds ranging from the weakest that it can detect to those one thousand million million times greater. It can distinguish between a flute and a piccolo in an orchestra going full blast — and no scientific instrument can do that.

The normal eye, under good conditions, can see a wire one-sixteenth of an inch thick from a distance

on guard and still functions when other senses are gravely impaired — as when a man is blinded and half-conscious from lack of oxygen at a great height.

At Cambridge they have been testing 72 assorted sounds to find out which act most effectively upon the human ear and are therefore most suitable as telephone signals to tell you when a line is engaged or out of order. They have dug out some interesting facts.

Most right-handed people hold a telephone to the left ear to keep the right hand free for writing a message

indeed, what they want to hear.

The eye, too, is inclined to see what it wants to see, what it expects to see; and the psychologists have found that in making reports people will nearly always say what is more likely to have happened than what actually did happen.

This accounts for the conflict of evidence you sometimes get in a witness-box from two people who were both eyewitnesses.

Take the example of a professor and his assistant handling apparatus in front of a class of students. Suddenly the professor deliberately pushes a piece of apparatus off the bench and on to the floor; yet most of those watching are more likely to report that the assistant caused the damage — accidentally.

The psychologists believe that what we call "ghosts" are due to this habit of the eye seeing what it expects to see.

One of the psychologists at Cambridge has a battery of filing cabinets lining the hall outside his office.

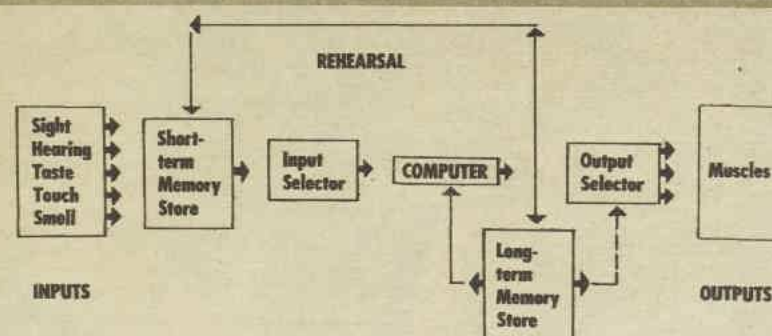
"Often as I come along the hall," he told me, "I imagine for a fleeting moment that I see my secretary working at the filing cabinets, silhouetted against the window at the far end. This is due to the fact that I am familiar with the sight of her standing there and have come to expect it."

"In the same way, people lost in a strange town in a fog will sometimes 'see' the outline of a familiar building from their home town looming up ahead of them. They expect it!"

People also expect certain things to act in certain ways.

Eyes and ears (to absorb facts and figures) will be of paramount importance in this vast expansion of brain-work. Speech, too, will play an increasingly important role.

To help people to be more efficient — and happier — in this machine-world of tomorrow, scientists of the British Medical Research Council's Applied Psychology Unit, housed in a large Victorian mansion on the outskirts of Cambridge, England, have been probing deeply into the way we see, hear, and speak, experimenting to find out exactly how the brain works.



This is the sort of thing that happens during lesson times, when there are no distractions from learning the ABC, a piece of poetry, or anything else. The priority role of the short-term mechanism is to pack knowledge into the long-term store.

Once it has all this data and experience, the long-term unit can work on its own, bypassing the relatively slow computer and issuing instructions to the output selector for direct action. Anything you do automatically is controlled in this way.

Of half a mile. On a dark night it can spot the flare of a match from 50 miles away. By contrast, it can glance, briefly, at the sun, which is one hundred million million times brighter.

It can distinguish between several hundred thousand different shades, colors, and tints. Nothing invented by man can come anywhere near that.

Of the two, the ear is the more reliable sentry. The slightest sound will wake many people who can sleep on in considerable light. Experiments have shown that the ear stays

or holding a cigarette. But in fact the right ear hears speech better than the left with most people. So the next time you have a bad line, try changing the telephone to the other ear.

However, the left ear — in average people — is better for hearing music.

Random words are heard less clearly than words forming a sentence. The probable is heard more clearly than the improbable.

People — if the line is bad or they are hard of hearing — tend to hear what they expect to hear;

The psychologists have found out that a switch or knob which turns to the right is doing what the brain expects it to do if it is designed to turn something on or to increase power or heat. But a switch or knob which turns to the left to switch on or cause an increase creates momentary difficulty for the brain.

Take the American electric stove which had its controls laid out and labelled like this:

High 2 3 Low Warm Off.

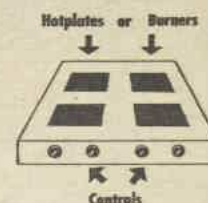
This design is hopelessly wrong!

Housewives who were given the stove to operate expected the chain of control to run in logical order from left to right. As a result, they persisted in using it as though the controls were labelled in this order of rising degree of heat:

Off 1 2 3 4 High.

Of course, most housewives soon become accustomed to the vagaries of their own stove, however unusual the design. But you have only to watch a man standing in front of the family stove, momentarily baffled, to realise how bad many of them really are in concept.

Take the conventional layout of many stoves — like this:



Well, which knob operates which burner or hotplate? Are you quite sure?

To page 27

Say NO to cheap teas

Buy Bushells

Flavor is more important than price
and Bushells Tea sells so fast...you know it's always fresher



Special Announcement
Now Available — Bushells "SUPREME" Tea.
A higher-priced blend for that small
but important group of dedicated tea
drinkers who appreciate a really
distinctive cup of tea.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1967

HOW YOUR BRAIN WORKS

From page 25

How much simpler it becomes if the stove is laid out like this:



Unfortunately, the psychologists' findings in such matters are sometimes overruled when the time comes to put them into practice.

When Britain decided to go over to decimal currency, the Applied Psychology Unit was asked to study the problem of the changeover from the ordinary man's viewpoint.

It did so in a series of tests involving bus conductors and post-office workers. The result showed that a decimal currency in which 10 shillings was worth 100 cents would be easier for most people to understand. The British Government, however, has decided to retain the £ as the main unit because of its traditional importance in international finance.

MANY of the things they have found out at Cambridge have upset a lot of previous ideas. They now believe, for instance, that when sitting for an examination or answering the boss' questions, it pays to guess if you don't know the answer!

Members of an evening class were given lists of words and asked to pick out those with the same meaning. They were tested twice. The first time they were told to answer only if they felt certain they were right. The second time they were told to guess if they didn't know.

Twelve out of 24 did better when told to guess and the average score went up from 11.8 words to 12.4.

People who were certain of their answers were right 95.2 percent of the time. When they were doubtful they were right 49.7 percent.

But when they made only a wild guess, they were still right 35.4 percent of the time.

Try the test for yourself. Here are six keywords. Each keyword is followed by four other words. One of these four has the same meaning as the keyword.

If you think you know which word this is, tick it. If you don't know, guess—and mark your guess with a cross.

Then check how many you have got right because you knew and how many are right where you simply guessed.

PERPEND . . . Suspend, consider, permute, permit.

REALISE . . . Understand, suspect, hope, remember.

DIPLOMATIC . . . Cunning, deplorable, smart, tactful.

EARMARK . . . Save, reserve, despoil, scar.

FOMENT . . . Boil, encourage, furious, feverish.

LIABLE . . . Answerable, lovable, dangerous, breakable.

(Answers: Consider, understand, tactful, reserve, encourage, answerable.)

IT not only pays to guess; it also pays to skim when reading. Take no notice of people who say, "You can't possibly understand what you're reading—you're only skimming."

You can understand—or, at least, you can train yourself to—and at Cambridge they are experimenting with a skimming system which enables people to read 30 percent faster.

The expert explained it this way:

"An awful lot of words are redundant, unnecessary; you can skip them and still take in an entire sentence just as you guess a word in a crossword after filling in only some of the letters."

"You must be comfortable—you can't read quickly if you're not at ease. Then you go ahead and read as many words as quickly as possible, relying upon the context to give you the meaning."

"Your eyes will do what your brain demands. If you think more rapidly, your eyes will move faster."

"Don't stop for a difficult word. Go straight on, confident that what comes next will give you a clue to the word. There are few, if any, words which you can't guess from the context."

Of course, people vary considerably in their "span of apprehension"—the number of letters or figures they can take in at a glance.

Obviously, the very young and the very old are more limited in this respect, but experiments have shown a decrease in this "span" beginning as young as 25.

In one test people were asked to memorise a series of words and then repeat them quickly. Strange as it may sound, it was found that lists of quite dissimilar words, such as PEN, SUP, PIT, were repeated more accurately than lists of similar-sounding words, like CAP, CAD, CAT.

The result of this sort of test will be put to practical application in working out new codes for telephones and computers.

PERHAPS the most intriguing area of current psychological research concerns the brain's ability to make decisions.

How does your brain come to the thousands of decisions, big and small, it

is called upon to take in the course of a single day?

Every waking minute of the day your brain is being bombarded with a vast amount of information. It cannot possibly absorb it all simultaneously.

So it has to be selective. It concentrates on what it considers to be the priorities but still keeps a rough scan on everything else, a sort of "awareness" of what is going on around it.

Perhaps you are engrossed in some fairly intricate calculations. These are the brain's priority. But its "awareness" will still let you know if a door opens—however soundlessly—behind you.

Or you may be reading against a background of radio music and family chatter. The brain, concentrating on your chosen priority, ignores the background noise.

But it will inform you instantly if there is a sound out of pattern, such as the ring of the telephone or a knock at the front door, or if the normal background sounds cease and a sudden silence falls.

When it comes to decision-taking, psychologists have come to the conclusion that the brain works mathematically.

Suppose you are the boss of a firm which is developing a new product. The longer you engage on research, the more bugs you will iron out before putting your product on the market and the less the final risk of producing a flop.

But if you go on too long another firm may come out with something similar or even better. And as time goes on, so this probability increases.

The brain balances one against the other, works out the odds, and comes to its decision.

But such reasoning is not always purely mathematical. Emotion creeps into it sometimes. A liking for a particular person—or a dislike of some other person—can affect the brain's ability to take a purely mathematical decision.

An example of how emotion affects the brain is easily seen in the "crazy houses" or "distorting rooms" often found at fun-fairs—rooms where the walls and ceilings are at strange angles so that a coin placed on the table appears to roll uphill.

If two strangers stand together in such a room, it will be each other they see as distorted, not the room.

But a honeymoon couple will see the room—not themselves—as distorted.

Emotion has balanced things out for the brain. The effect wears off during the honeymoon, by the way!

(c) Fisher Features Ltd., 1967

NEXT WEEK:

The time of day you're at your best



Must the bride's parents always be left to pay for those festivities?



FOR RICHER... FOR POORER

By LILIAN RIVERS

"YOU won't get much of a wedding cake for \$30, madam."

"He's quite right," I said. "I'm just paying for mine, and it was so microscopic hardly anything came out on the photo at all."

She looked up with a harassed expression from a guest-list that must have topped the hundred mark. "My husband's going to have a fit when he sees this bill—but we've such large families on both sides, and if you ask one you have to ask the lot. There's three more daughters still to come, too—isn't it dreadful?"

"I'm lucky," I said. "I only had one—and our relations are all in England, so that kept their numbers down."

It wasn't until I got outside I thought what shocking things we had said. The mother of four daughters! She should have been decorated for such a feat. Me, an immigrant, commiserated with because no member of the family had been able to come to our one-and-only wedding.

Yet, here we were behaving like a couple of maladjusted morons simply because some archaic custom expected us as parents of the bride to foot the bill for practically the entire wedding festivities.

Custom! That was the whole crux of the matter. The 20th century still pandering to something that should have gone out when votes for women came in. It struck me so forcibly I rushed back to get her lined up on it, too.

"Abolish outdated tradition!" I shouted from the door. "That custom's as old-hat today as whalebone corsets, or black crepe for funerals. Parents, unite! From now on let's have equal pay-outs for all."

But she was too crushed beneath her task of estimating sandwiches per head and alcoholic capacity per stomach; there wasn't a flicker of suffragette response.

So it's up to us. To me because I've already been through it, and you because if there's a marriageable daughter anywhere lurking in the background some time sure as fate you'll have to go through it, too.

Are you ready for the fight? Well, here's a run-down on some of the items you'll be called upon to meet.

First the invitations: Cards ranging in snob and price value from silver-embossed masterpieces to straightforward "Can you come? If so, don't forget to let us know." Multiply your choice by the number of guests, brace for a further shock when you add postage, and again if you're one of those who must send bits of cake away in boxes all over the world.

The reception. Where to hold it. Marquee on the lawn? Hotel? At home? Or hire a hall? For and against on this enthralling theme will eventually develop into one of the major commercial decisions

of your life. So will the question of what they're going to eat when they get there. Are they to stand up with a fork (cheap, but messy) or sit down and make a meal of it (comfortable, but costly)?

Then the drink. Ah, yes—the drink, that most expensive essential of all festive commodities. How many sippers will there be? How many swillers? Will your social prestige plummet if you substitute sparkling wine for champagne? How many glasses go to a guest—how many to a bottle?

Don't forget the flowers—for the church, for the tables. Don't forget the cake, the photographer, the organist, the choir, your new rig-out, father's suit, a cheque for the young couple . . .

Well, aren't you just the happiest woman now your daughter's getting married? Can you really pin back that smile and wholeheartedly say yes? Of course you're happy for her—but what about the other part of it? What about when the bills come in and your holiday's a write-off—or the house has to creak and leak through another year?

I think it's high time we had a look at what caused this one-sided situation.

Apparently, way back in the dim past, one of the most non-with-it things a female could possibly do was to reproduce another female. Why? Because from the word go she was nothing but one great big headache to poor old dad.

He had to clothe her, house her, feed her, preserve her virtue, until such time as some gullible suitor came along prepared to take over this unworlly, sometimes rather useless, household ornament, and thus relieve him of all further liability. Small wonder dad didn't jib at the wedding hand-out, or even begrudge throwing in the odd dowry to help clinch the deal.

But how does this compare with the same situation today, when daughter's advent is very often greeted with more enthusiasm by the family than that of her brother? She is now an individual in her own right—emancipated, intelligent, self-sufficient, and clued-up enough to hold a job that in many instances brings in as much as dad—let alone the suitor.

And what of this lucky suitor? Lucky indeed! For in Mrs. 1967 he gets a co-partner in the full sense of the word. One who is willing to accept her share with programming of everything from birth control to home building—in fact, who takes him on with as much responsible awareness as he takes her.

So stop living in the past, you parents of bridegrooms. Go mod. Appreciate what they're marrying today. And just you see if we opposition ranks need asking twice when you rally round to go fifty-fifty toward the trimmings that make that trip down the aisle as much a day to remember for your sons as our daughters.



One thing the bride's parents don't pay for—the bouquet.

Hate that grey? wash it away!*



Makes your husband feel younger too,
just to look at you!

Now! Colour only the grey without changing your natural hair colour!*



Grey hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that grey, wash it away with new Loving Care Hair Colour Lotion. It's easy to do! There's nothing to mix or add. Just choose the tone most like your own . . . and pour it on, right out of the bottle! Gently, so skilfully does Loving Care wash in the young colour that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of grey! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash.

Loving Care won't rub off, won't brush off. Contains no peroxide. Leaves hair shiny, vital, in better condition than ever. Best of all—just washed in about once a month, Loving Care keeps grey away so you can forget you ever had any! So try it! Ask your chemist for Clairol's Loving Care, today!

Loving Care* hair colour lotion
by  Clairol

Readers' wedding memories

MEMORIES of my wedding day? The proud, "royal" wave my father gave an acquaintance as we drove to the church. The look of horror on my mother's face as she realised I'd traversed the farewell circle with my going-away hat on back-to-front. And the embarrassed speed with which we left the coffee shop (our first stop after leaving the reception), when, on removing the same Breton sailor, we found that someone had filled the brim with confetti, and it fell everywhere.

\$2 to Mrs. C. Chapman, Cheltenham, N.S.W.

MY father-in-law and his family gave me a lovely wedding. Being an orphan I had no one of my own to do this for me. I was fat, plain, and shy, and knew very few of my husband's relatives. Added to this was the feeling that they were disappointed he had chosen a girl like me. Walking out of the church we were stopped by a tall, serious-looking man, who said, "You look lovely, my dear. Aren't you going to kiss your new father?" I still remember that wonderful moment of welcome into my new family.

\$2 to Mrs. I. M. Selmon, Sans Souci, N.S.W.

WHEN we were getting into the car after the ceremony, a grubby little boy, about six, ran over and threw a handful of bread crumbs on the seat, saying, "May you never want." We have never forgotten. We have had hard times, but have "never wanted" for a meal. We would like to have known who the little boy was. That was 48 years ago.

\$2 to Mrs. F. E. Richley, Kahliah, N.S.W.

THE best man sent a telegram to say he couldn't get back for the wedding, so my husband asked someone else, then discovered the telegram had been sent as a joke. We had to travel 80 miles to the church, and, when nearly there, the bridesmaid remembered the bouquets had been left at home. Also we spent the first night of our honeymoon in a bog-hole. My husband walked 15 miles before meeting some dog-trappers, who helped us out of the bog.

\$2 to "Hilped" (name supplied), Middleton, S.A.

READY to leave for the church, I looked at my niece, a flowergirl, and thought how proud her late father would have been, for she looked beautiful. Thinking of him, I began to cry. My other flowergirl put her hand in mine and said, "Don't cry, Nola. Fairies don't cry." Those words of a three-year-old child will live for ever in my heart.

\$2 to "Ten Happy Years" (name supplied), Tottenham, N.S.W.

I REMEMBER the promise my pastrycook-husband and I made: Not to tell our guests that HE had made the cake and the petits fours for the reception!

\$2 to "Rose" (name supplied), Bairnsdale, Vic.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Think before you rage

BY no means all of us understand our better halves when they are angry and take it out on those nearest. But, dearest ones, think deep before reciprocating in anger. Problems and circumstances present themselves regardless of each person's ability to cope. Taking note of events prior to an outburst, adding them to the health aspect, and how you would feel in the same position — and nine times out of ten you'll come out smiling. We learned this the hard way, sad to relate.

\$2 to "Keep Trying" (name supplied), Windsor Gardens, S.A.

Self-pity got her nothing

SELF-PITY can make one cut off one's nose to spite one's face. A friend whose menfolk are not too good at remembering anniversaries always expected her birthday to be forgotten. One year it was, and she spent an unhappy day feeling sorry for herself, instead of hauling the culprits over the coals then and there, when they would repentantly have done much for her. Instead, she waited for several days, and then let them have it, insisting she now wanted nothing. And that is what she got.

\$2 to "Live and Learn," Morwell, Vic.

Child is too easily upset

IS it necessary to toughen up a soft-hearted child, and, if so, how does one go about it? My daughter, aged three and a half, dissolves into tears and is inconsolable when one of our baby chicks expires, Lassie on TV is muzzled, or has the kitchen door slammed in her face, or even when any baby cries.

\$2 to "Be Jay" (name supplied), Bundaberg, Qld.

Weigh wool before storing

WHEN I have unpicked and washed used wool for making-up again, I always weigh the wool on my kitchen scales and then put it in plastic bags, slipping in a note of the amount in each bag. Then, even if I do not use the wool for months, I always know exactly how much I have.

\$2 to Miss Marce Gavin, Pagewood, N.S.W.

Working mums indulge children

BY all means let mothers work if it is necessary to maintain a fair standard of living — but not to spoil children with an over-abundance of the things which should be a treat. Working at a school canteen I was appalled at the children with working mothers who spent quite a lot on ice-creams to eat one after the other.

\$2 to "Megan" (name supplied), Shepparton, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

SO-O-O TIRED

I HEARD this conversation in front of a television set:

"Off you go now. It's time for bed."

"But I'm not tired!"

"Yes you are, I saw you yawning."

"I wasn't yawning. I was just putting my hand on my mouf."

I have watched many yawners and studied their methods. Generally speaking, the smaller the person the bigger the yawn.

Babies' yawns are the most spectacular of all.

A baby closes its eyes tightly and stretches its mouth wide open with an air of trying its very hardest.

Babies are lucky in that they don't

have to hide their yawns, as so many of us do.

I have been concealing yawns all my life. First to avoid being sent to bed (thought there was no TV to watch then). Later on at school, when it annoyed my teachers to see a pupil yawn. "Are you catching flies, Thompson?" one of them would say to an offender.

Now I have to hide yawns at social gatherings. I go through



agonies of dissimulation when guests stay on past my bedtime.

If I feel a yawn coming on, I clench my teeth. At the same time I gaze hard at the person who is talking, as though I were passionately interested.

It does not always work out, however. When you talk through clenched teeth your voice sounds strange and unnatural.

It happens all the time

● Soviet Premier, Mr. Kosygin, hearing of the birth of a son to the former Luci Johnson, said, "I congratulate the President on being a grandfather."



How smart of Luci

To arrange

The timing for

Polite exchange

Between her pa

And Mr. K.

Who, told the news,

Was heard to say

It pleased him to

Congratulate

The president

Upon his fate.

A baby's birth

Is very good

Though why on earth

A grandpa should

Earn praises for

This great event

Arouses my

Astonishment.

— Dorothy Drain



Bit of chivalry dying out

WHEN a gentleman raises his hat to me by way of greeting, I always feel rather special. Those of the hat-raising variety are usually 50 or more. Hat-raising is one of those little courtesies which later generations of males prefer to ignore.

\$2 to Mrs. V. J. Halliday, Cloncurry, Qld.

Where was the proud father?

ON TV one invariably sees the husband nervously pacing the corridor while the wife is having a baby. When my mother had my two brothers and me, guess where my father was? Back home in bed — even if it was daytime. He is a baker, and had to get his sleep. Are there any other people whose husbands or fathers were in strange places at such a time?

\$2 to Lorraine Franks, Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

MYZONE

gives
blessed
quick
relief
from
dragging
pain

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	



When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad you can hardly walk — when all you want to do is sit down and cry — take two Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of active women . . . business girls, nurses, housewives . . . say Myzone brings blessed relief quicker than anything else they've known. Let Myzone's special ACTEVIN (anti-spasm) compound bring you safe relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling — without any harmful after effects. Obtainable at all Chemists.

MYZONE

Banish the pain
you can't explain

NEW RX FOR ASTHMA

New Improved Laboratory-tested MENTADOL is certified to slow attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheezing, coughing — lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENTADOL at chemists money-back guarantee. Only 6/6

MARY WHITE*

One of Australia's leading interior decorators — see her in colour houses photographed in colour each month in the AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL.



THE HOT VITA-WEAT SEASON IS BACK!

1 / **SALAMI & CHEDDAR:** Polish Salami, topped with cheddar cheese, sprinkled with Paprika.
2 / **CHICKEN LIVERS:** Fry chicken livers in a little butter, chop very finely when cooked, add an anchovy fillet, top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs.
3 / **LIVERWURST & TOMATO:** Spread Liverwurst on Vita-Weat, sliced tomato and onion ring, sprig of parsley.
4 / **CURRIED CHICKEN:** Hot curried chicken, sprinkled with Paprika.
5 / **CHEESE & SPRING ONIONS:** Finely chopped spring onions with grated cheese.
6 / **GRILLED MUSHROOMS:** Grill whole mushrooms. Mix with your favourite white sauce.
7 / **CONTINENTAL PORK SAUSAGES:** Split and grill sausages, top with mashed potato, sprig of parsley.
8 / **ASPARAGUS AND BACON:** Roll asparagus spears in bacon rashers. Grill 'til golden brown.

9 / **PRUNES & BACON:** Spread Vita-Weat with chopped, stoned prunes, cover generously with diced bacon.
10 / **OLIVES & BACON:** Spread Vita-Weat with halved stuffed olives, cover generously with diced bacon.
11 / **CORNEB BEEF & GRUYERE:** Place slices of corned beef on Vita-Weat, top with slice of Gruyere cheese.
12 / **CURRIED SALMON:** Prepare your favourite curried salmon recipe. Pile on Vita-Weat for a delicious snack.
13 / **GRILLED FRANKFURTS:** Split and grill cocktail frankfurts. Serve on Vita-Weat.
14 / **EGG AND ONION TOPPING:** Chop hard-boiled egg, combine with grated onion, finely diced celery, salt and a little mayonnaise. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese.
15 / **TUNA:** Combine tuna with savoury parsley sauce. Serve piping hot on Vita-Weat.

Here are 20 delicious new ways to serve Vita-Weat hot. When you've tried them all, let your imagination run wild for all the other days left of winter. Then on the first day of spring go and buy yourself something wonderful to wear. You'll have to. You'll be slimmer. There are only 23 calories in a Vita-Weat. Remember?



Another quality
Peek Frean's
product

PERFECT GRILLS

● Everyone loves a grill — steaks, chops, sausages, fish, and chicken. A grill is an easy dish, but there are a few tricks in achieving succulent, juicy brownness. Below we tell you how to get perfect results in grilling.



MIXED GRILL of chops, sausages, and kidneys is accompanied by tomato halves and pineapple rings for added color and extra flavor. See directions.

WHAT IS GRILLING?

Grilling, like frying, is a quick method of cooking. Because of the high heat used, and rapid cooking, the most tender cuts of meat should be chosen.

Grilling preserves the natural flavor of food better than any other method of cooking; because no fat need be used, many people prefer grilling to other cooking forms, from a health point of view.

GENERAL RULES FOR GRILLING

1. Preheat grill to very hot; also heat metal rack on which meat is to be placed for cooking. Before arranging the grill, grease rack well; this will ensure foods do not stick.
2. Cook each side of meat, at high heat, 2 minutes on each side; this seals in the juices. Then reduce heat, continue cooking, turning from time to time to ensure even cooking, until meat is cooked to required doneness.
- White meats — veal and pork — require moderate heat throughout, and thorough cooking to make them digestible. If heat is too strong at commencement of cooking, a hard surface forms and prevents heat reaching innermost part of meat.
3. Use tongs or two spoons to turn meat; do not pierce with fork — this would allow juices to escape.
4. To test when meat is done, press lightly with knife; it should yield to pressure, but regain its shape almost at once. If spongy, it is underdone; if hard and dry, it has been overcooked. Meat should be colored an even, rich brown on both sides.
5. Thin cuts of meat or fish should be cooked near grill heat; this will ensure they cook quickly, still retaining their juices. Thick cuts of meat or fish should be cooked at a greater distance from direct heat; quick heat would cook them only on outside, leaving centre still uncooked.

HOW TO GRILL —

STEAKS: Choose tender cuts of steak (rump, fillet, sirloin), season with pepper. (Do not salt meat before grilling; this would draw juices to surface, would prevent meat browning correctly, and could leave steak dry.)

To keep meat juicy, brush with melted butter or oil. Place meat on hot, greased grill rack. Seal on both

sides at high heat, then reduce heat to moderate; continue cooking at moderate heat to allow gradual penetration of heat into juicy centre of meat. Turn occasionally, using tongs or two spoons, to ensure even cooking.

Thin cuts of steak can be cooked without lowering heat, once juices have been sealed in.

QUICK-FROZEN STEAKS, CHOPS: Can be grilled taken straight from freezer; there's no need to wait for them to defrost. Longer cooking time and more thorough cooking will be needed, because of the frozen state of meat.

Marinating: Favorite way to introduce extra flavor; makes the meat more tender, too. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, salt and pepper; to this can be added a finely chopped onion and bayleaf.

Marinate meat at least 2 hours, turning it occasionally to ensure maximum penetration of flavor. Then drain and pat completely dry before grilling.

CHOPS AND CUTLETS: Remove outer skin, trim off any excess fat. If desired, coil tail of chop into neat shape, secure with wooden stick. Brush with melted butter or oil before grilling. Seal each side at high heat for few minutes, then reduce heat to moderate for thorough cooking, turning several times.

KIDNEYS: Sheep's kidneys are suitable for grilling. Remove fat, peel off skin. Use pointed scissors to remove core. Split kidneys in half. Soak in salted water (1 teaspoon salt added to 1 pint water) 15 minutes; this will clean them thoroughly and also reduce any strong flavor.

Thread on to skewer; this will prevent their curling up. Brush with butter or oil. Kidneys grill in a few minutes; do not overcook or they will be dry, without flavor.

SAUSAGES: Place sausages in saucepan, add cold water to cover, bring to boil. Then drain, dry well. Prick lightly, brush with butter or oil. Grill until brown. This method applies to the thick, squat sausage which is so thick

through that, without preliminary boiling (which partly cooks), it would brown on outside, leaving inside uncooked.

Thin sausages can be grilled without preliminary boiling.

FISH: If round, like mullet, score fish across, almost to the backbone, on both sides. Brush well with butter or oil. Grill until tender, turning once. Fish can be lightly tossed in seasoned flour before grilling. Fish cooks quickly; do not overcook, or it will be dry.

Fish fillets should be placed on greased grill rack, brushed very well with butter, then grilled; if very thin, they will not need to be turned — grill heat will cook them through.

BACON: Place bacon rashers on grill rack, turn when top is lightly crisped. Watch bacon, because it cooks quickly; grill about 2 to 2½ minutes each side. When grilling several rashers together, lay fat part of rasher over lean of next slice; this will give protection from heat to the lean bacon.

CHICKEN: Chicken "supremes" (breast and wing meat removed from chicken) can be grilled; dip first into melted butter before placing on greased grill rack, and brush with butter several times during cooking to keep meat juicy. Chicken breasts can be flattened slightly before grilling to ensure even cooking.

Chicken legs can also be grilled. Place them in grill pan with rack removed. Brush generously with melted butter, season lightly with salt and pepper. Place under fairly low heat on grill; brush occasionally with melted butter, turn joints from time to time.

For devilled chicken legs, blend 1oz. melted butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, salt and pepper; brush generously over chicken joints about 10 minutes before end of cooking time.

ACCOMPANIMENTS

TOMATOES, PINEAPPLE, MUSHROOMS: These are colorful additions to grilled meat. Add them to the grill rack when meat is almost cooked — they cook quickly.

Tomatoes: Cut in halves, place under grill skin side up; grill a few minutes, then turn, dot cut side with butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a little oregano or basil, if desired; grill until brown.

Continued overleaf

FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

PERFECT GRILLS . . . continued

Pineapple: Brush pineapple slices well with melted butter, grill lightly until glazed and brown; turn once.

Mushrooms: Dip mushrooms in melted butter, grill lightly, turning once.

Crisp potato chips, mushrooms sautéed in a little butter, golden, deep-fried onion rings or onions thinly sliced and sautéed in butter — all these are delightfully savory accompaniments to grilled meats.

BUTTERS AND SAUCES

A savory butter or a rich sauce is another good accompaniment. Try any of the following:

MAITRE D'HOTEL BUTTER

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chopped parsley
juice $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon
salt
freshly ground black pepper

Cream together all ingredients until well blended, and chill.

GARLIC BUTTER

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter
3 cloves garlic, crushed
pepper and salt

Cream the butter until it is very soft, then gradually add crushed garlic and a little pepper and salt; chill.

Try this butter spread over steaks and sizzling lamb chops.

BERNAISE SAUCE

4 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
pinch salt
6 crushed peppercorns
1 tablespoon chopped shallots
3 egg-yolks
4 to 5oz. butter
few drops lemon juice

Combine in saucepan the vinegar, salt, peppercorns, and shallots. Cook until reduced to about 1 tablespoon; strain. Beat egg-yolks well; cook, stirring, over hot water, until slightly thickened. Add the strained liquid, beat again. Gradually beat in softened butter, beating after each addition until butter is well incorporated. Sauce will gradually become thickened, like rich cream. When sauce has thickened to desired consistency, stir in lemon juice.

MUSHROOM CREAM SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms
1 to 2 tablespoons butter
1 cup cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup medium white sauce
salt and pepper

Chop mushrooms very finely, sauté in hot butter until lightly browned. Add cream, cook over low heat 5 minutes. Stir in white sauce, season to taste.

TARTARE SAUCE (for fish)

1 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon finely chopped gherkins
1 tablespoon chopped capers
little chopped parsley
1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion or chives

Combine all ingredients, mix well. Taste, add a little lemon juice if desired.

BROWN SAUCE

1 onion
1 small carrot
1 stalk celery
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour
1 pint brown stock
little tomato puree
1 bayleaf
salt and pepper

Spread flour in small baking dish, put into moderate oven

until lightly browned; be careful not to burn.

Heat butter in saucepan, add peeled and chopped vegetables, cook slowly until lightly colored. Stir in the browned flour, cook further 5 minutes. Add stock, bring to the boil, stirring, add bayleaf and about 2 tablespoons tomato puree. Simmer very slowly, uncovered, 1 to 2 hours, skimming from time to time. Strain, season to taste.

This is a simple version of the classic brown sauce which is

added to many sauces used for grills (see recipe for Devililled Sauce).

DEVILLED SAUCE

3oz. dry white wine
2 tablespoons chopped shallots
few crushed peppercorns
1 cup brown sauce (see recipe)
1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce
little chopped parsley

Put wine and shallots into saucepan, cook until mixture is reduced almost to thick paste. Add peppercorns and sauces, stir well, heat through gently. Strain, add parsley.

GRILLING TIMES FOR MEAT

• Cooking times given below are approximate only; so much depends on heat of grill, cooking distance from grill, quality and thickness of meats. However, they can be taken as a general guide:

FILLET STEAK . . . from 4 minutes for rare to 12 minutes for well done.

RUMP or SIRLOIN STEAK . . . 10 to 15 minutes.

LAMB CHOPS . . . 10 to 15 minutes.

PORK CHOPS . . . 15 to 20 minutes.

KIDNEYS . . . 6 to 8 minutes.

SAUSAGES . . . 15 to 20 minutes.

BACON RASHERS . . . 3 to 5 minutes.



*Science takes grilling
years ahead. With gas!*

**all the taste, all the flavours,
of an outdoor barbecue,
right in your own kitchen.**

Remember how an outdoor barbecue does wonderful things to steak. Or chops. Or sausages. It seems to bring out (or is it keep in) more flavour. It seems to keep

meat juicier. And it adds some kind of taste difference you only seem to get with a barbecue. It's a kind of back-to-nature taste. Now Metters give it to you right

in your own kitchen with Thermo-Glo.

How does Thermo-Glo work?

In much the same way as an outdoor barbecue. In a sense. You know how the best barbecue fires are lit, let burn fiercely, until the coals are glowing red and gold. Then and only then is the food cooked. The reason is simple. The coals give off an intense heat that cooks the steak, the chops, the sausages very quickly on the outside, sealing in the natural food flavours at the same time. Metters Thermo-Glo cooks in exactly the same way. Thermo-Glo cooks with the effect of infra-red sun rays and micro-

waves. This means faster cooking, immediate cooking with faster warm-up, more even cooking, and food flavours sealed in before they have a chance to escape.

Barbecue flavours: Steaks, chops, sausages all have that outdoor barbecue flavour. Because Thermo-Glo cooks faster, and with the effect of infra-red sun rays and microwaves to bring all the taste of an outdoor barbecue right into your own kitchen.

Flavours sealed in: Ordinary grilling techniques let so many natural food

The most advanced grill in any range comes with

NEW! METTERS

M315

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1967



THIS SULTANA CAKE wins our \$10 prize this week. The cake is a family size. Recipe is at right.

Sultana cake wins prize

- Our \$10 prize is awarded this week for a family-size sultana cake flavored with brandy, which keeps well.

SULTANA CAKE

8oz. butter or substitute
8oz. sugar
10oz. plain flour
1½oz. self-raising flour
5 eggs
1½lb. sultanas
4oz. blanched almonds
2oz. brandy
pinch salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Soak sultanas 2 hours in warm water to cover. Drain, let dry at least 24 hours.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, beating well after each addition. If necessary, add a little flour toward end of the egg additions, to prevent curdling. Add sifted flour and salt and sultanas alternately, then the almonds (save

some almonds to decorate top of cake), brandy, and vanilla. Place mixture in greased 8in. or 9in. square tin, cook in moderately slow oven approx. 1½ hours.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. J. Gadsby, 15 Rosedale St., Keiraville, N.S.W.

JEFFY RAISIN PUDDING

2 tablespoons butter or substitute
3 tablespoons jam
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
1 cup self-raising flour
pinch salt
2oz. raisins, halved

In large saucepan place butter and jam, bring slowly to boil, stirring continuously. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in milk, add to saucepan. While still foaming, stir in sifted flour and salt; this will result in a thin batter. Add halved raisins. Turn into well-greased pudding basin, cover, steam 1½ hours.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. V. Beveridge, Rossmore, Kilkivan, Qld.

BANANA SLAB CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 cups self-raising flour
¼ teaspoon bicarb. soda
¼ cup sour milk
1 cup mashed bananas (approx. 3 bananas)

Cream butter or substitute and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, beating well, add vanilla. Sift dry ingredients; add 1-3rd of dry ingredients to the creamed mixture with the milk; add half remaining dry ingredients with the mashed bananas; then add remainder of dry ingredients. Mix well. Place mixture in well-greased swiss roll tin lined on bottom with greased greaseproof paper. Bake in moderate oven approximately 35 minutes.

Ice when cold with lemon-flavored icing.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. D. J. Campbell, 9 Windsor Rd., St. Marys, N.S.W.

CREAM CHEESE COBBLER

6oz. cream cheese
2 tablespoons sugar
juice ½ lemon
1 egg-yolk
2oz. butter or substitute
1oz. each sultanas and raisins
1 small can sliced peaches

CAKE BATTER

3oz. butter or substitute
3oz. sugar
1 egg, separated
1 egg-white, extra
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon milk
9 tablespoons (4½oz.) self-raising flour

Beat cream cheese until smooth, gradually beat in sugar, lemon juice, egg-yolk, and softened butter or substitute. Lastly fold in sultanas and raisins. Arrange drained sliced peaches in greased tart plate, spread cream cheese mixture over.

Batter: Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, add egg-yolk, vanilla, mix well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk, then lastly the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour over fruit and cream cheese layer. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 to 40 minutes.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. C. Frankish, 243 Trafalgar St., Annandale, N.S.W.



flavours escape away into the atmosphere. Metters Thermo-Glo seals in food flavours right from the moment cooking begins. There's no flavour lost.

Faster, more even grilling: The moment Thermo-Glo is lit, it starts to cook, and grilling heat is evenly distributed right across the griller, right to the outside edges. Everything on the griller is cooked at the same time, is ready at the same time, exactly the way you want it.

Larger grilling area: Thermo-Glo gives you the largest grilling area. A mammoth 10" x 14" griller with an effective grilling

area of 140 square inches. This means you can grill enough for the family at one time. Steak, chops, sausages, toast, tomatoes.

More economical grilling: For a start, Thermo-Glo reaches top grilling heat far quicker than ordinary grillers. When the gas flame reaches peak heat, it can be reduced and the heat will remain evenly

IT'S MODERN, IT'S...



distributed right across the griller, won't reduce and concentrate at the centre as with old-fashioned grillers.

Less shrinkage: Thermo-Glo means much less meat shrinkage. This is possible because Thermo-Glo grills faster, more evenly, and immediately. Smoke free grilling too, because Thermo-Glo's microwaves actually absorb smoke.

Thermo-Glo cooks:

4 King-size T-Bone Steaks or
6 large slices of toast or
12 lamb chops or 32 halves of tomato or
24 sausages or 12 hamburger steaks

Make this test: Tomorrow at breakfast when you're making the family's toast, notice how unevenly your present griller toasts. The pieces in the centre will be browned while those pieces at the outside remain white. Metters Thermo-Glo grilling will toast 6 pieces of toast to an even golden brown, and have every piece ready at the same time. A Metters exclusive feature.

Metters new Thermo-Glo is truly scientific high speed gas grilling, an exclusive feature in Metters gas ranges.



See Fiesta with its amazing Thermo-Glo gas grill at your gas range retailer today.

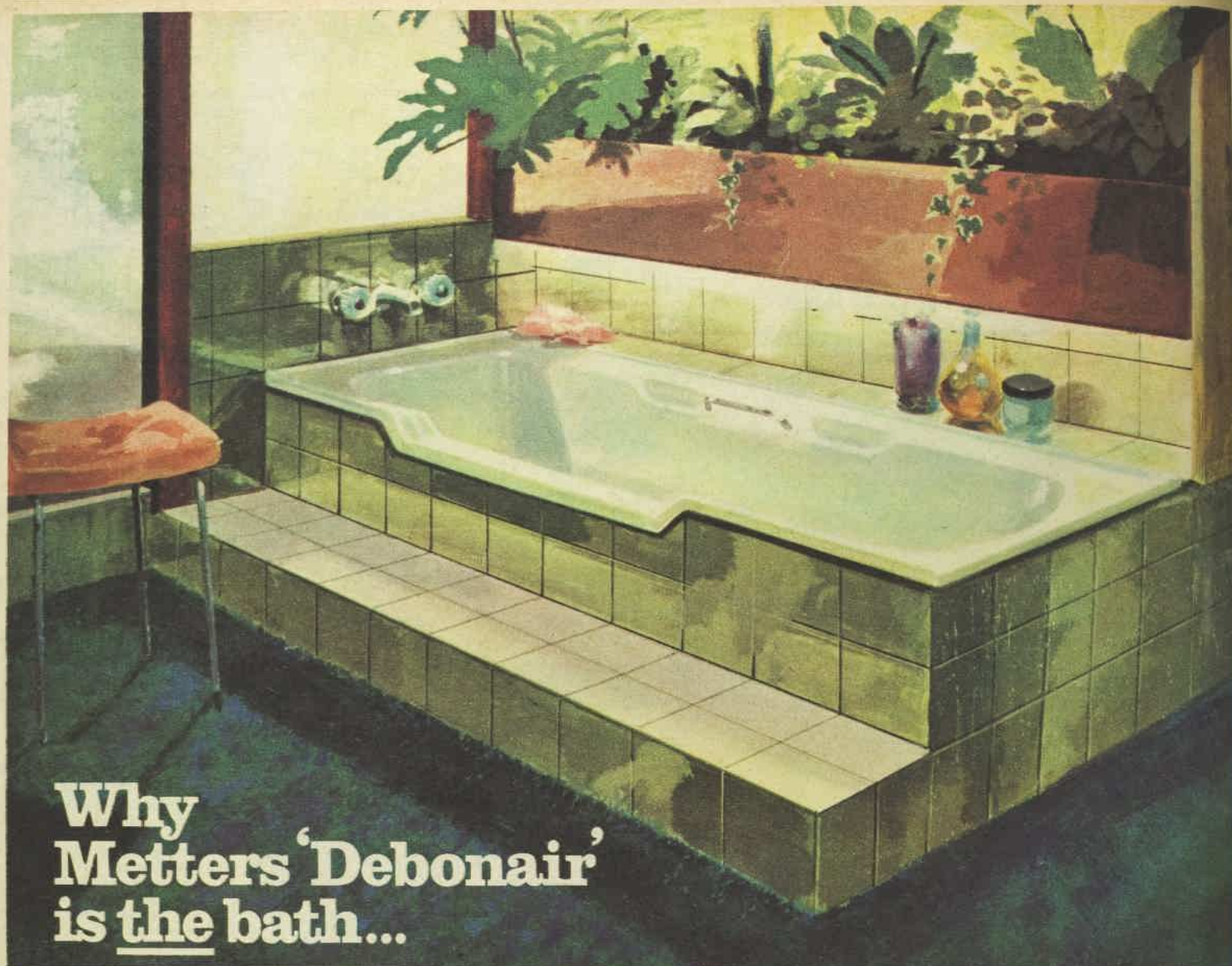


FIESTA - the most advanced gas range

THERMO GLO GAS GRILL

METTERS LIMITED - SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH, CANBERRA, HOBART, NEWCASTLE.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 12, 1967



Why Metters 'Debonair' is the bath...

for you.

It's amazing how much more relaxed you feel in a Metters "Debonair" bath. Because "Debonair" is *comfort-contoured*. And it's nice to know you'll be able to enjoy this comfort for a lifetime. Because "Debonair" is made from moulded *cast iron*.

On every Metters bath, the surface is smoother, the colour perfect. Because only Metters baths are *hand-finished*.



More reasons why Metters "Debonair" is the bath for you:

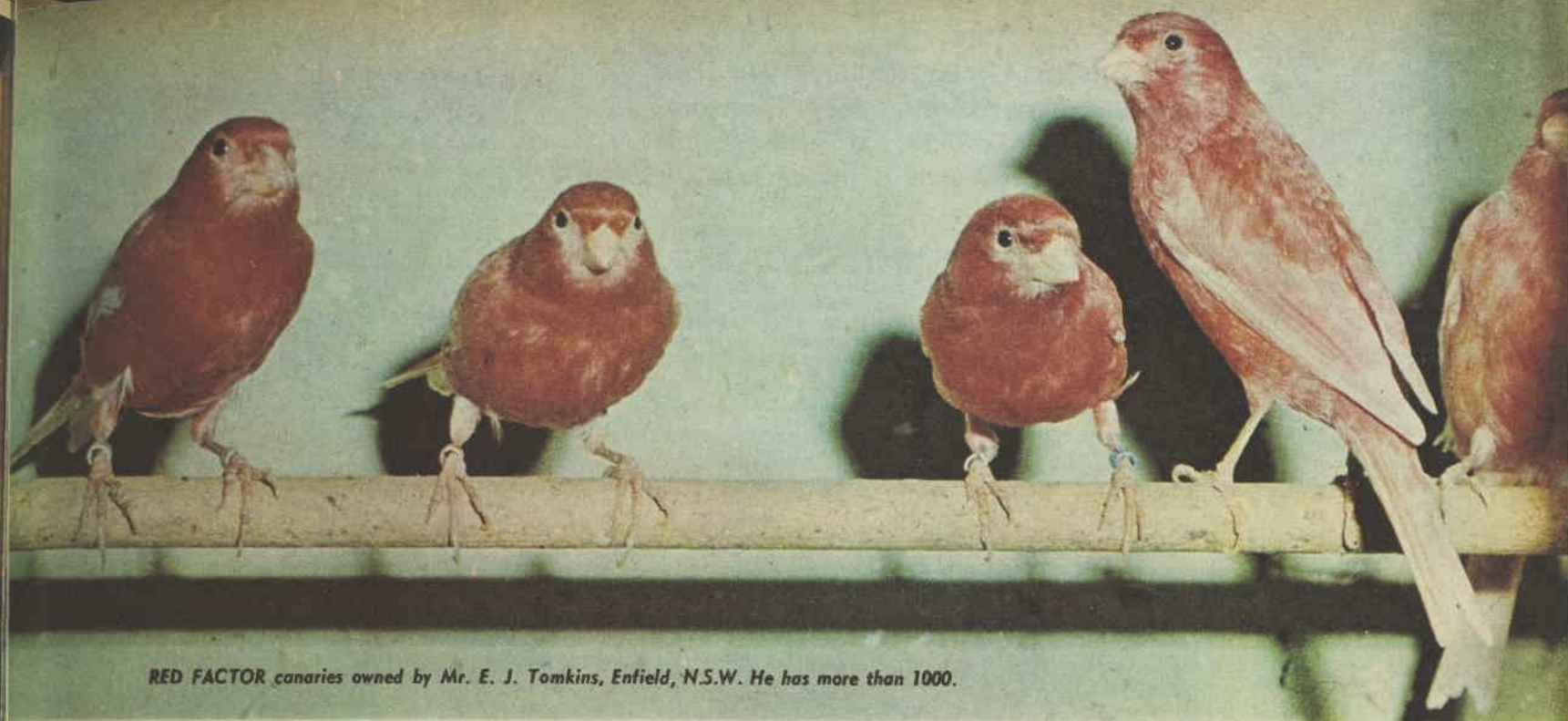
You get a comfortable reclining back, cut-out step in, hand grip, two soap recesses and a diamond-bright, acid-resisting porcelain enamel finish on life-long cast iron. Metters "Debonair" comes in two sizes (5' 6" or 5') and seven lustrous decorator colours. Available from builders' suppliers, hardware and retail stores everywhere.

It's modern...it's

METTERS

Debonair

SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE • ADELAIDE • PERTH • CANBERRA • HOBART • NEWCASTLE



RED FACTOR canaries owned by Mr. E. J. Tomkins, Enfield, N.S.W. He has more than 1000.

RED CANARIES CHANGED HIS LIFE

● Two years ago when Mr. E. J. Tomkins came out of hospital he went shopping for "a bird or two." He bought 300, and his life, he says, hasn't been the same since.

THE birds which gave Mr. Tomkins a new lease of life were red factors — a cross between a siskin finch and an ordinary canary.

They were first bred overseas in 1924, and were brought to Australia about ten years ago from Holland and Germany.

"I tell you I wasn't worth a two-bob watch before the birds became my hobby," said Mr. Tomkins, of Enfield, N.S.W. "I had gout as well as osteoarthritis, but when I started collecting these red factor canaries my life changed.

"There's something about them. They are such good whistlers and their color, which varies from pinky-orange to orange-red, is really brilliant."

Each day Mr. Tomkins sees that the birds have carrot juice mixed with bread-crumbs as well as a mixed bird seed.

Because the world of bird fanciers is a rather closed club ("no one would give me any important tips on care and breeding"), Mr. Tomkins set about learning all there was to know.

"I had to learn by trial and error, but I reckon I know a good deal now. In fact, some of the experts have asked me how I got such beautiful plumage. Of course, I won't tell them," he said, laughing.

Owner of a large garden nursery, Mr. Tomkins ("everyone calls me just E.J.") has semi-retired from

the nursery, leaving his sons and son-in-law in charge.

Born and raised on the same land, he has never travelled very far from home.

"I took a trip once to Tasmania, but that's as far afield as I've ever been. Working a nursery is a seven days a week job."

For more than 37 years Mr. Tomkins has had parrots, housed in an aviary in

By ANNE OLSEN

the middle of the nursery, as an amusement for visitors and children.

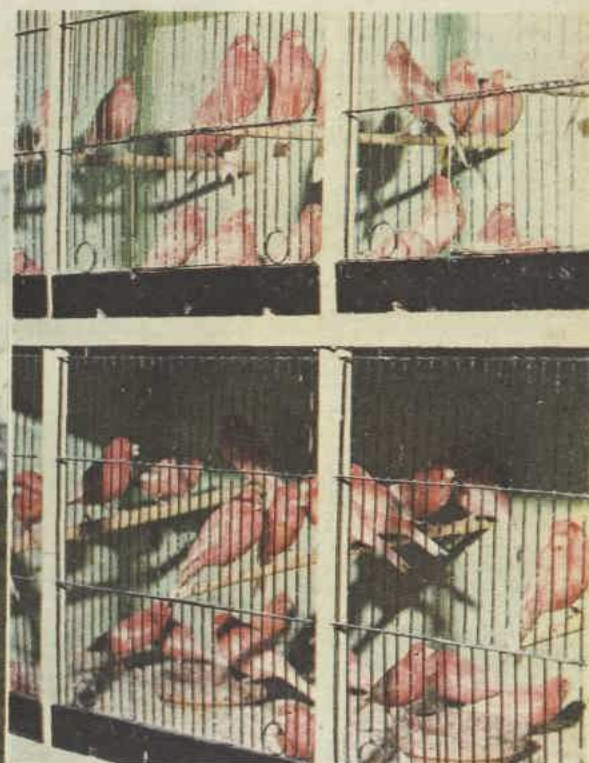
Now the other small aviary, which he had built when he first brought home the red factors, has had to be extended to cope with the 1000 birds who now live there.

Visitors often find time to join Mr. Tomkins in his comfortable aviary.

It has wall heaters, a couple of lounges, a desk, and a radio along the wall opposite the rows and rows of cages.

Often he sells the birds and sometimes he will give them away to friends. "I'm not in it for the money. It's just a good hobby and it's fun meeting people."

"It's really amazing the number of people I see in here," he said, speaking over the chirps of the red factors. "Why, even my doctors enjoy visiting me here for my weekly check-ups."



ABOVE: With their brilliant plumage, varying in color from pinky-orange to orange-red, these birds attract many visitors to Mr. E. J. Tomkins' aviary.

LEFT: Mr. Tomkins with two of the birds he began collecting two years ago when he came out of hospital. "They are wonderful therapy," he says.

Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG

LIKE many housewives, I seemed to have piles of shoes, boots, or slippers always lined up at the back door. I decided to place a vegetable tidy there so all shoes, etc., when being changed, could be placed on an appropriate shelf. It looks neater and saves work. — Mrs. J. A. Bury, 8 O'Grady St., East Burwood, Vic.

To prevent large strands of beads and pearls from becoming knotted and scratched, screw seven or eight cuphooks inside your wardrobe, and hang the strands on these. This saves much frustration, and your jewel box can look more attractive with earrings and brooches. — Mrs. E. Dowse, 89 Kent Rd., Pascoe Vale, Vic.

The breadknife, with its serrated edge, is excellent for chopping cabbage for coleslaw. Cut cabbage in half, remove stalk, then slice it finely down cut side. You achieve a very professional-looking slaw. — Margaret Curran, 146 Hall St., Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

Children's cardigans can be made suitable for a little boy or girl by knitting buttonholes in both front bands. The buttons will hide whichever holes are not needed and are easily changed if need be. — Mrs. Berenice Locke, The Manse, Rosebud, Vic.

If a fine suede or kid glove is lost, do not discard the other. With the easy-to-use button moulds now available, you can make beautiful leather-covered buttons for suits and dresses, with the palms and backs of gloves. Discarded gloves with worn tips can be used in the same way. — Mrs. E. Gillott, 32 Cranbrook Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

When knitting on four needles, use a needle of a different color for the first set of stitches and you will always know where the row begins. — Mrs. H. Jessor, 49 James St., Toowoomba, Qld.

In my large family, the bathroom was always cluttered up with washers and the children used any washer. So I bought an aluminium rack of the type used to hang kitchen tools above the stove (obtainable at chainstores, about 15 cents). This was fastened to the bathroom wall, with an initial above each hook. It keeps the washers tidy, and each child can easily find his own. — Mrs. C. Kay, 642 Brighton Rd., Seacliff, S.A.

When dressing toddlers, put on the woollen jumper first, then a dark colored or check blouse or shirt. Dark colors do not soil so quickly, and this method will save frequent washing of woollens and the worry of getting them dry in wet weather. — Mrs. H. T. Murphy, 31 Flinders Espde., Taroom, Tas.

If a recipe calls for finely sliced meat or meat cut into slivers, as in many Continental and Asian dishes, first partly freeze the meat. It is then a simple matter to cut it as finely as required. — Mrs. C. Baker-Finch, 12 Cleveland Tce., Townsville, Qld.

Use a small colored piece of wool or cotton to mark every 100th stitch when knitting a frock or anything else that needs a lot of stitches; the marker will save you counting the stitches over again. The method could be used for any amount of stitches, say, from 30 upward. — Mrs. T. Fathers, 204 Evans St., Geraldton, W.A.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

- Mothers of young children will find some useful hints on this page. There are also hints on cookery, time-savers for knitters. Each wins a prize of \$2.

Add a handful of foam rubber filling (can be bought at chainstores) when repotting plants or hanging baskets; mix it in with the soil. It keeps the plant moist and you don't have to water every day; twice a week is enough. — M. Conway, 37 Earl Tce., Windsor, Brisbane.

If potatoes are overcooked to pulp and you cannot drain off all the water, mix in some bread-crumbs with the usual seasoning. Add butter and mash all together. The crumbs absorb the water and are not noticed. The result is nice, fluffy potatoes. — Mrs. E. Murray, Houghton, S.A.

OUR TRANSFER

Circus motifs for children's place mats and linens are from Iron-on Transfer No. 1. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060 G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15 cents plus 4 cents extra for postage.



Six Masterpieces



Six great spreads from Master Foods



Take Chicken and Veal, for instance. A scrumptious mouth-watering spread made from crisp, oven-fresh roast chickens and tender delicious veal. Convenient—just open the can and spread on sandwiches, savouries, anything you like.



● Victorian settee

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

ENCLOSED is a photo of a settee I bought some six months ago from an antique shop. When I bought it, it was stained a dark shade and covered in black leather. Since then I have had the cedar stripped and limed and re-covered in olive velvet. I would appreciate it very much if you could give me some details in regard to its age, period, etc. I was told the settee was made around 1830 to 1845. Would

this be correct?—Mrs. Inge Thompson, South Yarra, Vic.

Your early-Colonial cedar settee is an early-Victorian example, made about 1840 to 1850.

I AM enclosing color slides of two separate items: a vase and a teaset. The hand-painted enamelled vase (right) is approximately 6in. in height. There are two rows of blurred Chinese characters under this vase, but no num-



● Chinese vase

bers. On the teaset there is a laurel wreath mark with the words "Poland China, made in (Germany) Poland." Can you tell me anything about either of these items?—Mrs. M. Lewis, Mudgee, N.S.W.

Your vase is an example of Chinese polychrome porcelain. It was probably made about 1910.

The Polish teaset was made during this century, probably about 1925. Polish potters rarely developed an individual style. Throughout the political history of Poland and its ever-changing Governments the influence of foreign designs and artists particularly on porcelain is recognised.

I WONDER if you could give me some information about two old English oak chairs recently left to me. They are very heavy and I understand are old. Although apparently identical, there are different makers' marks. Both have a stencilled or painted brand on the bottom of the seat. — Mrs. K. Mitchell, Shannon, N.Z.

These chairs made of carved oak are late-Victorian examples and date from 1880. While they are pseudo-Jacobean in character, the cresting rail, which is carved with a naturalistic grapevine leaf motif, betrays a Victorian idiom.



● English oak chairs

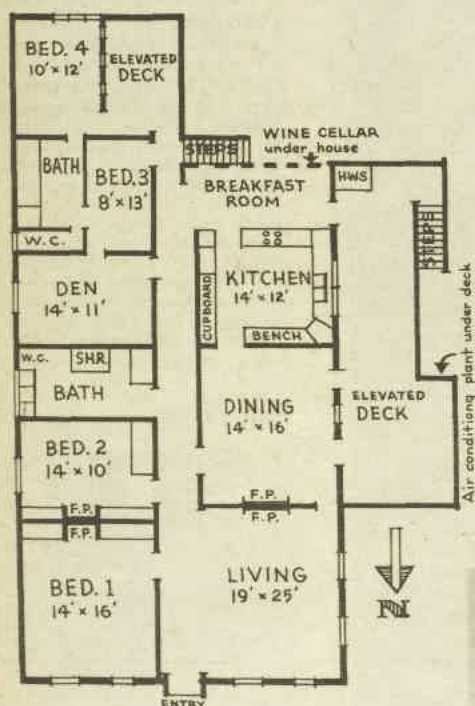
from Master Foods





Focal point of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Holt's dining-room in their Toorak, Vic., home is an elaborately carved dining setting, on loan from Mrs. Harold Holt.

HOUSE of the WEEK



COUNTRY COTTAGE IN THE SUBURBS

Sophie's charming nursery, decorated in tangerine and white. Dried flower posy hangs on one wall and shelves hold gay stuffed animals and dolls.

Mrs. Holt is pictured with her two-year-old daughter, Sophie, in the study, furnished mainly in black and white — with a vivid red splash of color.



The living-room has a country cottage atmosphere and reflects Mrs. Holt's love of "color and clutter." The mirror over the marble fireplace came from a junk shop.



MR. and **MRS. NICHOLAS HOLT** live in a house which has all the charm of a country cottage—but which is in fact situated in the heart of the suburbs, in Toorak, Melbourne.

Surrounded by a jungle of trees and overgrown shrubs, the nine-roomed weatherboard house is 90 years old and, says Mrs. Holt, "filled with color and clutter." The furniture is a mixture of "junk shop, good antiques, and modern," and, like any young married couple, the Hols have furnished with an eye to economy.

Seagrass matting is used as a floor covering throughout the house, except for a plain gold

carpet in the main bedroom and cork tiles in the kitchen and two bathrooms.

Mrs. Holt found the magnificent brass bedstead in the main bedroom "all green and mouldy" in a junk shop, and spent days polishing it up. She chose simple white pique for the Victorian-looking bedspread and used the same material in two tiers to cover unpainted bar stools which serve as bedside tables.

The strikingly ornate dining setting, which Mrs. Holt had stripped and limed, is on loan from her mother-in-law, the Prime Minister's wife, Mrs. Harold Holt, who bought it at an auction sale

some years ago at Sir George Lansell's property, "Fortuna," at Bendigo, and had until recently kept it in storage because she could find no space for it in her Toorak and Portsea homes. The setting, which was originally a honey-orange color, was elaborately carved in Italy to Sir George's design, and the chairs bear his initials.

One of the most charming rooms in the house is small daughter Sophie's bright nursery. Here, fabric blinds in an orange-flowered print shade the windows, and a large collection of stuffed animals and skinny-legged dolls make a splash of color on shelves above the cot.

Photographs by Michael Coyne

Story by Beverley Cooper

The ninety-year-old weatherboard house is almost completely hidden behind a green and lush jungle of assorted trees and overgrown shrubs.

Huge brass bedstead dominates main bedroom. Top-right sketch is by Mrs. Holt of her husband; below it is a sketch by William Dobell of Mrs. Holt.



Fashion FROCKS



● Ready to wear
or cut out ready
to make.

"SHARLENE"—
Smart frock with
three-quarter-length
sleeves is available in
apricot-cream, navy-
blue, ivory-white, or
Dior-red pure wool
frocking.

Ready To Wear:
Sizes 32 and 34in.
bust, \$12.35; 36 and
38in. bust, \$12.55.

Cut Out Only:
Sizes 32 and 34in.
bust, \$8.65; 36 and
38in. bust, \$8.85.

Postage and dispatch
60 cents extra.

● NOTE: If ordering
by mail, send to
address given on page
54. Fashion Frocks
may be inspected or
obtained at Fashion
House, 344/6 Sussex
Street, Sydney, from
9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on
weekdays. They are
available for six weeks
after publication. No
C.O.D. orders.

Send us 25¢
We'll send you.

Badedas contains 5 vitamins for both
or shower. Once you experience the
miracles it performs, you may never
use a soap or bath oil again. Europe's
most glamorous women and attractive
men have enjoyed the ecstasy
of Badedas for years. It turns
water into liquid velvet. It floats
you on billowy clouds of
foamy froth, penetrating deep
down to cleanse every pore,
leaving no clogging residue. It
keeps your skin looking
younger than you are. How
exhilarated you feel after-
wards... like being in love
with the whole wide world.
Sound exaggerated? Risk just
25c to find out. We'll send
you a generous sample.
Available at most
chemists and depart-
ment stores.



To EMMO PTY. LTD.
155 Castlereagh St., Sydney.
Sounds incredible, but here's my 25c postal
order for a Badedas sample.

Name
Address

ABROAD ... with Margaret Sydney

● I would never have expected to develop a liking for soot, but I've dis-
covered I actually do like soot—at least when it's combined with London's
Portland stone. It gives it, in effect, a touch of make-up.

THE comparatively few old buildings you see in
London that have been scrubbed and steam-
cleaned to sunny brightness again look wrong.

Certainly, the scrubbing allows you to see a bit more of
the stone carvings, but the buildings look like fine-boned
faces without that touch of make-up needed to enhance
them.

For soot connoisseurs, there's nothing I'd recommend
more highly than some of London's Courts—Whitehall
Courts on the Thames or the Law Courts in the Strand.
These are vast and wonderful fantasies of towers and turrets
and gables, porches and lintels, their rounded and sloping
surfaces washed by rain so that from a distance the soot-
blackened buildings seem to have a powdering of snow.

Indeed, they look like nothing quite so much as over-
elaborate white-iced wedding cakes which have accidentally
been left standing in front of the fireplace while the
chimney-sweep was at work.

London's a place where you simply have to walk, and
you walk much farther than you ever plan to, because
curiosity is forever leading you down alleyways and into
mews.

Start at Trafalgar Square, where the world's fattest
pigeons are overfed and over-photographed, and where
Nelson keeps watch over the city. If good luck is with you,
you may overhear the sort of comment I did from a tourist.
"Say, isn't that something!" he said, gazing up at the figure
on its stupendous column. "Is that Bonaparte up there?"

Have a look at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and later, as you
walk along the Strand, at St. Mary-le-Strand and at St.
Clement Danes. These are three beautiful small churches,
now islands in the midst of the city traffic. Once they had
churchyards of their own; now the traffic swirls by their
walls, and brass plates inside record that "the burial ground
being required for a new street, the remains were taken up
and reinterred at Woking" in 1889.

But before you get to St. Mary-le-Strand, dive off to the
right to look at Lower Robert Street, named for one of the
Adam brothers, and surely one of the oddest streets in
London. It runs under buildings, and cars turn on their
lights and curve their way between stone walls and the
foundations of buildings that now cover what was once an
ordinary street, open to the sky.

Go to the right off the Strand again at Norfolk Street,
and a few paces down at No. 6 you'll see the narrow-
fronted, four-storey house where Florence Nightingale lived.

Back on to the Strand, and at its junction with Fleet
Street you'll find the Wig and Pen Club—blackened plaster
and black timber, and wonderful old cartoons of the big-
wigs of former legal circles behind the wavy panes of glass.
A notice over the door tells you that it was built in 1625,
the only building in the Strand to survive the Great Fire
of London.

Fleet Street itself is a disappointment, a characterless
sort of place to be the heart of a great newspaper industry,
but there's plenty to see if you go through the narrow
archways that lead into the mews and courts off it.

Not very far along, on the left, is Johnson Court, with
signs leading to the blackened-brick, four-storey-and-a-
basement house with a tiny paved garden where Samuel
Johnson lived.

Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, the inn
where Dr. Johnson used to eat

A LITTLE farther up Fleet Street you'll find
another laneway on the left, leading to Ye Olde
Cheshire Cheese, where Johnson used to eat.

It makes no extravagant claims about its age—in fact, it
admits on the sign over the doorway to having been rebuilt
in 1667. Inside you'll find sawdust on the floor, worn
wooden benches and tables, and some of the best roast beef
you've ever eaten.

Keep walking and you'll come to Ludgate Hill, but keep
looking to left and right for the crazy bridgways built
across streets between the upper floors of buildings. They
look for all the world like airborne trains.

Go on across Ludgate Circus and suddenly you're out of
the mixture of soot and soulless glass of the newer news-
paper buildings, and facing Christopher Wren's St. Paul's
Cathedral—steam-cleaned (a pity?), but inside a sort of
sunny miracle that seems to open, like a flower, under its
own great dome.

Across the river (you won't see it on this walk but you
will if you go up the Thames by boat to the Tower, which
is quite the best way of getting there) you can see the
small house, now painted cream, with a red front door,
where Wren lived so that he could watch his miraculous
new church rising on the site of the earlier St. Paul's, which
had been destroyed in the Great Fire in 1666.

Walk on to Fish Lane and there, within a few yards of
where the Fire of London is believed to have started in
Pudding Lane, is Wren's Monument to commemorate the
fire and the rebuilding of the city. If you can still walk,
you can climb the 311 steps to the top and be rewarded by
a matchless view of London and its ever-curving river.

In the British Museum, in Wren's clear and rather ornate
handwriting, you'll find the letter in which he suggested
for the top of the 200ft. Monument a brass statue 15ft.
high as "the noblest finishing that can be found answerable
to see godly a work in all men's judgements."

He does consider, however, that "a ball of copper, nine
foot diameter, cast in severall peeces, with the flames and
gilt will be most acceptable of anything inferior to a Statue
by reason of the good appearance at distance and because
one may goe into it and upon occasion use it for fireworks."
Seems odd to have thought so soon of letting off fireworks
over a city that had burnt so fiercely for so long.

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 5

- *****
- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- ★ Thinking of expanding personal affairs right away? Well, wait until after the 7th at least—especially if born 28th March-8th April. Influences are retarding, but improve.
- TAURUS**
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
- ★ You could get off to a slow start for the next two days or so—but there's nothing to stop you from a fast finish. Perhaps a rise on the job—a new dishwasher. Industriousness will pay.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- ★ The family budget might suffer and finances generally bog down 5th-6th—but the sky clears—and you can successfully break out and more than recoup your losses.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- ★ You're still in your prestige cycle—but 5th-6th is discouraging. You could find yourself drifting. So hold your horses, and full steam ahead from the 7th on! There's plenty of scope.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- ★ You've had two very helpful planets in your sign—but one quits at the end of the week. Make the most of romance and push personal matters—but hold up 5th-6th. Postpone any trips.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- ★ A slow but steady improvement is indicated. Regard the 5th-6th as adverse—you could lose a friend. Rest of week is good for home and family. Fine for real estate.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
- ★ The week begins by de-escalating—so dis-escalate for a few days. Get off the escalator 5th-6th, then step back on—and ride high! New ventures turning over a fresh page in your life.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- ★ Lady Luck turns a cold shoulder 5th-6th—don't be talked into gambling plunges, long shots, lottery groups, etc. However, the stars turn helpful, and favor speculation 8th-10th.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, t-t colors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- ★ There could be depression at the loss of a friendship, 5th-6th. But the adverse spot is quickly followed by bright stars that could mean aid from a friend.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 23-JAN. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- ★ Most Capricorns put career first. Bad stars could temporarily check their ambitions and plans, 5th-6th. A good time for rigid routine. Good news follows and a happy period.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 23-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, white, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- ★ You could be dogged by sheer bad luck on 5th-6th, which period is allergic to gambling in all its forms. A sudden turn of the winds of chance gives you opportunity to make up for any loss.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- ★ There could be bruised hearts 5th-6th and what perhaps is more important—money setbacks. But Cupid does a switch, and more than atones for his sourness.
- [The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]
- *****



FLYNN'S BEACH, Port Macquarie, N.S.W. The trees are *Banksia integrifolia*.

JULY 9

1788 First plan of Sydney sent to England. This plan, believed to be drawn by Lieut. William Dawes, was prepared by Governor Phillip only a few weeks after the arrival of the First Fleet. It was on a grand scale, providing for streets more than 200ft. wide, running north-east and south-east to benefit from the prevailing breeze. It also envisaged large allotments for public buildings and to provide for future expansion. Residential blocks were to be 60ft. by 150ft. and only one house was to be built on each block. The plan was never adopted.

1817 Oxley inscribes tree on the Lachlan. Explorers John Oxley and G. W. Evans followed the Lachlan River to within about 50 miles of its junction with the Murrumbidgee. There Oxley, being, as he said, overcome with disappointment and desolation, decided to return to Sydney. On a tree he inscribed the words "Dig Under," and at the foot he buried a bottle containing notes on the expedition. Mitchell reached the spot in 1836 and searched for the tree and the bottle, only to be told by natives that the one had been burnt down and the other had been broken by an Aboriginal child.

1839 First theatrical performance in Western Australia. The play was "Love à la Militaire" and was performed in "Leeder's large room," apparently a private residence. All the players were amateurs. In spite of protests in the Press against the "immorality" of theatrical performances, amateur dramatics continued with such plays as "The Spectral Bridegroom," "Raising the Wind," and others. By 1842, a hotel in Perth was being used as a theatre.

JULY 10

1788 Lieut.-Governor Major Ross made pessimistic predictions about Australia. Governor Phillip's difficulties in founding the colony were considerable, and his load was not lightened by his assistant, Major Ross, who gave him little help and less encouragement. This gloomy Jeremiah spent much of his time in the colony penning mournful predictions to the Home Office that the country was not worth settling and that it was hopeless to continue with the project. "I will, in confidence, venture to assure you," he wrote to Under-Secretary Nepean under this date, "that this country will never answer to settle in, for altho' I think corn would grow here, yet I am convinced that if ever it is able to maintain people here it cannot be in less than probably 100 years hence. I therefore think it will be better to feed the convicts on turtle and venison at the London Tavern than be at the expense of sending them here."

1870 Longest recorded horse-race in Australia. To settle a wager on the respective staying merits of their horses, two men raced from Dubbo to Orange, N.S.W. Roger Davis, of Orange, on his horse Colonel, challenged W. S. Hickenbotham, of Dubbo, who rode the mare Barmad, on the 100-mile course. The race began from the Telegraph Office at Dubbo at 6.30 a.m. and the winner—Colonel—cantered into the main street of Orange about 5 p.m.

JULY 11

1788 Governor Phillip wrote to Lord Sydney asking for food and clothing. Phillip anticipated the impending

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1967

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● A weekly series by
Bill Beatty

shortage of food, and begged for a regular supply of provisions to be sent from England "as the crops for two years to come cannot be depended on for more than what will be necessary for seed." He also stressed the necessity of sending clothing, especially shoes.

To quote Captain W. Tench: "The distress of the lower classes for clothes was almost equal to their other wants. The stores had been long exhausted and winter was on hand. Nothing more ludicrous can be conceived than the expediency of substituting, shifting, and patching; much ingenuity was devised to eke out the wretchedness and preserve the remains of decency. The superior dexterity of the women was particularly conspicuous. Many a guard have I seen mount in which the number of soldiers without shoes exceeded that which had preserved remnants of leather."

1874 The brig Carl wrecked near Bluff Harbor, New Zealand. The brig was sailed by its part-owner, a black-bird and former doctor, James Murray. He engaged in the kanaka labor trade to Queensland and, to prevent detection by a warship in 1871, massacred some 70 natives. Dr. Murray's father publicly disowned his son, and when he and his crew were brought to trial, his father, in a letter to a Sydney newspaper, said his son was a murderer and should be hanged. Dr. Murray, however, turned Queen's evidence and even those of his crew who were convicted of murder escaped the gallows.

JULY 12

1858 First issue of the South Australian "Advertiser," which was founded by a Congregational pastor, John H. Barrow. For many years his newspaper fought fiercely over the issues of the day with its rival the "Register." Competition was often intense in the race to bring out special editions with the latest news from Europe. Once the "Register" sent a compositor to Albany, W.A., to obtain the European mail so that he could set up European news in type on the voyage back to Adelaide.

1917 Death of the champion pugilist "Larry" Foley, who first came into prominence in 1871 when he fought Sandy Ross on the southern bank of the George's River, N.S.W. It was an extraordinary exhibition of stamina, extending over 71 rounds and occupying two hours 40 minutes on a very hot day. The fight was declared a draw, but a return match

was arranged soon afterward for £100 a side, on the opposite side of the river. Foley was nearly swamped crossing Botany Bay in a small boat on the morning of the fight, and then had to walk 15 miles (without breakfast) through heavy rain before reaching the ringside at 11 a.m. Foley knocked out Ross in the 16th round. Foley won the championship of Australia when he fought, under London rules with bare fists, Abe Hicken, an English pugilist.

JULY 13

1810 First horse-racing at Green Hills (Windsor), N.S.W. Not long afterward there arose a champion jockey named Johnny Higgerson, who rode all the best horses of the day. Once at one of the race meetings somebody slipped £50 into his hand with the whispered request that he should not win. However, Johnny won the race. After being weighed in he drew the money out of his pocket and showed it to the crowd, stating the purpose for which it was given to him. Would the owner please claim it? The owner did not, and Johnny was £50 the richer.

1830 Port Macquarie declared to be no longer a penal settlement.

JULY 14

1842 First land sale of Brisbane lots.

1847 Melbourne Hospital opened.

1861 Riot Act read at Lambing Flat. The riots at Lambing Flat (now the town of Young), N.S.W., were a series of anti-Chinese demonstrations on the nearby gold-fields. The previous month, a crowd of about 1000 miners attacked every Chinese on whom they could lay their hands. They threw them down mine shafts; their pigtailed were torn from their scalps to be afterward used for whiplashes. Wounded and bleeding Chinese were trampled on and left unconscious. Their tents, together with their humble possessions, were burnt in a giant bonfire. Only when soldiers of the 12th Regiment and bluejackets from HMS Fawn were sent to Lambing Flats was order restored.

Because of the trouble, the Government of New South Wales restricted the numbers of Chinese permitted to enter the colony.

JULY 15

1823 St. David's Church, Hobart, consecrated. This was the old St. David's, the first permanent church in Tasmania. The first church service held in Tasmania was one of thanksgiving for the safe arrival of the expedition in this "delightful place where the Almighty has been pleased to establish us." The date was February 26, 1804, and the chaplain the Rev. Robert ("Bobbie") Knopwood. This and subsequent services were held in the open air, then in a carpenter's shop, at Government House, and on a veranda of the barracks. The Rev. "Bobbie" Knopwood was a bachelor whose convivialities, gambling, and fondness of the company of gay ladies sadly interfered with his pastoral vocation. His language was often earthy, and his reiterated advice, "Do as I say, not as I do," rather dubious counsel. He was popular with the lower classes and, as a magistrate, he was not harsh in judgment nor cruel in sentence.



HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

'Twas all over her jealousy

"I HAVE a boyfriend who is 16 and I am 15. We have been going together for one month. I know it is not long, but I love him very much and I think he loves me. But every time my friend comes to see me, he makes eyes at her. I don't like it. When he talks to her I get very jealous. I know it is not right, but I love him so much I would die if he left me for another girl. What shall I do?"

"Jealous," N.S.W.

● Stop being so intense, or this boy will most certainly leave you! At your age falling in "love" should be a gay, light-hearted flirtation, not a bitter ordeal. Imagine how this boy must feel, because if you don't think he realises anything is amiss you are wrong! Jealousy is an emotion even older people find difficult to camouflage. Besides, it is a masculine privilege to make eyes at pretty girls!

Losing battle

"WE are five girls all in love with the same wonderful boy. We used to be the best of friends, but now all we seem to do is fight. He has taken us all out and tells each one of us he loves us very much. Please do not tell us to give him up, as we could not live without him."

"Lovesick," Qld.

● Despite what this boy may think, no heart is big enough to accommodate love for five people at the same time. Of course, you could draw straws for him!

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Thinking aloud

● The main complaint of many teenagers seems to be "Nobody understands us." But do these teenagers wish to be understood? I think not. To be misunderstood suggests a unique approach to conservative methods, an independence of thought, which appeals strongly to many people wishing to build a brighter, more superior world. This wish to be misunderstood manifests itself in way-out fashions and hairstyles, and nonconformist cults. Those who claim to be misunderstood are actually claiming to be such progressive thinkers that ordinary people find it impossible to keep up with them!

—MARGARET CANAWAY, Kingsville, Vic.



LETTERS

Others obtain scholarships.—Christine Allington, Swansea, N.S.W.

... and another

ALL my life I have been a spendthrift, given anything I desired. And I never did any small thing to show my gratitude. When I went to town one day I saw a piece of mod gear, and for the first time I decided I would save and buy it for myself. It was a tough challenge, but now I have reached the goal, and am proud of myself for succeeding in saving what would otherwise have been wasted money. Others should try saving, too. — Evelyn McCann, Jambin, Qld.

Feeling small

WHEN things go wrong, such as your mother insisting that you're still a child, or your father forbidding your going to a party, lie under a tree. Look up at the sky and think how small you and your problems are. I hope someone has sense enough to try this and to benefit from it as I have. — P. Gee, Seven Hills, N.S.W.

Get with it!

PARENTS complaining about the way teenagers dress make me sick! The other day I was talking to a 60-year-old lady and she said that she wished she was young again, just so she could get with the teenage fashions. So come on, you mothers, give the younger generation a break. — Terese Solomon, Glen Innes, N.S.W.

FAIR EXCHANGE

● Having spent last year in the U.S.A. as an exchange student, I would like to encourage others to seriously consider becoming one, too. Most teenagers seem to think that travel can wait, but the exchange student gains far more knowledge and understanding of other people and their customs than any sight-seeing tourist. This is because the exchange student actually becomes part of his host country. He lives and studies with the people, and thus in these congenial conditions has a great advantage over the tourist. It is a wonderful opportunity and should be welcomed by all to whom it is offered. — "Exchange Student," Strathmore, Vic.

Firebrand

IN the 20th century what is a more disgusting habit than smoking? Granted, perhaps, older folk enjoy it. But what reason can a young boy or girl find for taking up such a habit? I certainly hope that coming generations have more intelligence than the herd instinct of blindly following everyone else. What sane young person would put his head in a smoky fire of dried leaves? "Anti-smoker," Forest Hill, Vic.

Financial tip...

A READER (LETTERS, May 24) claimed it was high time teenagers did something for themselves instead of relying on others for money. But I think you will find that most students who are in the final year of their secondary education have already realised that they need money, and they have done something about it. At my school, most of these students sew, baby-sit, type, or work part-time in a shop.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

Watch your eye-shadow

EXCEPT for evening or some special effect, eye-shadow is not meant to be worn from the eyelid all the way up to the eyebrow, as some young wearers appear to think.

Shadow can, however, be subtly blended and drawn out in an upward extension beyond the upper lid, but not farther out than the end of the eyebrow.

A damp cottonwool pad pressed over cream eye-shadow prevents smearing and sets it to a certain extent, just as it would a foundation base.

A tiny bit of powder on a cottonwool-tipped orange stick may then be traced along the lash roots to clear any particles of cream that might gather there.

This simple little trick imparts a wonderfully clean-cut finish to your eye make-up.

It goes without saying, of course, that for daytime or office wear, eye-shadow should suggest, not shout, a shading.

—Carolyn Earle

I SEE that a German girl has sent Britain's skinny mini-queen a food parcel to build her weight up.

The girl, a Munich barmaid, sent Twiggy a leg of pork, smoked pork, cheese, Bavarian sausages, pretzels, radishes, and beer.

Although Twiggy passed on the food to a famine-relief organisation, it was a nice gesture.

It's good to see people offering to help others in need.

Inspired by the fraulein's offer, I have been going through some old stuff I no longer need.

I have made a list of some items and the most deserving people to receive them...

For Common Marketing British Prime Minister Harold Wilson — my old school book "French Without Tears."

For Soviet Prime Minister Kosygin, to sing as he goes to UN meetings — the words for "These Boots Are Made for Walking."

For Cassius Clay — a leave-pass from my National Service days.

For Egypt's President Nasser — one lead soldier (including boots) and a model plane guaranteed to fly.

For Chinese Chairman Mao Tse-tung — the collected

Bitter-sweet

WHEN I am tempted to have an extra snack or to finish off some leftover chocolate, I say to myself, "Now, it tastes good. But the taste is only momentary, and later I will be sorry." Considering that I will enjoy it for only a moment has helped me to pass over many a sweet and snack. — "Weight-Watcher," Kidman Park, S.A.

LIFE STUDY

■ As a student at Teachers' College, I am just beginning to realise how narrow our education system is. In my opinion the high-school curriculum should include not only the basic subjects but also driving lessons, etiquette, sex education, a complete course in the Australian Governmental system, lessons on how to study effectively, health (including diet and hygiene), current affairs, first aid, and speech. Our schooling should prepare us for life as a citizen in the community, and not just for an examination. — "Not Satisfied," Terrigal, N.S.W.



WHILE not denying the right of DJs to voice their feelings, I am frustrated by the ideas, attitudes, and opinions expressed by DJs occupying key time-spots on the most popular teenage stations. Their most blatant neglect appears to be their complete lack of interest in, and knowledge of, other forms of culture, and a similar unawareness of moral issues and problems, politics, and philosophy. I am 17 and have the utmost contempt for them. — J. T. R. Love, East Malvern, Vic.

ROUND ROBIN Adair



THE THOUGHT COUNTS

thoughts of a chef at a Chinese cafe. (I souvenired a menu.)

I also see that fashion czarina Mary Quant says that girls will soon be wearing painted-on swimming costumes, shirts and slacks.

She says the style would, for one thing, cut out the problem of having to make and buy different sizes.

President Johnson might care to buy a few cans of swimming costumes for guests.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1967

... OF MICE AND (YOUNG) MEN ...



● From left: Allan Brinckley, Peter Sinclair, Robert Kendall.

For teenagers

ASK three Sydney boys about a well-known pop group and they will ask, "Who are they?" But ask them about anything to do with science or space and they can answer you like a shot.

Robert Kendall, Peter Sinclair, and Allan Brinckley—all of Blacktown, N.S.W.—have more than just a casual interest in science.

Every weekend these 15-year-old students from Doonside High School use any spare moment they have to get together to mix chemicals in test tubes, gaze at the stars through telescopes, or peer at molecular construction through microscopes.

Their most recent experiment (code-named "ELSP"—standing for Experimental Lower Stratospheric Prober) sent two pet mice "into space" aboard a homemade hydrogen-filled balloon.

The balloon was found some days later at Wickham, near Newcastle, N.S.W.—more than 100 miles from Doonside.

The mice, called Mike and Mr. Noles (after a teacher), were found alive and well and were busily engaged eating their way out of their padded, wooden safety capsule.

"We originally only designed the balloon to go to a height of about 30,000ft.," said Robert. "However, the Richmond Air Base tracked it for us and told us it went nearer to 40,000ft."

Later, after the mice had been returned and weighed and examined for any possible ill effects from their high flight, the boys concluded the experiment had been a success.

"The mice were still in good condition

and we feel that proves definitely mice can exist at that altitude," said Robert.

Couldn't they have learnt that from science text-books?

"Possibly," said Robert. "But it is more interesting to prove something for yourself and not just take other people's word for it."

"Besides, that's not a progressive way of looking at things."

Each boy has built up his own supply of chemicals and test tubes from his weekly pocket-money.

They carry out numerous chemical tests on foodstuffs with their parents' full approval.

"My mother," said Peter, "has only one reservation. She makes sure I conduct my experiments OUTSIDE the house."

Allan can understand this attitude.

"I got banned from my house for a week when Mum got a whiff of a smoke-bomb I'd exploded," he said.

Although the frequent requests for extra money to purchase more chemicals can be a bit of a drain on the budget, Robert's mother said: "I would still rather the boys carried on their interest in science than get into mischief."

The boys have other hobbies as well. They play golf, collect coins and rocks.

As well, they are all ardent fans of television programs on science.

Next project on their list is to either make a rocket—equipped with a camera—or a short-wave radio set.

"We haven't really decided yet," Peter said. "It depends largely on how much money we have in the kitty for the materials."

—ANNE OLSEN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1967

THE NEW GLAMOUR OF CROCHET ...

yours with Sirdar Pullman!



Sirdar Pullman wool (equivalent to 12 ply) gives this magnificent jacket its richness and its warmth! Crochet it to wear alone or to team with the plain, high-necked sweater in Sirdar 4-ply wools or Gaiety. Add them both to your wardrobe for as little as \$10.21.

Sirdar leaflet No. 2364, 15 cents at your favourite wool counter, or send 20 cents to Dept. A, P.O. Box 472, Goulburn, N.S.W.



Made with pure new wool.

Wonderful
SIRDAR

TO BE SURE ALWAYS USE SIRDAR WOOLS FOR SIRDAR PATTERNS

Page 43



now... help heal and conceal blemishes...
skin flaws... dark circles... naturally

MAX FACTOR erace plus

new medicated cover-up

• NEW ERACE PLUS is the first medicated cover-up that comes in 5 complexion-matched shades • helps heal and conceal skin flaws and blemishes naturally • contains two proven medicated ingredients; one to help guard your skin against the spread of bacteria, the other to promote healing • covers up skin flaws... skin blemishes... trouble spots... dark circles... shadows • can be used anywhere on the face—even under the eyes • creamy, easy-to-blend texture... for a smooth, even application • easy to use as a lipstick.

MAX FACTOR

NO MESSY FINGERS WITH BLUO

BE MODERN—JUST SQUEEZE
THE AMOUNT YOU NEED!



It's concentrated!

Bluo is all pure blue—ready to measure out drop by drop. No messy bag with Bluo. Just squeeze Bluo's modern plastic pack for the exact amount you need. Add blue into your rinse the modern way. See your washing come out whiter.

BLUO
CONCENTRATED
TO LAST LONGER
WHITEN WHITER

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

FERNS

• There is a wealth of variety in ferns. Some have sharp, dramatic form, others are scarcely more than a soft green mist.

By ALLAN SEALE

A PART from the sheer delight of growing them, ferns are useful for shaded areas, where few other plants flourish, and for containers, indoors. They also complement flowers, in vase or garden.

Ferns do need some shade and moisture, and protection from cold winds. The ideal is a warm, protected position with filtered sunlight, but they will grow in full shade if there is shelter from winter wind.

Indoors, choose a well lighted position, but preferably not direct sunlight through clear glass. Keep them away from draughts. This also applies to fern baskets.

They are best in a humid atmosphere, so other plants close by will help as they evaporate moisture into the surroundings.

Soil: Ferns are often found growing naturally in a thin film of damp moss or in tiny cracks between rocks, so soil composition isn't important provided it is fairly spongy and holds water. A good mixture is equal parts (by volume) of rotted leafmould and shredded peat-moss, and bush sand or light garden loam. A handful or two of vermiculite to a bin. pot of soil will help hold water. Don't add fertiliser. It usually does more harm than good, stimulating luxuriant growth which soon deteriorates, and

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 138



• Nephrolepis elegantissima.

embryo fronds are killed by the fertiliser.

Ferns need constant moisture but little feeding. They grow to perfection in moist parts of the bush where the main nutrient comes from decomposed leafmould.

Fern baskets: These need constant watering, as they dry out quickly. Try lining the basket with plastic (disguised by thin layer of bark or sphagnum moss) before placing the moss or bark lining. Puncture the plastic toward the base for drainage.

Propagating ferns: Ferns are primitive plants without flowers or seeds. This doesn't refer to the wide range of asparagus "ferns," which belong to the lily family.

Ferns propagate from spores in small velvety clusters on the underside of mature fronds—a fascinating process. When the spore falls on suitable moist material, it forms a tiny, glistening green, irregular, disc-shaped body known as a prothallus. Male and female organs develop on the underside, and after fertilisation the tiny fern grows from the prothallus.

Propagating ferns—continued

You can grow spores on a saucer of equal parts sand and peatmoss, "seedling" it by laying parts of mature or aging fronds above it for about a week.

Then keep it moist and covered with glass in a warm, shaded position for a few weeks. Gradually, the tiny green dots will appear. Growth may take several months.

Division: The quickest and easiest way to make new plants is to divide old clumps in late winter, while relatively dormant.

Cut back remaining fronds, remove the clumps from pot or basket, cut down through the centre. If more than a couple of inches across, ferns such as maidenhair (adiantum) can be cut in quarters or smaller. Repot each piece at the same depth.

Some of the Polypodiums make runners just below or on the surface from which new plants develop. In the case of the davallias or hare's foot, these runners are like hairy, woody stems, and can be broken off, with a small amount of fibrous root, and replanted.

Nephrolepis send out a thread-like runner; small plants develop at the ends. N. elegantissima (lacy or double fish-bone) types make rooted plantlets.

Asplenium nidus, the bird's nest, is halved or quartered vertically. Each segment eventually regains the symmetrical bird's-nest form. A viriparum makes small plantlets toward the ends of the fronds.

• The fern leaf at right is a pteris variety, showing the dark bands caused by nematode or eel worm.



Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 139

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



What is the most natural way to bottle feed baby?

Leading baby authorities agree that 'resilient softness' and 'natural shape' are essential for the perfect teat. Only Maw's combine the two. Maw's cherry shape gives correct feeding action—while Maw's exclusive 'dipping' process gives a life-like softness moulded teats lack. You've only got to feel a Maw's teat to feel the difference. Maw's standard teat is in four single hole sizes.



Ask your family chemist to show you all Maw's nursery supplies.

TM&W

Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet. Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences.

Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets—now regarded by overseas specialists as the leading anti-inflammatory treatment for piles. Remarkable improvement is being achieved—even with sufferers of over 20 years. A week's course will convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid. Simple and dignified treatment—two tablets with meals.

Write for free, informative booklet to SERA Pty. Ltd., Dept. 28, P.O. Box 241, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Varemoid tablets
The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

VAR2323 (W)



IS INDIGESTION THE LAST COURSE OF EVERY MEAL?

It needn't be. You can enjoy your favourite foods again, thanks to the balanced formula of

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.

ESRON
COOGEE HEIGHTS MOTEL
96 St. Paul's Street,
RANDWICK, N.S.W.

50 new S.C. suites, ocean views, 40ft. pool. Every room, for business.

\$5 daily 2 people, \$4 single.

39-2493



● At first it was unthinkable that the old place, in the family for generations and so full of happy childhood memories, should have to go. But, facing the inevitable, this Melbourne reader made the best of it by salvaging treasured pieces and transplanting them into a new setting, keeping her memories intact.

A READER'S STORY

By J. R. CURRY

An old house yields its treasure

"My little cottage has become the proud possessor of marble fireplaces, stained glass, brass knobs; even its front door is now the one I've opened and closed for a lifetime."

I SUPPOSE in every person's life there comes a time to tear up long implanted roots and put down tentative new ones. For me, the prospect of leaving my home was a painful one.

My father lived and died in this old mansion, alone rearing me from a youngster (my mother had died of tuberculosis when I was a toddler), so that I knew its hallways and passageways like the back of my own hand.

Its huge, beautiful garden was the background of my own children's happy days of freedom, and the first tricklings of the grandchildren were beginning to taste its myriad pleasures.

And pleasures there were — the heavy panelled doors with secret peepholes, the surprising number of rooms opening unexpectedly into others, the supremely climbable trees and huge neglected stables, crowded now with mysterious boxes and ancient trunks instead of horses (but still smelling of livestock), and filled with the fluttering, furtive sounds of nesting pigeons.

Yes, it was a grand place to live. There was security behind a 12ft. hedge, overgrown garden, and thick walls of blue-stone. There was space to breathe freely, to enjoy solitude if one wished, and yet it was as if a spirit breathed through it, instilling a magic into our gatherings around a roaring fire, our noisy dinners,

Tactfully as possible, he refused, saying it was too big for his young wife to manage. "And besides," he went on, "two women under the same roof never get on. You said so yourself!"

It was true, especially in this case. I was not the best of housekeepers, and did keep highly irregular hours, retiring well after 2 a.m. most nights.

Also I often hammered and thumped as I repaired some chair or item of furniture, so this would not have helped matters, either.

Down the line it went, with refusals for my proposition all the way. Then came a period of contemplation and assessment. I could sell the rear half of the land with access to a bitumen road there, thus leaving me with my house intact (if you can consider a dilapidated old mansion "intact"), but with practically no land.

Repugnant as this prospect appeared, at least I'd be able to restore the house with the proceeds. The roof slates were in a terrible state. Every downpour meant a new Achilles' heel, with a plea for help to one of my sons.

Then there was the dampcourse. No paint could adhere for more than a few weeks at a time on the lower walls of quite a few rooms.

Except for the unsightly paint blisters, this was not so worrying, as the house certainly didn't smell damp, but the flooring was so bad it definitely needed attention. These were just a few of the repair jobs awaiting a healthy cheque.

The next step was a family conference which resulted in tears, heated words, and vivid imaginative speculations. The result? A unanimous verdict. The house had to go.

The next few days I potted around, seeking solace in my garden. Turning over the earth, weeding borders, and staking young saplings, my energies were consumed but my mind was left free to think things over.

I sifted matters again repeatedly, but always reached the same conclusion. They were right, of course. Even this huge garden was too much for an old woman. A couple of gardeners could be usefully employed here, full time.

Come to think of it, my father used to have a gardener living in the bungalow at

house or private hospital in years to come, so that future members of the family could remember that their forebears had once called it home.)

Surprisingly, the children were just as miserable at the prospect of demolition, but gradually we all resigned ourselves to the awful fact that the old house had to go.

That was how my little cottage became the proud possessor of marble fireplaces, stained glass window fittings, brass knobs, and fine fittings of every description. The brass knocker and front doorknob look fine there. They should, too.

Even my present front door is the one I've opened and closed for a lifetime. The iron lacework (miles, it seemed) was gladly

"I haven't been along the street to see the changes. I prefer to remember with affection as it used to be."

the rear of the garden, with casual helpers at pruning-time, so he must have thought them necessary. Dear man—he was never one to spend money on unessential items.

I'm a fool, I smiled ruefully, prodding some earth into a pot. Of course I'll have to leave. I couldn't even afford a gardener for half a day, let alone full time.

Once the mechanism was set in motion, things started to move quickly. A reliable agent was chosen, surveyor consulted, forms completed, signatures written, permits granted, stamps affixed, seals applied.

But I still wasn't happy about things unless I knew for certain that I had somewhere to live. I felt rather like a piece of flotsam, and had visions of being boarded up in some rooms or boarding-house while my agent made futile attempts to make me settle for something I couldn't tolerate.

Then, quite miraculously, it turned up. A tiny Victorian cottage only a few miles away, in slightly unkempt but sound condition, came on the market.

Scarcely daring to breathe, I consulted my lawyer again. He in turn consulted my bank manager, who allowed me, on the strength of the imminent sale, a huge and rather frightening overdraft. At last through the haze I could visualise things turning out as I had hoped. Leastways, I had a place to live.

Then came the bombshell. The house had to be demolished due to the complicated sewerage plan, or else no sale could be negotiated in the subdivision of the two rear blocks.

I was so upset thinking of this, (I had held romantic pictures of my old home being renovated to become a reception

scooped up by my daughter to install on the balcony of her long colonial home.

My sons collected marble slabs, tiles, woodwork, flooring—in fact, anything that could be salvaged. The rare brass light-hangings which had hung for generations in the old mansion are today the envy of their young friends, I'm told.

Once the decision to move had been made, I proceeded to transplant carefully any young plants and shrubs, and to take cuttings and layerings of old.

All my favorites which could stand a move were collected to enhance my new surroundings. One great surprise was my gnarled old passionfruit. All but a couple of feet of vine was removed yet, contrary to expert advice, it made a spectacular recovery in its new ground, and has borne fruit already.

There were few horticultural sacrifices, really. The old magnolia tree my father planted when a young man naturally could not come with me, and one which saddens me is the loss of my ancient wisteria. And, it appears, mulberry trees are hard to come by. However, these are the whims of nostalgia.

So here I am, caught for a moment in the eclipse of old and new. My little cottage is gradually acquiring the feeling of being a home, and a friendly one at that, with familiar reminders everywhere of my other home.

Only occasionally do I feel a wave of regret, but it soon passes. No, I haven't been along that street to see the changes, which I'm told are many. Instead, I prefer to remember with affection the way it used to be.

"Unfortunately, the area was in demand as flat and home-unit sites. I began to be inundated by agents."

and family celebrations. Within its walls, laughter abounded.

Then, suddenly it seemed, my husband died, my six children matured and married before I'd had time to think. I had never been one for thinking much about what the future held for the old place, presuming, I suppose, that everything would sort itself out. But here it was at last. What to do about the house?

Being a widow with very little cash at my disposal, I was beginning to find it a struggle keeping ahead of rising rates and taxes. Unfortunately for my purse, it appeared that this area was in demand as flat and home-unit sites, so rates rose accordingly. I began to be inundated by real-estate agents or their letters. However, I was determined to stay.

I began by putting out feelers to the children. "How about taking over a portion of the house and sharing the rates?" I asked the eldest, painting a picture of cosy co-existence.

But I was in for a rude shock. Every tradesman consulted refused to replace the slating, for a very simple reason. Apparently they were no longer being made. And a completely new roof for a 15-room house would have all but consumed my profit from a land sale, still leaving me with all those other things undone and, more important, still with no capital to pay the rates.

In a confused state I consulted our family lawyer, a wise, old counsellor, who, faced with the facts, gently asked me if I'd considered selling the whole property and moving into a smaller one.

"What! Me move into a small flat? Oh no, never!" I rejoined.

He shrugged his shoulders slightly then, clearing his throat, he began reading aloud figures he'd compiled. "This," he concluded, "means that you have no alternative. You just can't afford to live there." Just like that. I was staggered.

Home is a ragged teddy bear
Home is a squeaky rocking chair
Home is the happy laugh your child makes
Home is a bowl of
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
The big flakes with the BIG FLAVOUR



It's all the goodness Kellogg's pack into Corn Flakes that makes 'em taste so good and homey. And crisp, like they came fresh from your own oven. Reach for the Kellogg's pack—and get real Corn Flakes.

JUST TWO OUNCES OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES GIVE YOU THE GOODNESS OF SUN-RIPENED CORN PLUS ONE HALF OF YOUR DAILY REQUIREMENT OF THE ESSENTIAL VITAMINS: THIAMINE (B1), RIBOFLAVIN (B2), NIACIN AND FOOD IRON. *REGISTERED TRADEMARK

BIG NEW RECIPE CONTEST

—133 PRIZES TOTALLING OVER \$9000—
and your recipe could become world famous!

● Internationally known chefs will be

flown to Australia for the final

judging in this exciting new

Butter-White Wings Bake-Off.

SECTION 1

The great Australian dish

THIS is for a main-course recipe with an Australian flavor or characteristic. This will challenge the creative cook. You could produce a recipe that will become world famous and be featured on the menus of the world's great restaurants. It may be a dish you already cook for your family or guests, using some of Australia's distinctive fruits, fish, wines, etc.; it could be a special meat dish.

SECTION 2

Any other dish

THIS section calls for recipes for cakes, puddings, desserts — any recipe but a main course (this is covered in Section 1). Recipes in this section do not need to have an Australian character. They might be for a simple cake with lovely flavor and texture; a luscious dessert; a family pudding; an unusual biscuit. Your recipe must include butter and White Wings flour—plain or self-raising. Experiment with your family favorites—you could create a recipe that will win one of the big prizes.

SECTION 3

Best junior, boy or girl, under 18

BOYS, as well as girls, have an interest in cooking—so this section is open to them, too. They may send entries to either Section 1 or Section 2.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 12, 1967

THIS is one of the easiest contests to enter — and to win. All you have to do is send in a recipe. You don't have to cook it before the judges—the baking-off will be done for you.

Even if you've never entered a recipe contest before, here's your chance to win big money. The two Grand Champions will each receive \$1000 in cash, plus a wonderful new Metters range (and you can choose gas or electric) and a Metters dishwasher-dryer and a kangaroo fur coat valued at \$180. And there are lots of other big prizes—133 in all.

This is a contest for you, the housewife. Professional chefs, bakers, and home economists are not allowed to enter.

But a new section has been introduced into the Bake-Off — and the winner of this could become as famous as any professional.

Your recipe could become world famous!

Section 1 of the contest calls for a main-course recipe for The Great Australian Dish. The prizewinning recipes will be featured as Australian national dishes on the menus of the world's great restaurants.

Graham Kerr, well-known food authority, who is chairman of the Bake-Off, has been overseas visiting famous hotels and restaurants in 11 countries.

He has chosen ten chefs from leading hotels and restaurants of the world.

Three finalist recipes from each State will be rushed to each of these chefs, who will judge each recipe.

Three chefs will then fly to Australia by Qantas V-

ELLEN SINCLAIR, Food Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who will be one of the judges of Section 2 in the Bake-Off.

★ ★ ★

HOW TO ENTER

Write out your recipe clearly. Give ingredients, method of making, baking time, and temperature. Write your name and address on each sheet of paper. Mark the section for which the recipe is entered.

Fill in the entry coupon on page 49, cut out, and attach it to your entry. Post to Bake-Off, Box 63, P.O., Chippendale, N.S.W. You may send as many entries as you wish, but make sure each is accompanied by an entry coupon. Extra entry forms are available at all grocers.

★ ★ ★

Jet. They will test the selected recipes and, from these, choose the Grand Champion in Section 1.

Judges for Section 2 will be Mrs. Ellen Sinclair, Food Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and other Australian home economists.

The contest has three sections, set out in detail at left.

Don't forget — you don't have to bake-off! This will be done for you and the finished dishes submitted to the judges.

So plan your recipe now, and send it in soon—you could be a Grand Champion in the 1967 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off sponsored by the Australian Dairy Produce Board and White Wings Ltd.

All who take part in the contest agree as a condition of entry to accept the results as final. No correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of the companies involved in the contest and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Professional chefs, bakers, and home economists are not eligible.



GRAHAM KERR, chairman of the Bake-Off, was farewelled with a champagne breakfast before leaving for overseas, where he chose our ten judging chefs.

YOU COULD WIN THESE PRIZES

Grand Champions

FOR the winners of Sections 1 and 2, there will be individual awards of \$1000 cash, plus a \$300 Metters range and a \$300 Metters dishwasher-dryer and a kangaroo fur coat valued at \$180.

Runners-up

RUNNERS-UP in each of these two sections will receive \$100 in cash, plus a \$300 Metters range and a kangaroo suede coat valued at \$75.

Best Junior

BEST entry in Section 3, for boys or girls under 18, will receive \$100 cash, plus a \$300 Metters range and a kangaroo fur coat valued at \$180.

Special Merit Winners

IN addition, there are 100 prizes (all sections) of \$30 each, and 20 of these will also receive kangaroo suede coats valued at \$75 each.

Weekly prizes

A WEEKLY prize will be awarded each week for eight weeks during the course of the contest. Weekly winners will receive \$10 cash, plus a set of Graham Kerr Signature Ware, valued at \$20. Prizewinners' names will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly.



ENTER THE

\$9000

“This is the easiest Bake-Off yet to win because all you have to do is send in a recipe. We do the baking for you”

... GRAHAM KERR

“IT'S A REALLY FABULOUS 1967 BAKE-OFF—YOU MUST BE IN IT”

This year, apart from offering more prizes than ever before (to the tune of \$9,150), the Butter/White Wings people have made it uncommonly easy for you to win!

All you do is send in your favourite recipe or recipes, and ten of the world's leading chefs will be turned loose to do battle over them. Then, the recipes the chefs choose will be baked off in public by a whole army of trained home economists!

It's still Australia's great recipe-baking contest, but now the hard work is done for you!

“NOW JOIN IN THE SEARCH FOR THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DISH!”

The 1967 Butter/White Wings Bake-Off has 3 sections to enter. Number One, open to all main course recipes is “The Great Australian Dish” section. Any recipe with national characteristics — let's say, an Australian flavour — could win you prizes shown on the opposite page.

The Second is for “Any other dish” and it's open to recipes for all goodies other than main courses. Cake recipes are included in this section, naturally.

Third section, for the “Best Junior” is open to all recipes sent in by boys and girls 18 and under.



**BAKE-OFF CHAIRMAN GOES
CHEF HUNTING BY**

QANTAS

Graham Kerr is flying by Qantas V-Jet to track down 10 chefs from leading restaurants. Three chefs will be flown to Australia to judge The 1967 Butter/White Wings Bake-Off. They will stay at the luxurious Wentworth Hotel.



BUTTER·WHITE WINGS

BAKE-OFF



2 NATIONAL GRAND CHAMPIONS

(Sections 1 & 2) will each receive a \$300 Metters Range, \$300 Metters Dishwasher, Fur coat by Roo-Wear and \$1,000 Cash. **TOTAL VALUE:**

\$1700



2 NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

(Sections 1 & 2) will each receive a \$300 Metters Range, Suede coat by Roo-Wear and \$100 cash. **TOTAL VALUE:**

\$455

BEST JUNIOR

(Section 3) will receive a \$300 Metters Range, Fur coat by Roo-Wear and \$100 cash. **TOTAL VALUE:**

\$500

Graham Kerr

8 BEST OF THE WEEK WINNERS

(all sections) will each receive \$30 cash prizes plus a set of \$20 Graham Kerr Signature Ware. **TOTAL VALUE:**

\$240

100 SPECIAL MERIT WINNERS

(all sections) will receive cash prizes of \$30. **TOTAL VALUE:**

\$3000

20 SPECIAL MERIT WINNERS

(All sections) will receive Suede coats by Roo-Wear. **TOTAL VALUE:**

\$1100



HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER...

Just write out your favourite recipe, using Butter and White Wings Self-Raising Flour or White Wings Plain Flour; include ingredients, quantities, your method of making up and baking time and temperature. Then fill in your name and address and the name of your recipe on the entry coupon below, attach to your recipe, and post to:

**BAKE-OFF, BOX 63, P.O.,
CHIPPENDALE, NEW SOUTH WALES.**

SECTION 1 The Great Australian Dish . . . for any main course recipe with an Australian flavour.

SECTION 2 Any other dish . . . for cakes, puddings, desserts—anything but a main course.

SECTION 3 For the Best Junior boy or girl, under 18.

1967 BUTTER/WHITE WINGS \$9,000 BAKE-OFF ENTRY COUPON

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

NAME OF RECIPE _____

SECTION 1 ☐ **2** ☐ **3** ☐

STATE IF YOU WILL BE 18 OR LESS ON SEPT. 4

**"Nothing relieves coughing
like 'Decongestant'..."**



Whether you have a light, annoying cough—or a heavy chest cough—nothing relieves coughing like NYAL 'Decongestant'!

Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir gives you 11 prescription-strength cough fighting ingredients. This proven effective formula penetrates into the bronchial tubes... loosens phlegm... soothes inflamed membranes... reduces bronchial congestion.

You'll breathe easier... get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by constant coughing. You've never known such soothing relief!

NYAL 'Decongestant'—6 fl. oz. 75c; 12 fl. oz. \$1.29; 16 fl. oz. \$1.68.

'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Nyal

SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Guaranteed dependability

When buying medicines, the name NYAL is your best guarantee of dependability. Only the best medicinals obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL products. They are compounded by the most modern methods, under the supervision of qualified pharmacists, and standardised by competent chemists.



**PHONE YOUR NYAL CHEMIST
for FREE home delivery**

Tick off the products you need, then ring your Nyal chemist. Most chemists provide a free home delivery service.



Invisible Lip Protection

Wind burn... sun burn! Lip-Eze (white lip salve) offers soothing relief to sensitive lips. Lip-Eze contains Salol, an efficient chemical "sun-screen." Prevents blistering, cracking of the lips. Assists healing. May be used under make-up.

☐ 39c



Heal cracked, sore lips...

With medicated Nyal Cold Sore Cream and Lotion. The LOTION dries up cold sores... stops itching and burning. The CREAM keeps your lips soft and supple while the sores heal. Economy-size Cream, 57c.

CREAM or LOTION
☐ 39c



Non-Irritating Pain Relief

Dolamin relieves pain... without stomach upset. Brings prompt relief from headache, nerve pains, fever associated with colds and influenza. 24 tablets cost only 39c; 50's—60c; 100's—\$1.17. (Now also available with codeine, as Dolamin Forte: 48c for 20.)

36 Tablets ☐ 48c



Breathe freely In 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from stuffy head colds—anytime, anywhere—with a Nyal 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray. A fine mist of medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for up to 4 hours. Special formula for children. Both forms available as DROPS.

☐ 72c



Restore Well-Being

When normal well-being is in jeopardy owing to vitamin deficiency, Pluravit's balanced combination of 10 vitamins and 11 minerals is helpful in the maintenance of good health. Valuable for the relief of lassitude and loss of appetite, if due to vitamin deficiency. One capsule a day, only 8c.

30 capsules ☐ \$2.25

NYAL COMPANY DIVISION OF STERLING PHARMACEUTICALS PTY. LIMITED, ERMINGTON, N.S.W.

THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR

Opening instalment
of our new two-part
serial of suspense

By HELEN McCLOY

SHE woke to darkness. She could not see the clock. She knew it was well past midnight because there were no sounds from the street. She was not surprised at having wakened before dawn. She was a light sleeper and she had gone to bed early after a hearty dinner with wine. Now she felt rested and refreshed, too wide awake to go back to sleep. In a moment she would switch on the bedside lamp and read.

It was then she heard a footstep, muffled by the carpet, but unmistakable. There was someone else in the room.

But that was impossible. There was only one door and it was locked. The windows were eight floors above the ground, sliding panels of glass, also locked against the winter night.

As if she were blind, all perception was concentrated in her ears. Otherwise she might not have heard the next footstep soft as a whisper.

How could this be happening? She had no contact with the shadow worlds of crime or vice or espionage. She possessed nothing of such value that anyone would take this risk to steal it. No one had reason to fear or hate her. Some people disliked her, but they were on the other side of the Atlantic. This was London. Here she had no enemies and only one old friend. Here encounters were brief. Hate, intimate as love, takes the same time to ripen.

The footsteps were around the corner of the L-shaped room, between her and the door to the hall. She thought of escape in the other direction. Slide off the bed, slip behind the long curtains that masked the door to the balcony? Impossible. She couldn't thread her way in darkness through the unfamiliar pattern of this furniture without making a sound. The balcony would be a trap. No way back into the room without the

To page 52

Lydia ran out of the shop, just in time to see Josie Smith plunging down the steps into the Underground.



intruder blocking her way. No way out but down. Eight floors to the street. A regrettable accident. The jury will recall testimony that the deceased had wine with her dinner. The post-mortem confirms this.

Lie still. Breathe calmly. Wait. Pray. She couldn't close her eyes altogether. To be utterly blind is to be utterly vulnerable. Surely darkness would hide the slits between upper and lower eyelids.

The thick carpet that covered the whole floor was serving the intruder well. If her hearing had not been sharpened by fear, she might not have heard the third step.

Which way was he moving? Or she? Could it be a woman? The former tenant of the flat had been a woman. A letter had come to her the other day addressed to "Miss J. Smith." She could have kept a key. Who else might have one?

ONLY Mr. Erskine, the house steward for the whole building. He would undoubtedly have keys to all these apartments, but that meant he could enter this place at any time in her absence without her knowledge. So he would have no motive for coming by stealth in the middle of the night when she was there. Besides, it was impossible to associate Mr. Erskine with any invasion of privacy.

More like the former tenant. Something she had forgotten when she left. Something that had suddenly become so valuable to her that she had to recover it at once. All this has nothing to do with me, Lydia Grey. I am involved only because I happen to be the new tenant of the place. Nothing personal about it.

How desperately, how illogically the fearful mind clings to its belief in the normal, the civilised, the safe. Second thoughts were less complacent. Why hadn't the woman come openly by daylight? Why hadn't she rung the bell and asked Lydia for whatever she was seeking? If this was something she had to do secretly, why had she come when there was someone here?

Now Lydia became aware of degrees in the darkness. It was not really light. It was simply not dark against dark, just enough gradation in luminosity to show dark, formless mass defined by density alone against a thinner dark. Her vision had had time to adjust to the faint light filtered through curtains from street lamps.

Slowly one of the masses moved without sound. It was coming to the bed where she lay. She had to shut her eyes.

Steps became more audible, too close for comfort. Then silence. Was someone pausing by her bed, looking down at her to make sure she was really asleep? Her eyelids mustn't flicker. Her breathing mustn't quicken. Criminals killed those who saw them, those who could identify them afterward. She must lie still as one already dead.

It seemed to go on for ever — the deathly silence, the

uncanny sense of being watched by an unseen gaze for an unknown purpose. She had never felt more exposed.

At last the steps moved away. Toward the bookshelves and cupboards that were part of the wall at the other end of the room. A creak, a scrape, a rustle. Someone was going through her books and papers. Another creak. Even the linen cupboard. How could anyone search without a light? Did the intruder know the place so well that the faint glow seeping through the curtains was enough?

The steps were moving again, this time toward a little pantry which had the courtesy title of kitchen. There was a tiny stove with two burners, an oven, and a grill; an even tinier refrigerator with a single shallow tray for ice cubes. Not that it mattered. You got out of the habit of putting ice in your drinks when you lived where no one else did so.

The pantry door was around the corner from the bed where she lay. A search there would take longer than elsewhere. You would have to move glass and china and aluminium slowly if you wished to move them with as little noise as possible. Of course, you would shut the pantry door to muffle what noise you had to make. Then you might even risk a little light with the door shut.

She heard the door close softly. She hesitated only a moment, then dashed on tip-toe across the thick carpet to the telephone. She couldn't call the police. It would take minutes to explain to them who she was and where she lived and what she wanted. She would have to speak so loudly she would be overheard in the pantry. She didn't have minutes, only seconds. So she would call Mr. Erskine. He lived on the first floor of the building in an apartment of his own. He knew her voice. A second's whisper would give him some idea of the situation. He could call the police for her. He would have time to explain everything to them and he could speak as loudly as he pleased.

Erskine gave all the tenants the private number of his apartment so they could reach him in case of an emergency at night when the switchboard of the house telephone down in the lobby was closed. She dialled his number. She heard the dry, double rasp of an English telephone ringing. No answer. Was he deep in sleep? Had she misdialled? She could not take time to dial again.

Could she risk a longer dash to the hall door now, when the pantry door might open at any moment? No. She had used up the last of her nerve running to the telephone and perhaps the last of her luck.

Play safe. Go back to bed, dragging the covers up to your chin. Was this the way she had been lying before? Would it matter? People always stirred and turned over in their sleep.

She heard the pantry door open. To her surprise she could not bring herself to close her eyes entirely.

Bathroom next? No. Movement was in another direction. Had the bathroom been searched before she woke? Was the object of the search something that could not be hidden in a bathroom? The footsteps were going toward the window, not real footsteps, just a susurrus of leather soles on carpet pile.

The not-darkness, filtered through curtains, was still too weak to show her color or volume, but now mass stood directly in its path, the faint glow showered her contour and one curious detail of contour — a hint of the sophisti-

THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

cated line of an overcoat cut by a good tailor. So this was a man after all.

His back was toward her, his face toward the windows. She couldn't estimate his height because his shoulders sagged. That was the only other thing she could see — posture.

Who was he? Erskine, who had not answered his telephone a few moments ago? A thief? An utter stranger? Or someone she had thought of as a friend who was secretly an enemy? What did one really know about another human being?

One of the hands drew a curtain aside for a fraction of an inch.

He was looking out into the lamplit London square. An odd thing to do. Most intruders would have got out as quickly as possible. Once the search was over. Why stand looking out at leafless trees, bleached in the cruel glare of sodium lamps? Or was this a look down rather than out? A look down to see if a waiting car was still parked by the kerb?

He dropped the curtain and started to turn. She closed her eyes.

Steps receding. Silence.

corridor was empty, but she heard the hum of an elevator descending. That was real.

If the intruder was flesh and blood, what he had done was harder to accept than illusion or apparition and therefore more frightening. He had got in and out of the room when it was physically impossible for him to do so.

If he could do it once, he could do it again.

Lydia turned back into the room and reached for a cigarette. Her thinking processes were as slow and unsteady as her hands. What should she do now?

Call the police. It had taken her a whole minute to think of the obvious, and still she hesitated. Even the most law-abiding citizen hesitates to call the police.

The London telephone book comes in four volumes with a supplement of information and instruction. The supplement informed her that if she wanted an ambulance, a fire engine or a policeman she should dial 999.

Lydia drew hard on her cigarette. Her story would sound wildly implausible to anyone else. But she put out her cigarette and forced herself to dial 999. A colorless

never be able to identify him. I can't either, because I barely saw him moving in the dark. But I have an impression that he was looking for something. Something he didn't find. That's why I'm afraid he may come back another time."

"I understand." The voice was more sympathetic now, trying to reassure her—the tone parents use when they tell frightened children that everything is going to be all right, knowing that everything is going to be all wrong. "I'll send a couple of men over to sort this out for you."

"Thank you very much. Goodbye."

Now it was done she had a sense of relief. Lydia glanced about the room. She ought to tidy things up, make the bed and dust a little before they got here. Then she remembered. You don't dust and tidy a room where a crime has been committed. Not unless you want to destroy fingerprints and any other traces the criminal may have left. Just get dressed and make the bed. He hadn't touched the bed.

Her clothes were hanging in a wardrobe in the passage-way between this room and the bathroom. She dressed quickly and hung her nightclothes in the wardrobe. She didn't go into the bathroom to wash her face. The porcelain surface of the bathroom would be ideal for fingerprints, if he had been in there before she woke.

Minutes passed. No sign of the police. How far did they have to come? Did they have radio cars cruising in different neighborhoods, like New York police? No doubt, but they would be reserved for real emergencies when instances counted. These men would probably come from some borough police station, or even Scotland Yard.

She stood at the window where the intruder had stood, looking out across the lamplit square as he had looked. The trees were leafless, the flower beds empty, the ground frozen — a sleeping garden that would not wake till April or May.

At this distance the lights of sodium lamps looked as yellow and cosy as candlelight. Only when you saw something in that light did you realise how it could change color. Beige stockings became a pallid corpse-green. Fortunately you couldn't see what it did to the color of your own skin or hair or eyes.

The little brick houses on the other side of the square had been built on old bomb sites a few years ago, but their bay windows and flower boxes echoed a little of the Georgian grace of their predecessors, and their roofs were so low you could see treetops beyond them. In some parts of town monolithic skyscrapers were rising, but in this neighborhood London was still a town of open spaces, wide skies, low roofs, and an architecture designed to charm rather than intimidate. As one of her young daughters had said last July when the window boxes were full of pink geraniums and forget-me-nots: "I had no idea it would be so pretty around here!"

At half-past three on a windless, winter morning, the square was empty. Nothing moved. Not even a stray cat.

Wait. There was a movement, all the more noticeable because everything else was so still. A Rolls-Royce, the new model that manages to combine a look of mass and weight with elegance, was moving slowly between the double row of parked cars. It was an odd shade of grey-green. Soundless it turned a corner and disappeared, moving toward Marble Arch. Someone was out late. Very late indeed . . .

Lydia started as her doorbell rang. There were two men, one in uniform, one in plain clothes.

"Won't you sit down?" "Thank you, madam."

The men sat, side by side, on the one sofa and she sat facing them, in the armchair. How young they were! Much too young for this sort of thing. Then she remembered. When policemen and soldiers and sailors begin to look too young for their jobs, you know that you have reached middle age. Ten years ago she wouldn't have thought of them as young. Now they seemed to have the smooth, unlined faces and fresh color of children, only there was nothing childlike about their neutral, observant eyes.

The one in uniform allowed his glance to flicker toward the photograph of her two daughters on the shelf beside the bed. It was Cynthia who caught his eye. Her appearance rather than her temperament had earned her the nickname "Sin."

With a hint of sheepishness the young policeman pulled his eyes away from that compelling face and forced his attention to focus on Lydia.

"Got your notebook, Bates?" The man in plain clothes had not missed the by-play. "What time did this man break in here tonight, madam?" He spoke casually to Lydia, as if he were trying to make her feel that the whole thing was ordinary and unthreatening.

"Just before I dialled 999 and that was eighteen minutes after three. I really am sorry to bother you with all this, but I'm frightened."

"Could you identify him if you saw him again?" "I'm afraid not. It was almost completely dark. I was pretending to be asleep. I couldn't get a good look at him."

Her doorbell rang again. The police were as startled as she was. After all, it was nearly four, a little late for callers. A moment ago they had been relaxed and easy. Now, instantly, they were tense and alert as watchdogs at the first suspicious sound in the night. Both rose. The uniformed man opened the door. Anti-climax. It was only Mr. Erskine.

Even at this hour there was none of the rumpled look of sleep about him. He was neat, from his smoothly brushed grey hair and moustache to his polished morocco leather slippers. She had never seen him look any other way.

He was more like an average American's idea of an average Englishman than any other Englishman she had ever met. His voice was as smooth as his appearance, but now there was alarm under the smoothness.

"Madam, I must apologise for intruding, but . . . the police . . . really! What is going on?"

"How did you know they were here?"

"They rang the night bell, naturally."

She visualised the two young policemen finding the big glass doors at the entrance locked, then searching for the night bell that would surely be installed for the convenience of late residents who forgot their latch keys after the front door was locked for the night. The bell rang in Erskine's bedroom. He had a microphone there connected with a speaker outdoors beside the bell. A latecomer had to identify himself before Erskine pressed a button that released the lock. She could imagine the dialogue tonight.

"Who are you?" "Police."

"Why are you here?" "We were called by the

To page 54



"Don't tell anyone I was seasick!"

After a while there was a change in the quality of the silence. She recognised the sudden absence of those inaudible vibrations from the presence of another living, breathing being that never reached consciousness quite as sound. He was gone.

Why hadn't she heard the familiar creak of the hall door or the click of its snap lock as he went out?

She waited a little longer. Finally she switched on the bedside lamp. She had been right. She was alone now.

She ran to the hall door. If only she could catch a glimpse of him in the hall without his seeing her . . .

She paused, one hand on the knob of the snap lock. She had forgotten the bolt. The door was still bolted on the inside.

He had done the impossible. He had got out of the room without using the only exit and he had done it without making the slightest sound.

Was he no more than a half-waking dream of her own, an illusion of the hypnagogic state? Or was he not of this world at all, but merely an appearance, a wish to return to familiar scenes made visible however briefly, however uselessly, by the sheer force of its own desire? If there were revenants, they would not be happy. They would stand as he had stood in a pasture of final defeat.

She turned the knob of the modern bolt. Another knob, lower down, released the snap lock. She opened the door and looked out. The long, bright

voice said: "Yes?" She made her own voice as matter-of-fact as possible. "Police, please." A series of clicks, then a sharper, more masculine voice.

"I'm sorry to bother you at this time of night." (Oh dear, how silly that sounds!) "I know it's late but . . ."

"It's just eighteen minutes past three in the morning. What's your trouble?"

"A stranger broke into my apartment—my flat tonight." Unlike many travellers, Lydia believed that language is primarily for communication, not for the propagation of national idioms. If the English said "flat," you only delayed and confused communication by saying "apartment" when you were in England. "He's gone now, but he may have left some traces of his presence that you could find and use to identify him. I'm worried because I'm afraid he may break in again."

"What is your name and where are you?"

"Lydia Grey. Mrs. Grey. I'm at Number Six, Belfast Square. Flat 88."

"Telephone."

"Ulster 3230."

"How did he get in?"

"I don't know. I woke up after he got in."

"How did he get out?"

"I don't know. It was dark. I was pretending to be asleep when he left. My eyes were closed."

"Did he steal anything?" "Not as far as I can see."

"Did he attack you?" "No, he must have thought I really was asleep and would

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 6088WV, G.P.O., Sydney.

Happiness is a growing baby

Growing on Heinz... the only Peak-Nutrition Baby Food

There is only one peak-nutrition cooking process... and it belongs to Heinz.

What does this mean for your baby?

It means baby is getting more protein and nourishment because the Heinz Peak-Nutrition cooking process captures and holds more of the body building protein and vital nourishment that all other cooking methods lose.

Only Heinz developed the peak-nutrition cooking process and they hold the patent. It's as simple as that.

Beautiful, contented and growing, that's a healthy baby... that's a Heinz baby. Only Heinz gives your baby more to grow on. Is anything but Heinz good enough for your baby?

Heinz Peak-Nutrition
Baby Food gives your
baby more to grow on



57 Happiness is Heinz.

If your child is irritable...

Try this for overnight recovery

When kiddies grumble and squabble, wise mothers suspect childhood constipation. It's usually Mother Nature's job to keep your children regular. But, when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of a mild laxative. Laxettes, given at bedtime, work gently to correct irregularity while your kiddie sleeps. Next day the constipation attack is over. Always keep Laxettes handy.

Only 35 cents (3/6).

NEW! 3 in 1 Superfine DRY SHAMPOO



7-DUST GROOMS
DEODORISES AND KILLS
FLEAS, TICKS AND LICE

7-DUST

ALL VETPHARMA veterinary products are guaranteed. Ask for FREE pet care leaflet at all leading chemists or write direct to "VETPHARMA PRODUCTS," 451 VICTORIA RD., GLADESVILLE, N.S.W.

RELIEVE THE SHOOTING PAINS OF BACKACHE

Take fast-acting De Witt's Pills. Countless numbers who have known the suffering of rheumatism and sciatica bless the relief that only De Witt's brings. In more than 80 countries, De Witt's Pills are trusted for safe, fast relief from backache, and the pain of rheumatism and sciatica.

De Witt's Pills



INFORMED REVIEWS IN
The Bulletin
of BOOKS, MUSIC, THEATRE, ART...
Australia-wide coverage and overseas news
EVERY WEEK • ONLY 20c

lady in Flat 88. Please open the door at once."

It must have been a shock to Erskine. This wasn't Soho or Notting Hill. Police didn't come often to flats in neighborhoods like this, where every day children on horseback trotted by on their way to Hyde Park nearby.

A thought came to her. "I tried to call you on the telephone shortly after three. You didn't answer. Where were you?"

"Sorry, madam. Once every night I walk around the building to make sure no doors or windows have been tampered with. I had just got back to my own flat when the police rang the night bell."

Lydia looked at the policemen ruefully. "If I'd known I would have waited downstairs to let you in."

The plainclothes man was interested in Erskine now. "Suppose a tenant rings the night bell while you're patrolling the building—what happens?"

"Most tenants know that I do this. They wait a few minutes and ring again."

"Won't you come in, Mr. Erskine? I was just going to tell my story to the police. I think you ought to hear it, too." She turned to the man in plain clothes. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all. If this is the house steward he ought to know what happened. He may be able to help us. For one thing, I'd like to know if anyone else rang the night bell tonight before we came. Did anyone?"

"No, you were the only ones," Erskine took one of the four chairs from the dining table and moved it nearer to the centre of the room. "I'd like very much to hear what happened to you, madam."

Lydia spoke slowly and tried to be concise, but when she was halfway through she saw the look of incredulity in three pairs of eyes. She went on with an effort. At last she came to the impossible ending. "The door was still bolted on the inside."

The plainclothes man glanced at Erskine. "Is Mrs. Grey in the habit of calling you in the middle of the night about some real or fancied disturbance?"

"Certainly not," Erskine was emphatic.

"You are an American, madam?"

"Yes."

"We have a number of American tenants," explained Erskine. "They come here because of the central heating."

"But you are English yourself?"

"Oh, yes, I've never even been in America. I'd like to go there some day, but I don't suppose I'll ever be able to afford it. We have two other American tenants, now, one from Chicago and one from Schenectady, a suburb of New York."

"Not exactly a suburb," said Lydia. "Another city in the State of New York."

"Oh? Is New York a State? I thought it was a city."

The plainclothes man was not interested in geography at the moment. "Madam, if what you say is true, a man got in this building without ringing the night bell and got in and out of this flat without using the only door. We may assume that somehow he had got hold of a key to the building, but it doesn't help us to assume that he was able to get through another door bolted on the inside as well as locked after he left. Or so you say. If there is some other way of getting in and out of this room we must find it."

"And if you don't find it?"

"Then I am afraid we cannot accept your story."

"There's a balcony," said Erskine. "It has a french window."

The plainclothes man opened the window and

THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

stepped out on to the little balcony. In a moment he was back. "Eight floors up. Quite a climb, up or down. No obvious footholds or handholds, either."

"The man moved away from the windows when he left," Lydia insisted. "When I closed my eyes he was turning toward the hall door."

"You're quite sure this man made no noise when he left?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Isn't it possible he made a noise when he entered and that is what woke you?"

"Possible, but not necessary. I'm a light sleeper. It takes more than one sleeping pill to make me sleep so deeply that a slight sound will not wake me."

The hall door was around a corner beyond the little kitchen opening into a vestibule of its own. If you included the vestibule as part of the floor plan, the whole was shaped more like a reversed E than an L.

The plainclothes man stood in the vestibule examining the hall door. "There is a slot for letters," he said, thoughtfully. "In the centre. A slot with a metal flap. If a man could get his hand and forearm through that slot... he might be able to turn the knob that releases the snap lock."

"But not the bolt, which is too far from the slot," Erskine was defending the security precautions of his building. "Besides, it's a narrow slot. I don't believe I could get my hand through. Could you?"

"My hands are pretty big." The plainclothes man turned to Lydia. "Yours are smaller. If you would be kind enough..."

Lydia wore a size six in gloves, but even she could not get her hand through the slot, no matter how she pushed and tried to twist it.

She was as anxious to prove that a man could get into the room as Erskine was to prove that a man could not. Otherwise the police would not believe her story. "Aren't there things you can do with thread to manipulate keys and bolts from the outside and make it appear that a door was locked and bolted without your ever being inside at all?"

The plainclothes man shook his head. "Those tricks can only be played with old-fashioned locks that have key-holes open on both sides, so that a key left in the lock can be manipulated from either side. Even old-fashioned slot bolts that are pushed or pulled into place can sometimes be manipulated from the outside with a little ingenuity. But this door is modern, designed to make that sort of trick impossible. There's no key or keyhole on the inside. You lock or unlock it from the inside by turning a knob. This knob has to be almost turned full circle with considerable strength. It has to be turned away from the slot, not toward it. You can pull with a string, but you can't push."

"A tool of some sort?"

The plainclothes man smiled patiently. "Not unless you could get your hand through the slot. Tools aren't as flexible as human hands. They can't be bent at an angle like that, and they can't feel their way as fingers can when you're manipulating something you can't see."

"And then," put in Erskine quietly, "there's still the bolt. It's not the old-fashioned kind clamped to the inner surface of the door. It's built inside the door and it goes into the wall. The only part of it on

the inside surface of the door is the knob that turns it, and there's no part of it on the outside."

"Is that it?" The plainclothes man was looking at another knob, high in the right-hand corner of the door. He turned it, then turned it back again. He opened the door and turned the bolt with the door standing open, measuring its length with his eyes.

"That settles it. The bolt can only be closed if the knob makes a full revolution and a half. It's rather stiff and hard to turn. It's a good twenty inches above the slot and about ten inches to the right of it. No way it could be manipulated from the slot. Are you sure you bolted the door when you went to bed?"

"Perfectly sure, and it was bolted when I went to the door after the man had left."

"Then no one could have got in through that door."

"We planned it that way," said Erskine. "We wanted our tenants secure."

SUDDENLY

Lydia was aware of the young policeman in uniform busily writing shorthand in his notebook. Was he putting everything down? It made her self-conscious about her next remark: "What about a thin piece of plastic to push aside the tongues of both lock and bolt? I've read about such things in newspaper stories."

"Not with locks and bolts like these. Especially not with this bolt. It's an inch in diameter and made of heavy metal. It's round, not sloping like the tongue of a lock. It goes a full two inches into the wall. Its action is hard, it takes a certain muscular effort to turn it. No thin piece of plastic could move that."

"What about some tool made especially for the purpose?"

Lydia saw total scepticism in the plainclothes man's eyes. "Didn't you say that when this intruder left this room you heard no sound whatsoever?"

"Yes."

"With any tool, whether especially constructed or not, there would have been noise connected with such an elaborate mechanical operation. Is there any opening from this flat into the hall?"

"Only the rubbish hatch."

Erskine walked over to a low, square door at floor level,

one of several doors built into the wall between the flat and the hall outside it.

"I thought that was a cupboard door."

"The others are cupboard doors. This is a hatch door, but no one could get through it from the outside."

The plainclothes man's eyes narrowed. "About twenty-three inches by twenty by fifteen. Perhaps a slender man..."

Erskine smiled as he shook his head. "There's no latch handle on the inside of the door—the side by which a man would enter from the hall. He could only hope to open it by pushing against the whole door, but he couldn't because there is a powerful compressed-air spring inside that door designed to hold it tight once it's shut. One has to exert quite a little force to open it from this side. No man could open it from the other side because there he would be working against the full force of that compressed-air spring and it's too powerful for any man to overcome it."

"I suppose the tenant puts trash in the hatch in the evening and it's collected by one of the porters in the morning early?"

"Exactly. There's an outer door in the hall that the porter can open easily, but neither he nor any other man can open this inner door from the farther side. It's as solid as a rock."

"Solid as a rock?" The plainclothes man turned toward the young policeman in uniform. "Bates, you're smaller than I am, but just as strong. Go out into the hall and see if you can get in here through this rubbish hatch from the outside."

The uniformed man put down his notebook and went out into the hall. For several moments they heard him scrabbling around in the little space in the hatchway, but the door inside the flat never opened or even moved. At last he came back, flushed and brushing cigarette ash from a uniform that had been spotless. With guilt, Lydia remembered that one of the ashtrays had scattered ash as she was emptying it into a wastebasket inside the hatch yesterday evening just before Gerald came to take her out to dinner.

"I couldn't get through, sir. I doubt if anyone could with that compressed-air spring holding the door in place. Not unless he had a whole tool kit to dismantle the thing and put it back together again when he was through. That would be a

long job and a noisy one. Sure to waken any sleeper."

"You made quite a lot of noise yourself just now."

"Oh, nobody could even try to force that door from the outside without making a noise."

The plainclothes man looked at Lydia. His eyes were less friendly. "I think it's rather up to you to prove that there was a man in this room tonight. So far the evidence is all against the idea."

"How can I prove it?"

"Look around. Is there anything missing? Did he leave any trace of his presence you can see?"

"I don't see anything missing or anything that wasn't here before. Have you thought about fingerprints?"

"He'd probably wear gloves. However... Bates, you might get the kit from the car and run over some of these surfaces. People do make stupid mistakes sometimes. Madam, when was the room cleaned last?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Is it always cleaned on Thursdays?"

"No, Mrs. Brill's regular days are Tuesdays and Fridays, but I was expecting a guest for cocktails, so I asked her to come Thursday instead of Friday this week."

"Cocktails... Did you have many?"

"Two."

"And then?"

"We went out to dinner at a restaurant."

"Wine with dinner?"

"Yes."

"Liquor after dinner?"

"No. Irish coffee."

"That contains whisky, I believe?"

"Very little whisky. A lot of black coffee and whipped cream. It's not a strong drink."

"Then we came back here and talked for about half an hour. My guest left and I went to bed earlier than usual."

Bates returned with the fingerprint kit. It was rather interesting to watch. They took her prints and Erskine's to compare with any strange prints they might find. They assumed that the prints on the handle of the floor brush would be the cleaning woman's. They would check that. There were only two other sets, both masculine.

"One of those would be your guest for cocktails, I suppose?"

"Probably."

"You might ask him to drop by the fingerprint department at Scotland Yard tomorrow and let us take his

To page 55

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 605—HOSTESS SKIRT

Hostess skirt is available cut out to make in black, white, fuchsia-red, or turquoise silk-finish corduroy. Sizes 24 and 26in. waist, \$5.55; 28 and 30in. waist, \$5.75. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 606—SUPPER CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Cloth and serviettes are available traced ready to sew in white, cream, pink, blue, or green pure Irish linen. Cloth, \$2.45 plus 15 cents postage and dispatch. Serviettes, 20 cents each plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 607—GIRL'S POP-OVER PINAFORE

Pinafore is available cut out to make in wedgwood-blue, green, grey, or lilac cesarine. Sizes 2 to 4 years, \$1.75; 6 to 8 years, \$1.95. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

prints. Just to keep the record tidy."

"You mean if they're not his, then they might be the intruder's?"

"They might be. If there was an intruder. What is this guest's name?"

"Gerald Denbigh."

"American?"

"No. English."

"An old friend?"

"No, I have only one friend in England now." She thought of mentioning Alan by name.

"Mr. MacAlan of the Foreign Office" sounded so respectable, but she couldn't drag him into a thing like this.

"Where did you meet Mr. Denbigh?"

"He's a shipboard acquaintance. We sat at the same table coming over, a table for four, he and I and my two daughters."

He's very nice. He's a social anthropologist at Cambridge. Nothing in the least suspicious about him, I assure you."

"Is he at Cambridge now?"

"No, at the moment he's in London at the Hyde Park Hotel."

"And where are your daughters?"

"At school in Switzerland. They'll be here the day after tomorrow to spend Christmas with me."

"How old are they?"

"Sixteen and seventeen."

"And their father?"

"He died ten years ago. A plane accident."

"Have you any particular reason for living in London?"

"I write for art magazines. I'm doing a whole series on English furniture this winter. Marquetry at the moment."

"Well that's all we can do here for the moment." The policeman rose.

"Thank you for coming," said Lydia. "I'm sorry I had to put you to all this trouble."

"No trouble at all, madam. A pleasure."

"I still think there was someone in the room, though I realise now that I shall probably never be able to prove it."

"Probably not, but . . . I have an odd feeling about this. If there was anyone, he probably effected entry in some very simple way. It's probably staring us in the face and we just can't see it. You do not seem to me like the sort of person who mistakes a dream for reality. Unfortunately, that's not evidence. If anything else should happen — anything at all out of the ordinary — please call us immediately."

When the door closed, Lydia turned to Erskine. "I'm sorry you were disturbed."

"Don't mention it, madam. Would you feel more comfortable about all this if you moved into another flat now? There's one vacant just across the hall."

Lydia thought a moment. What you really need — what you've been planning to ask Erskine about — is an extra flat for Miriam and Sin while they're here. You want to get the article on marquetry off by Christmas. It would be hard to work on that article while you're sharing a flat as small as this with two young girls — hard on you and hard on them."

"Could I rent that flat for my daughters while they're here?" she said aloud. "I want them to enjoy this Christmas visit. It's rather cramped here for three. We tried it in July and I know."

"I'm sure that can be arranged," said Erskine. "I'll speak to Hamilton and Brothers about it tomorrow."

Alone, she bolted the door and went back to bed. The very idea of darkness had become unpleasant, but it would be childish to leave a light burning.

When she woke again, the sun was shining pale and thin as a dream of sunlight itself. Lydia had slept the unrestful

sleep of emotional exhaustion. As she made coffee in the little kitchen, she saw by its clock that she had slept until eleven. Now she had an unpleasant job before her. She must call Gerald and ask him if he would mind going to Scotland Yard and having his fingerprints taken.

What a way to thank a man who has taken you out to dinner the evening before! The more she thought about it, the less she liked it. She really couldn't do it over the telephone. She would have to ask him over for a drink and tell him the whole story, hoping that once he knew the details he would understand. She was sure that the police had no suspicions of Gerald, but could Gerald be made to understand that?

She was still hesitating when the telephone rang. She lifted the receiver. A series of bleeps told her someone was calling from a public telephone, putting coins in a slot.

"Hello?"

A man spoke without salutation or identification. "Did you get my message? How about nine o'clock tonight?"

The voice was strange to her. A peculiar accent. Not ordinary English or ordinary

"Five's all right. I'll be here until six," Lydia replied.

But she was thinking: Five is a little late. I won't have time to change for dinner after five if Gerald is coming at five and Alan at six. I'd better change before Gerald gets here.

Would Alan and Gerald like each other? She had a feeling they might not. A feeling so strong she hoped that Gerald would be gone before Alan arrived.

Gerald was in his early thirties, a serious young man who seemed to find companions of his own age too frivolous. That was the only way she could explain his persistence in maintaining a shipboard acquaintance which she had rather expected to die a natural death once they were ashore.

Alan MacAlan was entirely different in character and temperament. He had never appeared to take anything seriously, even in the darkest days of the war when she had first met him. Later she had written to him when his wife and two sons were killed in an air raid and he had written to her when her husband's plane crashed. In the past ten years there had been only

carefully in her portfolio. Miriam and Sin did not use the word love often.

Gerald came later than expected. It was nearly six when he rang the doorbell, cigarette in hand. He was rarely without one. The fingers of his right hand were brown with nicotine and there was always one or two cigarette burns and a scatter of ash on his clothes.

Today his eyes were anxious, but the anxiety was not for her or for himself. "I made the mistake of reading the afternoon newspapers. More bombings in South-East Asia."

Gerald had never made a secret of his pacifism. Lydia sympathised with his ideals and envied him his faith in simple solutions of the world's complex problems.

"A drink?"

"Thanks." He managed a smile after his first sip of sherry. "What's all this about your calling the police?"

By the time she had told him, he had forgotten both South-East Asia and his drink. He rose to examine the door, the windows, and the rubbish hatch as carefully as the police had done last night. At last he came back to his chair.

"Lydia, it's impossible. Do you understand? It simply couldn't have happened. It must have been what you call a waking dream."

"It's hard to convince my-

Thailand cut severely to compensate for the rich material and brilliant color, daffodil-yellow.

"Are you going out with someone else this evening?"

She laughed. "I don't usually dress like this for a cup of soup and a sandwich here by myself."

"But I thought you didn't have any friends in London."

"I don't really. Only acquaintances. Most of the people I knew well years ago have died or moved to the country. But I have one real friend still here — Alan MacAlan."

"You never mentioned him before."

"There was no reason to do so. I haven't seen him for twenty years. I heard he was in the Foreign Office, but I was too shy to write to him after so long. Someone else told him where I was and he wrote me asking me to dinner. He should be along any moment now."

GERALD made no move to go. "The Foreign Office! Do you realise that they are responsible for most of the troubles of the past thirty years?"

This was going to be more difficult than she had anticipated. "Alan only went there after the last war."

"But he's been there for nearly twenty years?"

"I suppose so, but you really can't hold him personally responsible for everything that's gone wrong in the past twenty years."

"Why not?"

"What can one man do?" "Resign, of course. That's what I'd have done if I'd ever found myself in such a place. He must be pretty old by this time."

"I am pretty old by this time."

"I meant spiritually old. Working so long in an environment like that. There's only one place in the world more cynical and corrupt. Your State Department."

Lydia couldn't help laughing.

"What's so funny?"

"You're so specific, Gerald. Do you really think foreign policies cause wars?"

"Then what does?"

"The ideas back of the policies. Those ideas don't really come from diplomats or civil servants or even generals. They come from men like you in places like Cambridge. Didn't Marxism come out of the British Museum? Didn't the atomic bomb come out of the University of Göttingen originally? At this very moment there's probably an obscure, frustrated, underpaid scientist in some library or laboratory thinking of some thing that will turn the world upside down again in a hundred years. Perhaps some of your ideas about primitive cultures will do it. You're the sort of man who rules the world today. Not civil servants submerged in paperwork like Alan."

"How do you know he's submerged in paperwork?"

"Those people always are."

"I wish you were right. I'd like to change the world. But I know I can't."

"I hope I'm wrong," returned Lydia. "Scientists don't make what they call 'value judgments' — moral and aesthetic judgments. If we were ruled entirely by scientists, we'd be ruled by nihilists and —"

The telephone bell interrupted her. "Excuse me . . . Hello?" She had thought it might be Alan calling from the lobby to announce his arrival, but it wasn't. A man's voice answered her, an English voice, an educated voice but the voice of a total stranger.

The moment he heard her voice he spoke with almost panicky alacrity. "I beg your

pardon, madam. Wrong number." There was a click. He had hung up.

"That's funny. Second wrong number I've had today."

"London telephone service isn't the best in the world."

"I still think this is odd. That man hung up with almost indecent haste the moment he heard my voice."

"He must have known the voice of the person he was calling and realised at once that yours was the wrong voice."

"Wouldn't it have been more usual to assume that I might be just answering the telephone for the person he was calling? He didn't ask for a name or a number. He just hung up. Now I come to think of it, I've had a few odd calls like that ever since we came here in July. We weren't here all the time, you know, I've been out of the flat a lot getting material for my articles. I wonder how many calls have come when I wasn't here?"

The doorbell rang. This must be Alan. It was.

Her first thought was: He hasn't changed at all. Then she saw a few flecks of grey in his hair, a few lines in his face that she didn't remember. Only when she looked into his eyes did she see that there was a big change after all. Those eyes had never been sad before. He smiled — his old smile — and it was as if he had put on a mask.

Still Gerald made no move to go. Lydia had to offer him a second drink when she poured a first drink for Alan. Gerald accepted his and settled back in his chair as if he intended to stay some time.

"The Scots have always interested me," he announced. "The clan system, you know. So barbaric. The amity-enmity situation, and so forth. Are you a Highlander?"

"I come from the Hebrides," answered Alan.

"That's fascinating. You seem so civilised on the surface and yet you come out of one of the most primitive communities in the modern world. Have you ever come across any examples of the anticipatory levirate up there?"

Alan laughed. "I wouldn't know an anticipatory levirate if I saw one."

"It's not something you see. It's a degenerate form of fraternal polyandry which seems to have been universal in Scotland about two thousand years ago."

"We've changed quite a lot in the past two thousand years."

"You're laughing as if you didn't believe me, but this is fact."

"Then I'm sorry our form of polyandry was degenerate. How much nicer to have had the pure, original form."

"You're still not taking me seriously, but this is mentioned by all sorts of Latin authors. Dio Cassius for one. He says that a Roman lady named Julia Augusta taunted a Scotsman in Rome with barbarous sexual customs of Scotland."

Lydia intervened. "It must have taken pluck to defy anyone named Julia Augusta if you were a colonial Scot on sufferance in Imperial Rome."

Alan turned to smile at her. But Gerald said, " . . . Well, I'm afraid I must be going now."

For once Lydia did not say, "Oh, must you go so soon?"

The door closed. Lydia hardly knew what to say. "I'm really sorry, Alan."

To page 56

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

WUFF, SNUFF & TUFF



American, yet somehow not foreign, either. A North of England dialect?

"I think you must have the wrong number."

"Isn't this Ulster 3230?"

"Yes, it is."

"That's the number I'm calling. How about nine o'clock?"

"You have made a mistake somehow. I don't know anything about a message. Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. The point is that I sent the message yesterday and you must have got it by now. I'm not used to arguing about such things."

"Neither am I." She hung up.

The telephone rang again. She let it ring. After the fifth ring, it stopped.

The incident had diverted her attention from her own situation long enough for her to see it in clear perspective when her thoughts came back to it. She had to call Gerald. There was no help for it.

"You just caught me," he said. "I was leaving the room on my way to have luncheon with my publisher."

"Then I mustn't keep you. But I do want to thank you for yesterday evening. And there is one other thing. Something strange happened last night after you left. Something so serious that I had to call the police."

"My dear Lydia!"

"I know. It sounds melodramatic. I'm afraid it is. I'd like to tell you about it. There's one thing you can do to help."

"I'll come over directly."

"Oh, thank you, but there's no rush. Go on and have your luncheon with your publisher. It'll be time enough if you drop by for a moment later this afternoon."

"How about five?"

Christmas cards. They had not seen each other since the war.

When she came to London this year, someone had told her he was in the Foreign Office now. She had hesitated to write him. He might not remember her, but someone else had told him where she was and he had written to her, asking her to dine with him this evening. She had then remembered the old saying: "An English friend is a friend for life." Perhaps a Scot would be even more tenacious of old ties.

Would he still be a friend? Or would he have changed into a stranger?

She heard the plop of a letter dropping through the slot in the door. Miriam had written from a hotel in Florence.

" . . . In twenty-four hours we will be in London with you. I can hardly wait. Florence is cool, but it will be great to be in beautiful, clean England again. It's pretty dirty here. Don't forget — Victoria Station is where you meet us."

Sin had added a P.S.

"Mother, I have a word of advice for you. You'll probably be seeing some new people in London. Please don't laugh at their jokes, unless you think the jokes are really funny. When you laugh just to be polite, your laugh sounds so fake. So don't laugh. Keep a straight face. Then, if anyone asks you: 'Don't you think this joke is funny?' Be honest and answer: 'No.' You'll make more friends that way because people will respect you for your honesty. Miriam says the same thing. We're only telling you this for your own good. You know we love you and want you to be happy."

Lydia put the letter away

But Alan was still laughing. Perhaps the laughter was what had really gotten under Gerald's skin. "Don't apologise for him. He's fascinating. Where did you meet him?"

"On shipboard. He did seem nice enough then, though rather solemn about everything. I put that down to his being so young."

"Young? He must be in his thirties."

"I mean relatively young. He's considered young for a social anthropologist."

"Is he with some university?"

"Cambridge."

"Cambridge! It's changed a lot in the past two thousand years. It seems like two thousand years since I last saw you."

"It does indeed."

The less said about the past

the better. The pitifully small things that could be said had been said when they wrote each other. She rushed over the pause, a little too volubly. "I must show you pictures of my daughters. Miriam is sixteen and Cynthia is seventeen. People call her Sin, but she's really rather strait-laced."

He studied both photographs. "They can't mean ugly as sin! They must mean *beaute du diable*. Miriam is charming, but Cynthia is the one who will make men say, 'Who's that?' every time she walks into a room."

"I don't know whether to be glad or not."

"Of course you're glad."

Alan had risen to put his empty glass down on the table. Suddenly he paused halfway through the motion. She could not think

THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

of any reason for this sudden arrest. Something he saw?

She looked at the table. There was nothing on it but a white linen cloth, a lamp, an ashtray, three glasses. She looked at the floor below the table. There was nothing on the carpet but a twisted black-and-white cord running from the lamp to the socket in the wall.

Yet something had happened. From that moment on Alan's manner changed. He was no longer quite at ease with her. In the beginning he had behaved like an old friend quite without those fears of being misunderstood or of giving offence unintentionally which

haunt the exploratory stages of any new acquaintance. Now he was wary as if he were weighing every word he said to her and every word she said to him. What could have happened? Was it something that she had said or something that she had left unsaid?

There was such a chill in the air that she couldn't tell him about the intruder in the night or the anonymous telephone calls. It would have seemed too much like forcing upon him an intimacy that he was tacitly rejecting.

They were the last to get off the train. Lydia saw them before they saw her. Were they as beauti-

ful to others as they were to her? Probably not. Probably all girls their age were beautiful to their mothers. To others, no doubt, they were rather self-possessed young women. To her they would always be children, touching in their inexperience and vulnerability.

Miriam was taller, more robust. Wide-spaced sea-green eyes, ash-blond hair, and a warm, wide smile that made friends for her easily. Sin, the elder, was smaller with a finer bone structure and an air of disengagement that was close to dignity. Or was it merely shyness? Perhaps a mixture of both.

Both were voluble in the taxi. There was so much to tell and so much to talk about. And there was Christmas shopping to plan. There hadn't been a chance for that sort of thing in Switzerland or Florence. Too much else to do. But it must be done now, immediately, for there were only a few days left. Couldn't they start at once, as soon as they had left their bags at the flat? Money? Oh, they had enough. They had saved some out of their allowances.

"All right. You know your way about London now. But it gets dark here in winter earlier than it does at home. I want you back by sunset."

As Lydia unlocked the door to the flat, they could hear the telephone ring inside.

"Oh, it may be for us!"

"Jimmy Gregg said he'd call us in London. Do hurry, Mummy!"

Gently she pushed them aside.

"Let me answer . . . Hello?"

"Why haven't I heard from you?" It was another strange voice, masculine, foreign this time, Italian?

"You have the wrong number, I think."

"Isn't that Ulster 3230?"

"Yes, but that can't be the number you want. I don't know you."

"I think you do."

"You have made a mistake." She hung up and turned away from the telephone. "Just a wrong number," she said. "I get a lot of them here."

"Man or woman?"

"Man. He didn't apologise. He didn't even admit he'd made a mistake. So I just hung up."

"Kind of funny," said Miriam.

"Kind of scary," said Sin.

"Perhaps he was calling someone who lived in this flat before you moved in."

"Impossible," said Lydia. "This flat had been vacant for a month or so before I moved in. The telephone people must have given me an entirely different number just as they would in such circumstances at home. Telephone people don't waste numbers on unoccupied flats these days. They can't afford to, because there's a waiting list for telephone numbers in most big cities today."

"It's not a company here." Miriam was studying the London Directory. "It's the Postmaster-General."

"He still wouldn't want to waste a telephone number on an empty flat. Who is this Jimmy Gregg?"

The girls exchanged a glance, faintly mischievous. "We met him in Venice on the steps of the Grand Hotel," said Miriam.

"A whole bunch of us were going down the steps and he was going up."

"Suddenly he stopped, as if he'd been shot, and stared at Sin."

"Not at me," said Sin. "At the bag I was carrying. It still had the ship's tag with my name and address on it. He practically shouted: 'Does that tag say 'California'?' When I said 'Yes,' he said, 'Gosh, have you ever been in Berkeley?' I said: 'Of course. We have a ranch near Los Gatos,' and then well . . ."

"He was all over us after that," said Miriam. "All the time we were in Venice."

"One of the teachers actually knows his mother in Berkeley. It was a most peculiar coincidence. Almost as if it were, well . . . meant. Fate or something. He said so himself."

"He's really rather cool."

"And he goes to a school

To page 57



Teal...a luxury talc you can afford to use every day...

Monique is French. She likes luxuries you can afford regularly. Like Teal*, the luxury talc perfumed by Robertet of Paris, priced so you can afford it every day. That's the difference between Teal and the other luxury talcs. "Vive la difference!"

Johnson & Johnson

*Registered Trade Mark.
81-172 R

THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

for English boys in Switzerland that's really great.

"Even the teachers didn't mind his going around with us to museums and things, because he's so . . . so . . ."

"Cool? Or great?"
"Both." They answered with a twinkle. They had always been able to take a joke on themselves.

"When he heard we were coming to London for Christmas he decided to come here, too," said Sin. "He can't go home because his parents said it would be too expensive."

"He's sort of homesick," chimed in Miriam. "He's been over here four years and he gets home only in summer. So we gave him your London address and telephone number."

"If he calls while we're out, will you ask him for dinner? We'll do all the marketing and cooking. He's always broke, so I'm sure he'd be glad of a square meal."

"Afterwards we can play records and talk, because he can't afford to take us out anywhere."

"He just had enough allowance left to pay his plane fare to London and back, with hardly anything left over."

"He's probably living on chocolate bars now. He did in Venice."

"May we ask him to Christmas dinner?"

"I want to see him before I encourage him that much. Now don't you want to see your own flat?" asked Lydia.

"Oh, Mummy, do we have a flat all to ourselves?"

"Right across the hall from mine."

It was a replica of Lydia's flat without the view of the Square. The girls ran about looking into kitchen and bathroom, cupboards and drawers with squeals of joy.

"Is it frightfully expensive?" Miriam asked.

"Not for such a short time," said Lydia.

"Then why do they call them 'luxury flats'?" asked Miriam.

"Largely because they have central heating. That's still something of a luxury in England."

"You're sure you're not being extravagant and spoiling us?" asked Sin.

"It's better for me this way. I'm in the middle of the article on English marquetry. I'll get it done faster if I'm alone. You know me. Too neurotic to concentrate when other people are around, especially if they're playing records."

"We'll cook Christmas dinner for you here in our own dear little kitchen. You won't have to do a thing," added Sin.

"We even have our own telephone," exclaimed Miriam.

"But it was Mummy's number we gave Jimmy," said Sin. "We didn't know then we were going to have our own flat. Oh, Mummy, please go back to your flat now. He might be calling while we're all over here."

"All right, but remember I want you back by sunset, and I want you to let me know the moment you come in. If you're delayed, call me so I won't worry."

As Lydia opened the door of her own flat, she saw a letter lying on the floor below the slot in the door. She took it over to the light by the window. It was another letter addressed to "Miss J. Smith, 6 Belfast Square, London."

Miss J. Smith . . . A name that gave little clue to character or age or even nationality. It could be English or American or Canadian, almost anything. Miss J. Smith was as anonymous as Mrs. John Doe. The letter must be turned over to Erskine the next time she went downstairs.

The telephone rang. She approached it with caution. But it was only Gerald.

"That's just what I don't need."

Gerald ignored this and poured her a glass of her own sherry. She took a swallow. It was like water.

"How's your friend, Mr. MacAlan? Seen him since?"

"No." Lydia's anxiety made her speak more sharply than usual. "If he wasn't such an old friend, I doubt if I ever would see him again. You were rude to him last night."

"Rude? I don't know what

"I thought you'd like to know my fingerprints are now on record at Scotland Yard, and they match one of the two sets of prints from a man's hand that the police found in your flat. The police think those other prints may have been made by the man who comes to wash the windows once a month. They're checking up on him now."

"Thank you for helping, Gerald."

"Only too glad. May I come over for a few minutes? I'd like to see Miriam and Sin."

"They're going out now, but they'll be back by sunset. If you can come then, I'm sure they'd enjoy seeing you."

She sat down at the dining table beside the window to work on her article. Now and then her gaze would wander to the view of the Square. She was looking west and suddenly she realised the sun was getting low in the sky.

you mean. I thought I was very restrained. But I do believe that intellectual honesty is more important than superficial good manners. These Foreign Office types don't. That's what's the matter with them. No intellectual honesty. No plain speaking. Just manners."

Her mind was elsewhere. "What shall I do about Miriam and Sin?"

"You're really worried?"

"Of course. And if you call me 'overprotective' just once more, I shall probably never speak to you again."

The doorbell rang. She reached the door seconds before Gerald. Miriam and Sin stood sheepishly on the threshold.

"Oh, Mummy!" cried Sin. "We're really sorry and I suppose you're really mad."

"Not now. I'm too glad to see you to be angry now. I'll be angry tomorrow. I'll put it down on my calendar. Ten

what these adults would say or do next.

Jimmy Gregg had the mild, apparently idealistic face of a young poet. Like all American boys who go abroad to school, he had begun to wear his hair an inch or so longer than American boys who stayed at home.

Tony Ffolliott's face was thinner, sharper, more alert than Jimmy Gregg's. Nothing dreamy about those dark eyes; rather a touch of arrogance and more than a touch of mischief.

"I'm glad of a chance to meet you, Mrs. Grey," said Jimmy. "Miriam and Sin have talked so much about you."

What had they said?

"Oh, show Mummy your card," suggested Miriam.

With a shade of reluctance, Jimmy produced a visiting card and presented it to Lydia.

MR. JAMES GREGG

HEDONIST

"Isn't that cool, Mummy?" "Absolutely freezing. Where are you staying in London?"

The boys exchanged an uneasy glance. "Well . . ." began Jimmy. "My parents don't send me enough pocket-money. I suppose they think it's enough, but somehow or other I can't make it last. I've just written them a tactful letter explaining the whole situation, but, meanwhile, here's Christmas and I'm broke. I can't stay on at school during the holidays. They won't let you. So . . ."

Tony cut in. "He's staying with me."

"I suppose you live with your parents in London and Jimmy is really staying with them?"

"Yes and no," Tony smiled disarmingly. "Jimmy is staying with us, only my parents don't know it. The whole thing is rather complicated."

"In what way?"

"My parents have a house in South Eaton Place. It's quite a big house, so I told Jimmy he could sleep in the cellar until we both go back to school. My parents will never find out. He's got his own door to the street down there."

"It's not bad, really," put in Jimmy. "I can go in and out as I please without Tony's parents seeing me. Tony brings me a sandwich now and then and I have enough pocket-money left for chocolate bars and bus fares. Tony got me lots of blankets to sleep in."

"We're going to have the blankets dry-cleaned before we go back to school," added Tony. "Otherwise my mother might wonder how they got so dirty."

Lydia had forgotten all about Gerald. Now as he opened his mouth to speak, she introduced the boys hastily. "Mr. Denbigh came over on the ship with us."

"Why don't you want your parents to know that Jimmy is there?" Gerald asked.

"My parents usually allow a guest or two over the holidays, but not this time because . . . well, they're a bit cross with me because of something silly I did last term at school. They've cut off all my pocket-money, too, so I didn't have any to lend Jimmy. Rather rough on poor old Jimmy when he had no money of his own and no place to lay his head, so . . . we made our own arrangements."

Gerald was drinking in all this with avidity. He probably felt as he had on his first day in the field with real primitives in Africa or South America after having read about them for years in his thirties would probably be out of touch with the fourteen- to eighteen-year-old level of society. These "teenagers," as he would undoubtedly call them, were legendary figures he had been reading about

for years. Now that they had suddenly materialised in his presence, he saw the situation as an opportunity for research that must not be missed.

"Why did you go to the British Museum?" he demanded. "Any special thing you wanted to see there?"

"No, sir," Tony said. "We'd rather have gone to see James Bond, but the British Museum is free."

Gerald must be sidetracked somehow. "Miriam and Sin, why don't you give the boys tea? They're probably hungry and it's a chance to try out the kitchen in your new flat."

When the door closed, Gerald said: "What do you think of those boys?"

"They're full of mischief, but I think they're basically nice. I've met a lot of young boys in the past year or so. The ones who turn out badly seem to be the ones who try to hide the scrapes they get into. These boys didn't do that."

"I'd like to do something to amuse Miriam and Sin while they're here! Did I ever tell you that I have a friend who has a little private plane?"

"I think you mentioned it once on shipboard. He lets you take it up sometimes, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does. Miriam and Sin said they'd like to go. Would you be willing to have me take them up for an hour or so and show them England from the air?"

LYDIA hesitated.

"I know I ought to say yes. I know I'll feel like a spoilsport if I don't. But didn't I ever tell you that I have a distaste for planes?"

"You mean a phobia?"

"I suppose you could call it that."

"Any special reason?"

Lydia did not wish to discuss her husband's death with Gerald. "Not really. Just call it a phobia."

When Gerald had gone, she went back to her typewriter. She had been typing for some time when her glance fell on the letter for Miss J. Smith. She ought to give it to Erskine now. It was unfair to hold up another person's mail when it would be delayed by forwarding, in any case.

In the hall she heard sounds of laughter and music from the closed door opposite. As she walked toward the elevator, she saw that someone had tied a sprig of mistletoe with a bit of red ribbon to every letter slot in every door in the hall. Now who could have done that?

There were more formal Christmas decorations in the lobby — a lighted tree, wreaths of holly, a vase on a table filled with premature spring flowers.

"The forsythia and pussy willow are charming," she said to Erskine. "From a hot-house?"

"No, from the Riviera. But that isn't pussy willow, madam. That's palm."

Lydia looked at the flowers again. "At home we'd call it pussy willow."

Erskine shook his head. "Our pussy willow droops. This plant — palm — stands up."

Lydia laid the letter on his desk. "I suppose this is for the former tenant of my flat. You'll want to forward it."

"Thank you." He opened the desk drawer and dropped the letter on a pile of other letters.

"Did Miss Smith move far away?"

Erskine weighed his answer for a moment, then: "Apparently Miss Smith has left the forwarding address she gave me when she signed her lease. All the letters I send

To page 60

Buttonholes automatically in 10 seconds



new elna world's best from Switzerland

(Advertisement)

Beauty Cleanse for Oily Skins

Skins which carry too much oil can now be cleared to normal radiant loveliness with a wonder-acting pink milk. This Entration milk absorbs excess skin greasiness and, on contact with water, drains it from the complexion in seconds. It refines enlarged pores, cleanses oily patches, and corrects greasy skin conditions that lead to blemishes, blackheads, and keratinisation. To give your complexion a peaches-and-cream softness, ask your chemist for a supply of deep-cleansing Entration milk.



DON'T EXPERIMENT WITH YOUR RHEUMATISM...

You can rely on De Witt's Pills to bring you fast relief. In more than 80 countries, De Witt's Pills are trusted for safe relief of backache and the pain of rheumatism and sciatica. Take De Witt's Pills—the trusted remedy.

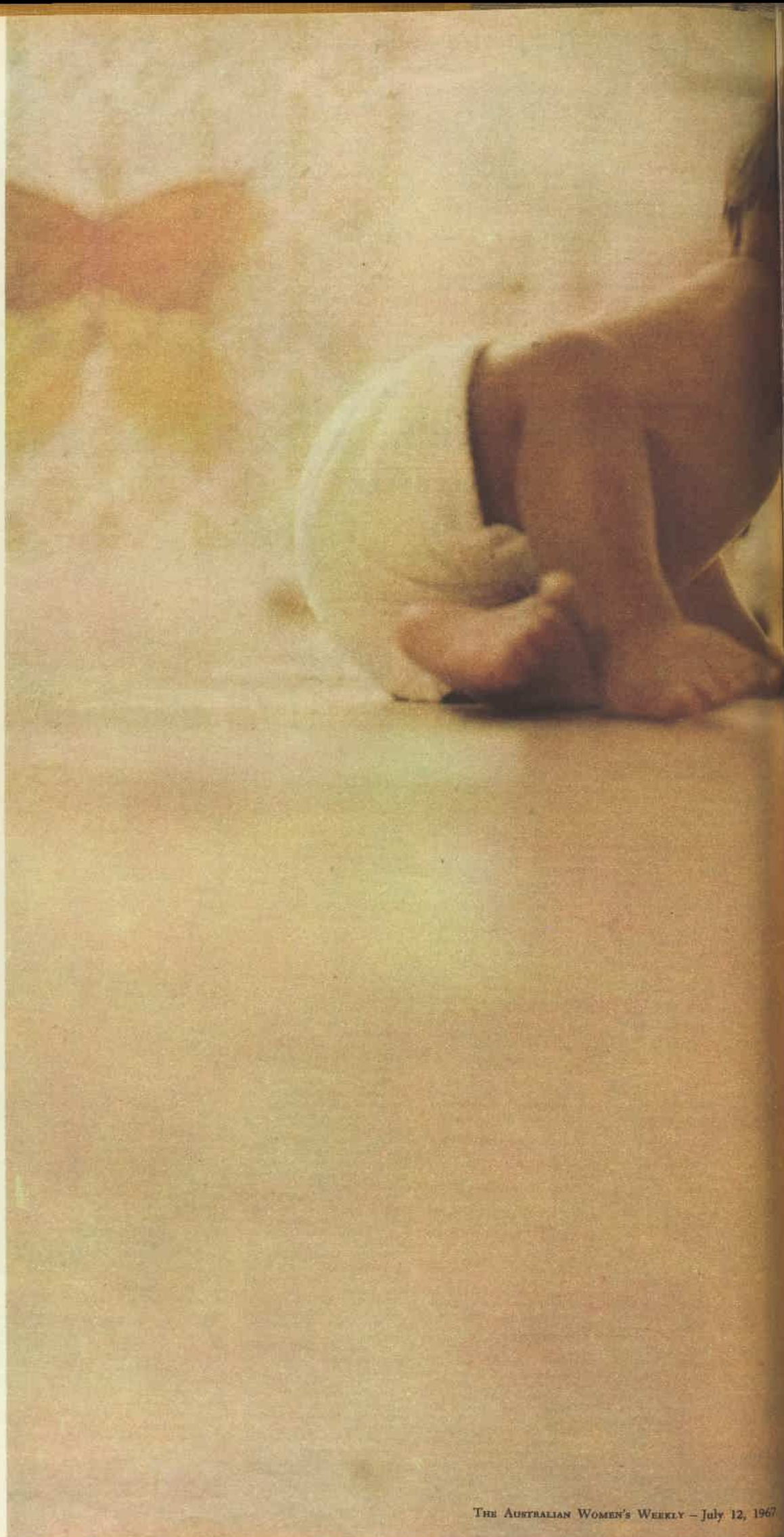
De Witt's Pills

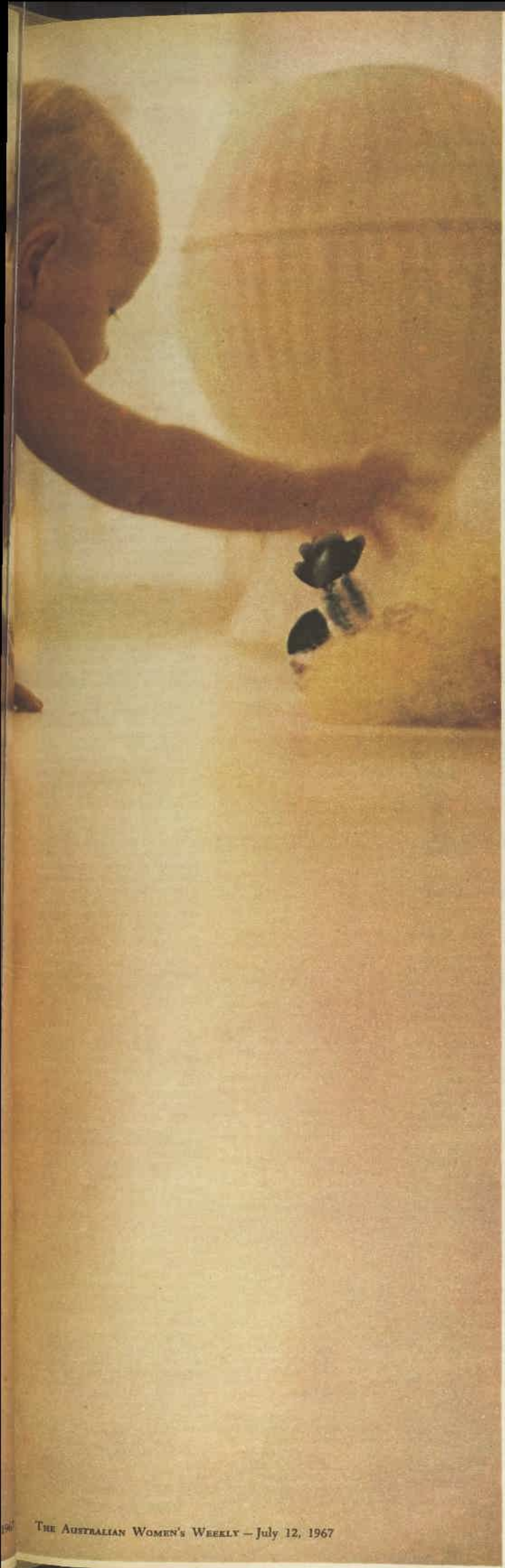
LOOK ALIVE with

The Bulletin

POLITICAL COMMENT, NEWS, and VIEWS EVERY WEEK • ONLY 20c

now a new Nairn floor





Superflex:
same colours
same size tile
same look

**so what's
new?**

For years we've been saying that our Vinylcraft tiles are the greatest things since paint.

Now we suddenly turn around and bring out an all-new vinyl floor.

And not instead of; but as well as. So what's the story?

Well,

our Vinylcraft tiles are made from a mixture of vinyl and asbestos.

The asbestos makes the tiles very hard and tough so they resist scratches, indentations and cigarette burns better than any other vinyl flooring.

Our new tile (Superflex) is a flexible vinyl.

No asbestos.

Because of this it is softer and quieter and has more of a gloss finish; but it doesn't stand up to as much punishment as Vinylcraft.

So what do you use where?

Well,

if we were you we'd probably choose Vinylcraft for rooms where



9 of our 21 colours. See them all in our literature. Send the coupon.

the floor does its hardest work: the kitchen, laundry and roller game rooms. And probably we'd go for Superflex in relaxation and sleeping rooms. (Where you need all the quiet you can get.)

That's our opinion.

But only you know which rooms are going to get what sort of treatment.

Over to you.

To the Michael Nairn office in your state (addresses below). Please send me your free colour literature on new Nairnfloors Superflex and Vinylcraft along with some charts to help me design my Nairnfloor.

I am considering Superflex ☐
Vinylcraft ☐ for my

..... (room).

I intend laying now ☐ in 1 month ☐
2 months ☐ 3 months ☐.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Michael Nairn & Co. (Australia) Ltd.
N.S.W.: P.O. Box 42, Auburn.
Vic.: 223 Johnston St., Fitzroy.
Q'land: Merivale & Glenelg Sts., Sth. Brisbane.
Sth. Aust.: 49 Angas St., Adelaide.
West Aust.: 115 St. George's Ter., Perth.
Tas.: 25 Watchorn St., Hobart.

N167 W.W.

Nairn floors

Page 59

on to that address come back stamped UNKNOWN."

"Why . . . how careless of her not to send you her new address."

"But she wasn't a careless person, madam. It's not like her at all."

"Oh, Mr. Erskine, there's something I've been meaning to ask you. Is my telephone number a new one that you got for me when I moved into the flat?"

"No, madam. We made a special arrangement with the telephone people four years ago when this building was put up. The telephone number for each flat is permanent, even if some of them remain unoccupied for a month or so. If you look in the Directory under the letter 'S' you will see the listing Six Belfast Square with my telephone number. Below that the number of each flat is listed in numerical order with its own telephone number. In other words, though your telephone number is not listed under your name in the Directory, it is listed under your address. Six Belfast Square, Flat 88 . . . Ulster 3230."

"I see." She saw several things and one clearly: anyone who knew her telephone number might also know her address.

Lydia woke late the next morning to the roar of a jet plane. London Airport was closer to the heart of London than most American airports are to the heart of American cities. As the roar diminished, she heard more traditional sounds — church bells and the shrill voices of children playing in the park at the centre of the Square.

Her first thought was: I ought to move. Her second thought was: Can I afford it? This was December. Her lease ran until June. What grounds did she have for breaking the lease?

There had been some callers on her telephone who wouldn't give their names. They might have been calling the previous tenant. They might simply have got a wrong number. She believed there had been an intruder in her flat several nights ago. The police had investigated and said it was physically impossible. They had explained her experience as a bad dream or an hallucination. Even she had half admitted to them that this might be the true explanation.

A pretty weak case for breaking a lease with six months to run. She was not in the situation of a tenant who rents an apartment or a cottage from a friend. On the books of Messrs. Hamilton and Brothers, agents for the building, she was not a person, she was a statistic. They were a large firm that controlled most of the properties in this neighborhood, where land and buildings were extremely profitable to both agents and landlords.

The landlord they represented in this building was a duke, widely known as a pillar of the church. Possibly that was why there was a clause in the lease informing the tenant that the premises must not be used for immoral purposes. It sounded like a clause that might be difficult to enforce, but, like other moral codes, it did at least provide legal grounds for punishing those careless enough to get caught.

If she broke the lease without sufficient legal grounds, she would surely be sued. There was nothing in the wording of this Old World lease to suggest that Messrs. Hamilton and Brothers or the duke would even consider cancelling a lease because the tenant had a nightmare or saw a ghost.

A lawsuit would deplete her bank account. To remain in England on a visitor's visa,

you had to keep a certain amount of money in the bank. The money she kept in the bank represented the savings of several years, an emergency fund. When you were financially responsible for two minors, you did not go into your emergency fund if you could help it.

It would be better to stay on in this flat as if nothing had happened. After all, what had happened?

SUPPOSE the worst. Suppose that the previous tenant had been involved in some unsavory or even dangerous situation. Suppose that the anonymous telephone calls were all for the lady of the noncommittal name, Miss J. Smith. Suppose that there really was an intruder who had entered the flat by means that the police had failed to discover. Suppose that this intrusion had something to do with Miss J. Smith and the anonymous telephone calls.

All this had nothing to do with Lydia Grey. None of these people could have any motive for molesting her. The sensible thing was to move to another flat in this same building as Erskine had first suggested.

Once she was in another flat her telephone number would become another number and there would be no more anonymous calls. In another flat where Miss J. Smith had never lived there would be no motive for intrusion.

Unless . . . An unwelcome thought crept into her mind slyly. Suppose these incidents were not related to Miss J. Smith, after all? Suppose they had something to do with her or Miriam or Sin?

Impossible. Whom did she know in London except Alan and Gerald? She could not associate either one with anything criminal. A man who had been in the Foreign Office for years didn't do this sort of thing and neither did a Cambridge scholar. Gerald had shown himself rather lacking in charm of manner lately, but that didn't mean he was a criminal.

She made coffee and looked for letters in the vestibule. Only one — a note from Sin. "We've gone to the British Museum again with Jimmy and Tony. They're coming back with us after lunch to help us trim the Christmas tree."

She had forgotten the two boys when she was thinking of people she knew in London, but it was absurd to connect them with anything like this. Like Miriam and Sin, they had only just arrived in England from school in Switzerland.

She was typing when the telephone rang. It was Alan this time.

"It's a lovely day, the sort of day we're not supposed to have in winter. Would you care to drive down to Cambridge with me for luncheon? I've an uncle there who has invited us both."

She must have imagined his aloofness the other evening. Now he sounded like his old self.

"It would be wonderful to get away from this type-writer for a few hours," she said.

"Would you r daughters like to come, too?"

"Oh, thank you, but they are out for the day."

"Then shall I call for you in about thirty minutes, or would you like more time?"

"I'll be ready and waiting downstairs in thirty minutes."

Downstairs in the lobby she paused to speak to Erskine about another flat for herself. She didn't say anything more about the night she had called the police. She put it all on the telephone calls.

Erskine was, as always, sympathetic. "You'll have to

THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

wait twenty-four hours, madam. The only flat that is vacant has just been vacated. There must be an inventory of all furnishings to make sure nothing is lost or broken. Also, the place needs a thorough cleaning."

"Is it really necessary to do all that this time?"

"Hamilton and Brothers insist that each flat be inventoried and cleaned as it falls vacant before a new tenant moves in. Besides, your lease must be rewritten. All this will take a day, but I think I can promise you occupancy by tomorrow evening."

She smiled. "I'm glad there is another flat that will be vacant so soon. Couldn't I sign the lease now? Couldn't you fill in the details afterward?"

"I suppose so. If I have a lease form here in my desk . . ." He opened a desk drawer, rummaged among a mass of papers. "I thought I had one . . ."

He was looking down at the papers. He didn't see her start. She was looking down into the drawer, too, and a slip of paper had caught her eye with the heading: Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York. It was a bill made out to John Erskine for

"Wouldn't it be simpler to have your telephone number changed?"

"That would take care of the telephone calls, but what about my . . . nightmare?"

"Then you don't believe it was a nightmare?"

"I'm not sure now. I only know that I thought it was real at the time."

"In that case you ought to move right away, just for your own peace of mind."

"I can't. Red tape. Inventories and so forth. You know it's curious how when one odd thing happens a lot of odd things happen. Things you might not have noticed if it hadn't been for the first odd thing. Things that probably have nothing to do with the first odd thing."

"What other odd things have happened?"

"You saw Mr. Erskine, our house steward, in the lobby just now and you heard him speak. Does he look and sound English to you?"

"Very English. Rather typical."

"Too typical, perhaps. There's a bill for a New York safe-deposit box in his desk. It caught my eye just now. Can it be that he is an American trying to be as English

Just what he himself has told you. I wonder if he really is a social anthropologist? I wonder if he really is at Cambridge?"

"Don't tell me that's why we're going there today?"

"That's partly why," Alan grinned a little sheepishly.

"My uncle has invited two bona fide Cambridge anthropologists to lunch with us."

"It's very kind of him, but it makes me feel a little guilty if we're checking up on a friend of mine."

In the outskirts of Cambridge they stopped before a gate and walked up a path to an old brick house set in a garden so peaceful that the house seemed to doze in the sun like an old man in a garden chair.

Alan's uncle was old, too, but not the type to doze, in or out of sunshine. His hair was white, but he had brilliant dark eyes, like Alan's. His guests were even older and somehow innocent.

Halfway through the leisurely luncheon, Alan asked them if they knew Gerald Denbigh.

One of them replied: "Denbigh? Oh, yes. He's youngish and, if I may say so, a little inclined to be opinionated; he's done interesting field work all over the world. Zoology first. Now social anthropology."

"He makes a good thing out of it, too," said the other anthropologist a little wistfully. "Articles for popular magazines, always with an erotic undertone, of course. Clever fellow. Almost too clever. But he has very sound views on the anticipatory levirate, a degenerate form of fraternal polyandry which he observed among a tribe of South American Indians recently."

"There really is such a thing as the anticipatory levirate?" inquired Alan.

"Of course there is, Denbigh observed it in South America. The levirate is found among primitive cultures throughout the world. When a man dies and leaves a widow, his surviving brother automatically becomes that widow's husband. In South America Denbigh discovered an Indian society where a husband's brother was automatically husband to the same wife during the first husband's lifetime and he decided to call this the anticipatory levirate."

"Which, of course, it isn't," the other old gentleman interrupted. "It's just our old friend fraternal polyandry. The levirate never was anticipatory. When it's anticipatory it isn't the levirate. The phrase that Denbigh coined is utterly disingenuous."

This went on for several minutes. Then one of the old gentlemen looked out the window at the winter landscape and remarked as if he were addressing the cloudy sky, that, in the course of a long life, he had observed that there was such a thing as intellectual fraud. The other held his glass of wine up to the pale sunlight and regarded it pensively as he announced that there was also such a thing as scientific charlatanism.

On the drive back to London, Lydia said: "Well, Alan, is there or is there not such a thing as the anticipatory levirate?"

Alan grinned. "A distinctly moot question. About as moot as you can get. I've learned one thing, though. If you're going to play detective, you can't use scientific concepts as clues. They're too elusive."

There was a note from Gerald lying on the carpet when Lydia entered her flat.

Dear Lydia: Where have you been all day? I tried to call you a dozen times. I'm coming around about seven, hoping you'll be free for dinner. Yours, Gerald.

Lydia dropped the note on the table by the window. She was not in the mood for going out to dinner, especially with Gerald.

As she stood frowning at the floor, something caught her eye. The twisted cord of black and silver that connected the table lamp to the wall seemed to be an odd shape. Then she realised that she wasn't looking at the cord itself but at something lying in one of its coils — a cigarette-holder, the same diameter as the cord and the same two colors combined in the same way, black and white twisted in a spiral. She picked it up. It looked valuable. As nearly as she could tell, it was made of onyx and ivory.

How long had it been there? She could have looked at the cord a dozen times without seeing the cigarette holder, they were so much alike.

Lydia was still holding the thing in her hand when the telephone rang.

"Hello?"

The voice was young. A rather pleasant, masculine voice. "I saw your card in a shop on Belfast Road."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Why, the card, you know. The one with your telephone number on it. Isn't this Ulster 3230?"

"What does it say on the card?"

"Just the telephone number and your name—Miss J. Smith."

"Then it was put there by the previous tenant of this flat. That explains why I have been bothered by all kinds of peculiar telephone calls. Where is this shop?"

"On Belfast Road, next door to the Belfast Underground Station."

Lydia felt a certain relief mixed with her irritation. Recent legislation in England had barred streetwalkers from the street. The police had prophesied that such a law could not be enforced, but they had forgotten the invention of the telephone. The streetwalker had become something more modern, a call-girl. Instead of walking streets, she simply put up a little card in small stationery and magazine shops among other cards advertising flats to let, dogs for sale, or cars for hire.

The card must be removed. Immediately. Lydia picked up her gloves and bag and went out to the elevator.

BELFAST ROAD

It was not a main thoroughfare. It was a small street lined with little shops from one residential neighborhood to another.

The stationery shop next to the Underground station had a small, dusty window full of little cards. It took Lydia some time to find the card. At last she found it in the lower left-hand corner of the window.

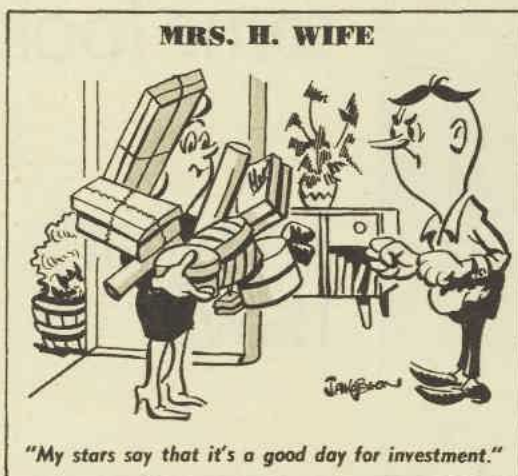
She opened the door and went in. There was no one in the shop. As she closed the door behind her, a bell jangled. After a moment a very old man came out of a door at the back of the shop.

"Good afternoon, madam. Can I help you?"

"You have a card in your window with a telephone number—Ulster 3230. That telephone number happens to be mine. I know nothing about the card. I didn't put it there. It must be removed at once."

"I've been worried about that card. It was put up by a girl named Josie Smith. She used to drop in every day or so for newspapers and cigarettes. I assumed she

To page 61



the rental of a safe-deposit box in New York.

But Erskine had said he had never been in America. That he had always wanted to go there. Erskine called pussy willow "palm." Erskine thought Schenectady was "a suburb of New York." Or did he?

She was too startled to speak, and then Alan was at her elbow. "Ready, Lydia?"

"Sorry, madam," said Erskine. "I don't have a lease form. I'll have to send round to Hamilton's office for one. I'll have it ready for you tomorrow morning."

"Thank you."

She was surprised that she could keep her voice so steady. She walked in a daze toward Alan's car beyond the great glass door. It was a Rolls-Royce in olive-green. Where had she seen a car like that recently?

His glance followed hers. "My only extravagance I have no one to spend money on but myself now."

"It's beautiful. Almost too beautiful to drive."

"Don't be silly! The driving is the beautiful part. Wait until you try it."

The car did move smoothly.

"What's all this about a lease?" asked Alan. "I couldn't help overhearing. You're not moving, are you?"

"Only to another flat in the same building."

"Larger or something?"

"No, not so nice. I'm losing my view of the Square." She decided to tell him the whole story.

His response was practical.

as possible? And, if he is, why?"

"Perhaps I can arrange to have a discreet inquiry made into Mr. Erskine's circumstances. He won't know anything about it. Unless, of course, he's up to something really criminal."

"There's probably some perfectly innocent explanation, but after all that's happened, I notice every little thing that's out of the way. If somebody frowns instead of smiling, I notice that and wonder why. You're frowning now."

"Sorry," Alan smiled. "I suppose I was frowning because I was thinking. The anonymous telephone calls by themselves I wouldn't take too seriously. Odd telephone calls are quite common today since the dial system makes it difficult to trace calls. And your nightmare by itself wouldn't really bother me. I'd see it then as just a nightmare. It's the two together that I find disturbing and then, on top of the rest, Erskine. I don't know what can be done that hasn't been done. You've been to the police. You're moving to another flat with another telephone. Everything should be all right, but . . . Lydia, do be careful."

"I'm always careful."

"Are you? I didn't care too much for that shipboard acquaintance of yours, Gerald what's-his-name."

"I've already apologised for his rudeness. It's because he's so young."

"You don't really know anything about him, do you?"

THE FURTHER SIDE OF FEAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

lived in this neighborhood. But she hasn't been around for months. I've been wondering if I ought to take it down."

"Why didn't you?"

"She paid me a year in advance."

"It will have to come down now. It has caused me a great deal of annoyance. I keep getting her telephone calls."

"I'm sorry. I'll take down the card at once. And, if Josie ever comes back, I'll refund the money for the last month. The card only has another month to go now."

Lydia stood beside the door while the old man reached into the window for the card. He had just touched it when he paused, with the card in his hand, staring out the window into the street.

"Why . . . there she is now! After all these months!"

"Josie Smith?"

"Yes."

Lydia did not know what sort of woman she had expected, but she would never have visualised a woman like the one who stood before her now.

JOSIE SMITH

was tall and dressed in a plain, well-cut dark jacket and skirt. She wore a clean white silk blouse. White gloves. Black patent leather shoes with high heels. Fake pearls, not so large that they advertised their fakery without shame. No hat. Hair, black and straight wound into a knot at the nape of her neck.

She looked almost like a school-mistress. When she spoke, her voice was deep, almost masculine.

"Mr. Willis, I've come to see you about my card. I want to pay for another three months."

Lydia spoke quickly, before the stationer could answer. "Miss Smith, that's impossible. Your card must be taken down and destroyed at once."

Blue eyes flashed at Lydia.

"Why?"

"Apparently I am the tenant of the flat you used to occupy and—"

The eyes changed. Everything changed. Even the incisive voice was a whisper now. "You are Lydia Grey . . ."

There was panic in her swift turn, in the way she jerked the door open, in the way she darted out into the street.

This was too much. Lydia had to know more.

Josie Smith was plunging down the steps into the Underground, recklessly chancing a twisted ankle. Lydia caught up with her at the foot of the steps.

"Why are you afraid of me? Who are you? 'J. Smith' can't be your real name. What are you?"

"You saw the card in the window." Josie Smith's voice was breathless. "You know what I am."

"Aren't you something more than that?"

"No! Just that. Let me pass!"

She hurled herself toward the train. She was almost too late. The door almost caught her. But now she was on the train and the train was gathering speed.

Slowly Lydia climbed the steps and made her way back to the shop. The old man was behind the counter now.

"You do understand that the card must come down?"

"Of course, madam. Here it is."

He picked up the card, tore it in small pieces, and dropped them in an ashtray. "I'm sorry for the inconvenience this must have caused you."

As Lydia walked out into the street, her first thought was: Perhaps I needn't move to another flat, after all. The card is gone. The telephone calls will taper off. Everything is explained . . .

No. Not everything. How did that woman know my name? And why was she afraid of me? That's more extraordinary than anything else that has happened.

(To be concluded)

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 12, 1967

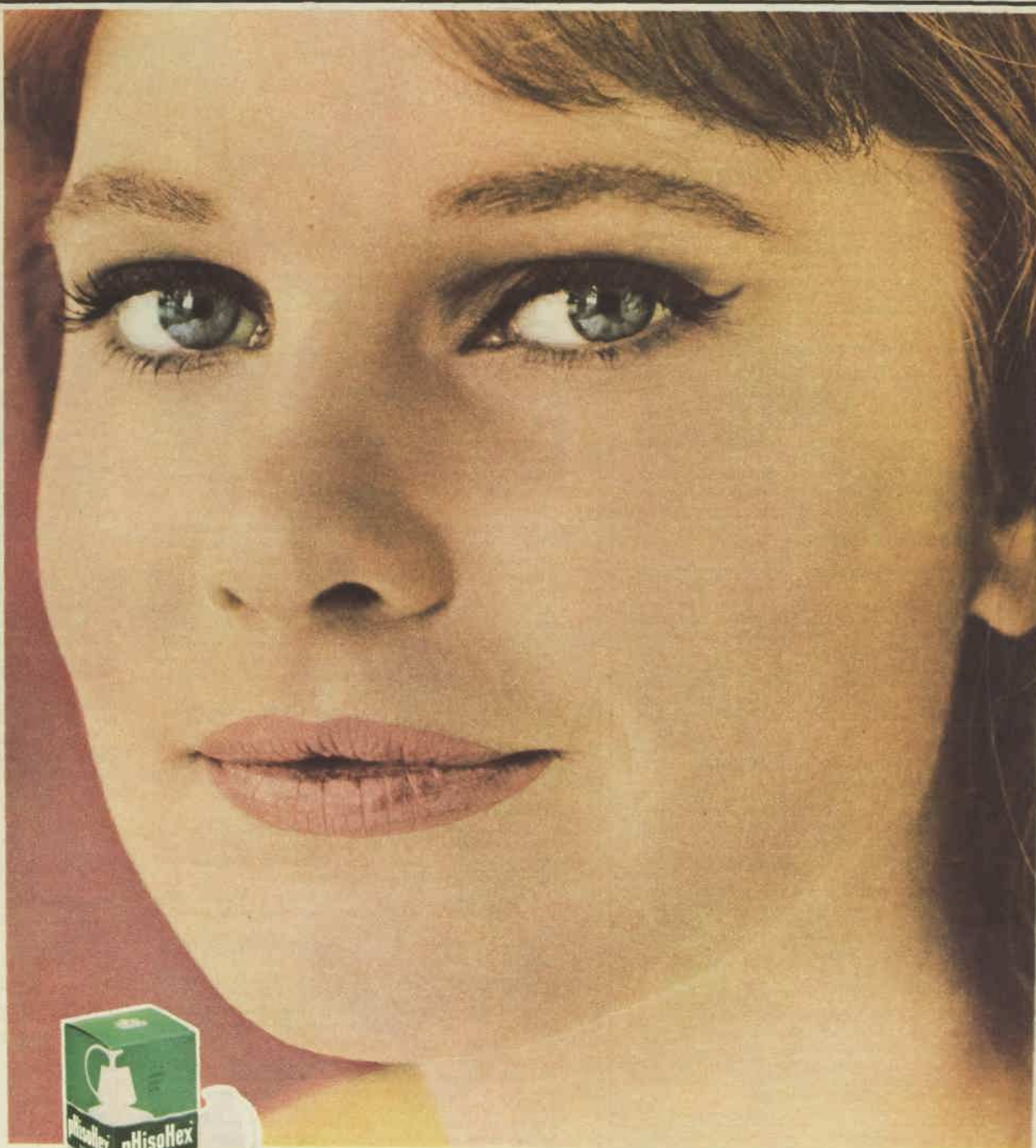
Book for garden lovers



"GARDENING IN COLOUR," a new approach in gardening books, is now on sale at all bookshops and news-agents, price \$3.95.

Illustrated with nearly 500 photographs—250 in full natural color—it is a most comprehensive general garden book with something to offer all plant lovers.

Original text of the book was by Frances Perry, the well-known English garden authority. Allan Seale revised the new edition, rewriting some chapters and adding others for Australian and New Zealand conditions.



SELF-CONFIDENCE — AND AN ACNE-FREE COMPLEXION

If you are not satisfied with your skin—if you have acne or blemishes—try washing with pHisoHex. It helps. pHisoHex helps because it is a special liquid cleanser that thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains no harmful alkali. But it does contain a powerful antibacterial germ fighter, hexachlorophene, which can keep tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. Wash with pHisoHex 3 or 4 times every day to help clear your skin of acne—and then to help it stay clear. Use pHisoHex Cream, too, to help heal and cover pimples. Winthrop Laboratories, Ermington, N.S.W.

pHisoHex
containing 3% hexachlorophene
(pronounced Fy-so-hex)

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

ALSO AVAILABLE IN NEW ZEALAND



Winter Hints for Complexion Beauty

Your complexion needs daily care and extra nourishment during the cold months of the year to stop winter dry skin and retain its precious youthful qualities. Here are some beauty hints that will make your skin softer, smoother, and more radiant throughout the cold weather.

Petal-Pretty Complexion

Winter weather invariably indicates a keener programme for the woman who wishes to cherish the soft, petal-pretty appearance of her complexion. Always use a make-up that will bring a flattering radiance to your face and base it entirely on a sub-foundation of moist, tropical oil to ensure that the skin becomes clear and milky. Smooth the oil of Ulan generously over the skin to nourish and beautify the complexion throughout the day.

Complexion Loveliness

To give your complexion a radiant loveliness, smooth a protective film of tropical moist oil over your face and neck to ease away roughness and tiny lines, and to beautify and guard the skin against the drying effects of winter weather. Oil of Ulan is recommended because of its special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin. This unique beauty fluid is also ideal for use as a beautifying base beneath make-up, ensuring that your complexion will look matt and flawless.

Summer Complexion in Winter

To clear away the dull, winter-dry look and to enliven the complexion try this simple beauty hint. Wring out a facecloth in warm water, press it gently on and off your face until it begins to cool. This will bring fresh blood cells to the surface and stimulate the circulation to give your skin a healthy peaches-and-cream look. Now to complete the good of this warm complexion-beautifying stimulant, smooth on your oil of Ulan to soften traces of wrinkle-dryness and to hold the bloom of youthful beauty in your complexion.

Soft Pretty Lips

To keep your lips soft and pretty and to act as a foundation for the smooth and lasting application of your lipstick, give them a generous quota of oil of Ulan when making-up. Massaging the lips and surrounding areas with the Ulan oil will prevent those tiny mouth and lip lines from forming.

The Ideal Gift!

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	1 YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	\$4.75	\$9.50
N. Guinea	\$5.05	\$11.30
N. Zealand and Fiji	\$6.50	\$13.00
Brit. Dom.	\$6.55	\$13.10
Foreign	\$7.85	\$15.70

COLDS & FLU

Drug Free. Positive relief. Swiss herbal remedy. You can take it, inhale it, apply it. Safe for all ages. **Olbas Oil.** All chemists.

LOOK ALIVE with

The Bulletin

POLITICAL COMMENT, NEWS, and VIEWS
EVERY WEEK - ONLY 20c

LAME DOG

BY BETTY COLSEN

Just like most mothers
Frances was convinced
she knew how to guide
her son to happiness



FRANCES was beginning to worry. It was no use Andrew telling her that there was nothing in it. She knew by Tim's voice when he talked on the telephone, knew by that certain tone he used when the someone at the other end was special. His Charles Boyer voice, Andrew said. But no matter what else Andrew said, she was convinced mothers had a sixth sense about their sons that fathers lacked.

And her sixth sense told her that Tim was falling in love with Jenny.

It wasn't that she didn't like Jenny, but one couldn't help being, well, not exactly delighted at one's son going out with a girl who, at twenty-one, had been married, had a baby, and recently gone through a divorce. Of course, the man, Keith Watson, his name was, had been frightful. Everyone knew that. None, she thought wryly, more than Tim. She had heard the pity for Jenny in his voice.

And wasn't pity akin to — very much to be confused with — love? Particularly if one was young and gallant; a crusader, like Tim? But was that reason enough for Tim to be taking on Keith Watson's responsibilities? He was so young himself! He still had to study another year before he took his degree; yet so had many others in the same circumstances. That, she knew, was no deterrent.

But not her Tim! She wanted Tim to marry a girl who was fine and unspoilt. A girl without a past, a girl who would build a single future with Tim, with no shadows cast upon it of someone else's making.

She had been in the kitchen a few evenings ago cooking the dinner, when Tim, coming home early from a lecture, had walked in to see what the cake tin had to offer.

"Jenny's divorce became final today," he said after a moment, his mouth full of shortbread. He poured himself a glass of milk. "I'm taking her out tonight — to celebrate."

"Oh," said Frances. She didn't know what else to say. Was a divorce a reason for a celebration? At Tim's and Jenny's age one should be celebrating birthdays and passing exams — and getting engaged.

And that was when she really began to wonder. Was this a celebration of what was over and done with — or of what was yet to come?

Sharply, looking at Tim, looking young and vulnerable, pain caught at her.

I don't want anything to happen between them, she thought. She had always said she would be different from other mothers who tried to keep their sons. I would be now, she affirmed passionately to herself, if it were some other girl.

But Tim was talking, explaining. "You can't imagine what she's been through. She's an orphan, you know, brought up in an orphanage with no one to help, or to love her, either. I suppose that's why she fell for Keith; he's pretty smooth, and she was probably flattered as he's so much older. Anyway, they married when she was seventeen. When she was having her baby, Keith was away from home."

Frances said, "Perhaps he had to be away on business?" She didn't know why she wanted to defend an unknown young man of whom she knew nothing but ill. To weaken Jenny's case?

"Business!" Tim snorted. "Keith's never done a stroke in his life. His family kept him until they got sick of it. Jenny supported him and the baby since the word go, working in a job during the day, and at night she does freelance fashion drawing while Keith's out having fun with the boys. No, he was in Austria, skiing, and when she left the hospital she didn't have anyone she could turn to."

He helped himself to another piece of shortbread. "She

took a taxi back to her room. The driver kindly carried the suitcase up the stairs for her while she held the baby." He gave a snort, spluttering crumbs in his fury. "She's held the baby ever since. She even had to pay for the divorce."

"How sad," she said. "I'm terribly sorry for her."

Tim was studying her. "Are you really?"

Was she so transparent? "Of course!" Careful, she said to herself. Don't antagonise him and drive him more surely into the girl's arms. "I think it's a dreadful story. It's just that I don't really know her..."

Then, thinking — be clever now, she said impulsively, "Why don't you bring her to dinner tonight, then take her to a show, or dancing, or something to celebrate afterwards?"

Tim smiled delightedly. "I know she'd love it. She's pretty sensitive, you know, after what she's been through. If she felt someone cared..."

If she thought your parents did, Frances thought, it would be convenient, wouldn't it? She said, "I'll make some celery soup, and a fruit salad for pudding."

"Thanks." He kissed her quickly on the cheek and went out of the kitchen whistling happily.

Frances had to admit Jenny was lovely. She had seen her several times before, of course, as she worked for the Masons' family doctor as a receptionist. That was where Tim had met her, too, several years ago — before her unfortunate marriage. Dr. Raymond had obligingly had her back after she'd had her baby...

Frances supposed the fashion drawing as a sideline was quite an accomplishment. She supposed, too, that the impact of the girl's loveliness never became less for Tim, either.

Before dinner they were sitting out on the terrace. It had been a hot day; Frances felt exhausted. The grass was parched, the blooms on the pink climbing rose growing over the trellis behind Jenny's chair were faded; only Jenny herself seemed fresh and untouched by the heat. She was tiny, and delicate looking — far too delicate to have coped with so much.

Yet, instead of pity, Frances felt only irritation, and a knowledge that her appearance could be very appealing, and with a little brain behind it could be put to excellent use.

Frances studied her. Throat and shoulders rose white from the neck of her simple pink linen dress. Her long-fingered hands, lying open in her lap, were so fine they seemed almost brittle. Her eyes were large and unafraid, with a little smile lurking in their violet depths; her silvery fair hair hung below her shoulders, waving slightly at the ends like a little girl's.

She was the fairy princess. Cinderella. Snow White; the fairest of them all. And when, asked Frances bitterly of herself, would the transformation scene take place — and with whom?

Tim didn't appear this evening to be a fairy prince. He was scowling worriedly. He wants her to make a good impression, thought Frances. Which she had to admit she was doing, without apparent effort or guile.

She was natural, friendly, though perhaps a little impersonal.

"I'm awfully sorry," she had said, "if Tim had to wait for me. The baby has a dreadful new habit of throwing his supper all over the place... I hope I haven't spoiled dinner by being so late."

"It's not that sort of dinner," said Frances. "Just ordinary. I didn't have time to do anything special."

To page 64

Crunch & crunch



What a mouth-watering way to stay slim!

Forget about starvation diets! Stay slim this delicious way, with crisp, fresh Ryvita crispbread. Crunch! Eat hearty—there's lots more where this came from. Low on calories, high on nourishment and satisfaction.

Crunch! Eat as much as you like, without waistline worries. Enjoy Ryvita crispbread with any of these stay-slim toppings, or maybe with just a dab of butter. It's so tasty! **RYVITA CRISP RYE BREAD**





PERIOD PAIN?

Subtly packed like a lipstick, powerful D&M Tablets are specially formulated to relieve severe periodic pain — quickly. To also help overcome associated feelings of depression, nervousness and fatigue.

D&M TABLETS

Sold only by chemists. 55 cents.



MUSCULAR ACHES

By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be **GOING!**
Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub ...

"Dear Sir,
After the near miraculous results this week-end I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) J. Richmond, Hawthorn.

"DEEP HEAT"

**RELIEVES ALL
MUSCULAR ACHES
AND PAINS**

(Advertisement)

New Discovery Now Makes It Possible to Shrink and Heal Haemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain in Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A world-famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief, in minutes, from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swelling.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both ointment

or suppository form called Preparation H.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of haemorrhoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Available at all chemists.

N675

"I'm glad," said Jenny. Ingratiating herself? Wanting everything to be just the same as usual; putting herself above the role of guest; wanting already to stress being at home here? No, thought Frances justly, she's saying it as anyone would. "How old is the baby?" she asked.

"Nearly two."
"What's his name?" asked Andrew suddenly coming for the first time into the conversation.

"Keith," Jenny laughed. "It had to be, he's so like his father. He's going to be impossible, too, only I adore him."

"Unlike his father," said Tim savagely. But Frances knew she once had loved the other Keith deeply — otherwise she never would have married him. What an opening, thought Frances, a subtle hint here, a half finished, tear-jerking sentence there ... Or would the girl, not so cleverly, come out with a long stream of woes?

She did neither. Instead, she said equably, "Unlike his father, he hasn't got hammer toes. He's got beautiful feet. I've been drawing them — all of him, in fact — for an advertisement for baby clothes."

"How clever of you," said Frances, meaning it. "I believe you're self-taught?"

"I've drawn all my life, then after the baby I did a course in the evenings. It's going well now. I'm going to plunge out soon, freelancing full time."

"Leave Dr. Raymond, you mean?" asked Tim.

"I'll have to, though I shall hate it." She turned to Frances. "Dr. Raymond's been wonderful to me. He fixed up everything when the baby was coming — doctor, hospital. And then had me back as soon as I could work again afterwards."

Here again had been another chance to elicit pity, but she hadn't used it; she was far too matter-of-fact.

Frances heard herself saying gushingly, "People are nice if one's in trouble." Then she blushed at the unfortunate phrase. She saw a gleam of amusement in Jenny's eyes, and then as though Jenny had had enough of her own affairs, she started to talk about an exhibition of sculpture that was on in the local art gallery.

Frances had to admit the evening had been a success. Jenny was one of those people, she thought, who, being entirely natural, do not make one feel one's age as the younger generation often manage to. When Tim got up to take her home she heard herself telling him to bring her again soon.

When they went up to bed Andrew said, "I like that girl."

"She has great charm," Frances said non-committally. Then she went to bed and didn't sleep ...

After that, Jenny seemed to be about a lot, mostly in the evenings for supper, and then she would go home to work afterwards.

"I'm lucky," she told Frances. "I have the room next to my landlady. She

adores Keith, and she never goes out, so she listens for him."

Once or twice that summer she came on Sundays, bringing the child with her. They looked wonderful together. He was blond and beautiful, too, and demanding. She was unruffled. She didn't let him harry her, nor did she spoil him. Once she said, "I don't think I'd better bring him again, he's been so tiresome today."

She was right. He was never still. Frances had feared for a Meissen snuffbox she treasured and every ashtray in the place, yet she found herself saying, "No, do bring him. It's good for him to be outdoors in a garden."

Jenny thanked her pleasantly, with the right amount of gratitude, but not effusively.

Then Frances found she had started to look for signs of affection between the girl

FROM THE BIBLE

● Do not judge others, so that God will not judge you — because God will judge you in the same way you judge others.

— St. Matthew 7: 1, 2.

(Today's English Version)

and Tim; a hand held, a stolen kiss, an expression in their eyes ... There didn't seem to be anything else but friendship, she had to admit, though she worried more and more.

Several months later, at Christmas, Jenny gave Tim a fountain pen. She brought it round at teatime on Christmas Eve — Tim had said she was spending Christmas Day with Dr. and Mrs. Raymond. Whether Tim had given her a present or not, Frances didn't know; he didn't do so then.

He opened the small parcel at once and was obviously pleased, walking across the room first to show it to his father, then to Frances. It was a very good pen; in the lid of the box was a small card, easy for Frances to read. It said, "Tim, thanks for everything, Jenny." Not even "Love, Jenny." She's a very clever girl, said Frances to herself. Not rushing things. But perhaps she was going too slowly? There was a risk at his age that Tim would find someone else.

Of course she might, too, for that matter. And it was then that Frances had an idea. It came suddenly, and made her want to laugh. Why not?

"Are you busy tonight, Jenny?" she asked. "Only filling Keith's stocking."

"We go every Christmas Eve to my nephew Jonathan and his wife, Jean. It's only a family party, the two of them, their children —" she felt herself pause slightly and

hoped it wasn't noticed — "and Jean's brother, and us. Would you like to join us? I know they'd be pleased."

"I'd love to come," said Jenny. "I'll just ring up, if I may, and ask Mrs. Greene to give Keith his supper."

"And Jean's brother." Would Martin be there? He always had been, every Christmas Eve she could remember.

Later, driving to the party, she found herself thinking, "Oh, please, heaven, let Jenny and Martin fall in love ..."

HE was there all right. Jean was standing at the open front door to welcome them. Behind her were the children, Michael and Susan, shouting with excitement, then Jonathan. And in the background, Martin.

"Hullo, Jean, Jonathan, all of you. Happy Christmas! This is Jenny, a great friend of ours." Not Tim's. Don't let Martin think there was anything there to make for "hands off."

Now Martin and Jenny were saying how do you do. Frances, carried away by her plan, had half expected them to stand gazing into each other's eyes, as people so often do in films, transfixed by instantaneous love, but instead they were shaking hands like everybody else. Then Michael was pulling Jenny to the Christmas tree, shouting, "Look at the lights, Jenny."

And Martin, turning away, was asking Tim about his studying.

If she had expected anything else for the rest of the evening, that was too bad, too. At dinner, they were sitting opposite her, side by side; but Martin seemed more interested in small Susan on his left, and Jenny, mostly, chatted to Tim.

And they were such a wonderful looking couple! She could scarcely keep her eyes off them; Jenny so fair, and Martin, dark and handsome, looking every inch the successful young businessman that he was. "Of course, how he's escaped for so long," Jean had said once, discussing him with Frances, "I simply can't imagine." The girls queue up, but he just laughs.

"Perhaps he's having too good a time," Frances had said.

"He's not, you know, though he'd never admit it. He's hankering for a home and the pitter-patter of little feet. I know, because he comes and baths the kids, and shares our stew so often. Why else?"

Why indeed? And that was what Frances had been banking on.

But afterwards, too, they hardly spoke. Tim, Martin, and Andrew sat talking golf, and Jenny and Jean talked children, while she sat and tried not to be depressed.

She'd been wrong, that's all, and she'd better forget it. At half-past ten Andrew said if he didn't go home he'd

fall asleep right there, and Jean said, pretending to be offended, that she was sorry he'd been so bored, and Tim said, if you can't say what you mean to your family, then to whom can you? With that he'd given Jenny's hair a tweak and said, "Come on, woman, don't keep me waiting." The obvious inference to Frances being that he considered Jenny was family, too.

At the gate Jean kissed everyone. Jonathan kissed Frances and Jenny, Martin and Jenny shook hands again, and Martin said he was glad they'd met, but there was no mention of their meeting again.

So Frances was amazed beyond words when, three months later, an invitation arrived to Jenny and Martin's wedding.

Jenny had written it herself. It said, "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Martin and I are getting married on Saturday week. It's only a very small wedding, but we do so want you to come, because if it hadn't been for you Martin and I never would have met, and that would have been terrible. So that makes you our most important guests. I've asked Tim already and he's coming. Dr. Raymond's giving me away again. Love, Jenny."

So it had worked after all ... It was quite wonderful! She never had felt so happy or so relieved about anything. When Tim came home a few minutes later she

To page 66

Advertisement



Beautiful Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

What can I do about my Varicose Veins?

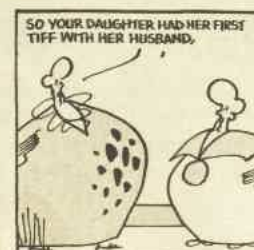
Get Venoruton Tablets today. In a few weeks, you can be rid of the swelling, pain and discomfort that hinder you from full enjoyment of living. Even advanced cases can get relief and check more serious developments. Venoruton has been tested successfully for over 10 years on actual varicose sufferers. Venoruton will help you, too.

Ask your family chemist today about Venoruton or write to SERA Pty. Ltd., Dept. 8H, P.O. Box 241, Lane Cove, N.S.W., for a free copy of "The Venoruton Health Plan."

Venoruton tablets
— for varicose veins

FROM THE RESEARCH LABORATORY OF ZYMA, SWITZERLAND.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUDD

The Grass is Green

By MARY DRAKE

SATURDAY morning, and the Wetherby family was at breakfast. It was a more leisurely meal than during the week, when at least three members of the family ate hurriedly, with one eye on the clock.

But today there was no school for Christine and Max, and Ralph Wetherby, bread-winner, was looking forward to a weekend of golf. His wife, Jane, sat at the head of the table, pouring coffee. One morning was much the same as another to her because, in spite of Mrs. Pearce, who came in daily to help, there was always an endless round of household chores with three teenage children in the house.

Nicola, the oldest, who was past schooldays, sat near her mother, eating her breakfast slowly, feeling the warmth of the sun on her back and one bare arm as it shone in through the open window.

For overnight, summer had come. Real summer. The morning was full of a steady warmth, not like the spring days of the past few weeks. Spring had beguiled them with false early morning promises, only to break them later in the day with cool blustery winds.

No, this morning one could dispense with cardigans, Nicola thought happily to herself. She was anxious to get out in the garden. The scent of sweet-peas and roses came in through the window, blending deliciously with the aroma of the hot coffee which her mother handed her.

When the telephone rang it was Max who got up to answer it.

"If that's Mr. Fenton tell him I'll pick him up about nine-thirty," Ralph Wetherby said from behind his newspaper.

When Max resumed his seat it was some time before he spoke. Then, "That was Ron," he said dejectedly. "Gee, the boys are taking the boat out for the first time this morning, and I can't go. I'm sick of this old job!"

On Saturday mornings Max made the deliveries for the local chemist on his ramshackle bike, which he managed to keep together in one piece more by optimism than a knowledge of mechanics.

His father spoke reasonably. "You didn't have to take the job, Max. It was your idea, remember. But it's the only way you'll get a new bike."

"Well, all the other kids have got decent ones. I don't see why you can't buy me one."

"Because I can't afford it," his father said shortly. "I've told you I'll pay half when you raise the other half yourself, and I think it's a pretty fair offer."

"It looks as though it's going to be a fine night for the party, dear," Jane said to her second daughter, by way of changing the subject.

Christine was going to her first "formal" that evening. But when she answered her mother, her voice was mutinous.

"I don't think it's fair that you and Father have to call for me. I'll be the only one. It makes me look such a baby."

"Now don't start that again," her father said sternly. "We had it all out last night. We'll be playing solo at the Gregsons, and we'll pick you up at twelve o'clock. Sharp."

"But all the others —" wailed Christine. Then a soft nudge from Nicola's foot under the table silenced her. Nicola concentrated on eating her breakfast. It seemed a shame, she thought to herself, to spoil such a beautiful morning with bickering and complaints. Why, it was the kind of morning when it was good merely to be alive.

"Oh, children, don't be always complaining!" Jane said irritably. "Why can't you be satisfied? I remember a song," she reminisced, "that we used to sing when we were youngsters, and there's a lot of truth in the words. We used to play it on the pianola. It began, 'The grass is always greener in the other fellow's yard.'"

Ralph Wetherby completed the lines for her, before taking another mouthful of toast.

"Fancy you remembering that old song!" his wife remarked with surprise.

Nicola smiled to herself. She wondered if her parents were remembering their conversation that she had overheard the night before. She had been sitting on the veranda outside their bedroom, listening to the first mutterings of thunder that presaged a storm.

Jane Wetherby's words had come clearly through the open window, a querulous note in her voice.

"I do think it's about time I had a little car of my own, Ralph. If we sold the big one we could get two small ones."

"Just how much do you think an old model like that would fetch on today's market?" Ralph had asked impatiently. "If they'd given the new job to me, instead



Nicola kicked off her sandals as she strolled in the garden.

of Gregson, I might have been able to manage it. As it is —"

"Well, all the other women have their own. It makes me feel —"

Realising she was eavesdropping, Nicola had gone inside, but, remembering the conversation now, it seemed that even if her parents could recall the words of the old song they had not learned to follow its advice.

She had gone upstairs then, leaving them to their argument, to the room which she shared with Christine. Her young sister was in bed and, judging by her quiet breathing, already asleep. Nicola moved quietly across the dark room for fear of disturbing her. But at that moment the storm had broken, making her precaution unnecessary. The rain came down in a deluge, and she pulled a chair over to the window, for she loved storms.

She sat there for a while, listening to the steady beat of the rain, punctuated by loud claps of thunder. The air was cool and moist, and she leaned far out the window, catching the icy drops in her hand like a child.

Christine's new party frock was hanging from the wardrobe door. Its soft folds billowed into the room with the force of the wind, and as Nicola got up to prepare for bed the filmy material brushed against her bare arm. She rubbed her cheek against the soft silken folds, imagining Christine's excitement when she slipped it over her head the following night, hoping that the party would come up to her young sister's expectations.

Suddenly it was nine o'clock. The morning chimes sounded from the hall, and it was as though they were a signal for general movement.

Christine helped her mother stack the breakfast dishes, and together they carried them to the kitchen. Ralph Wetherby folded his newspaper, muttering something about getting ready for golf.

Nicola stood up. As she passed Max's chair she ran her hand affectionately through his hair.

"You need a haircut," she reminded him. "Aw — I like it that way," he answered, pulling roughly away from the sisterly embrace.

Nicola smiled, picked up her book from the sideboard, and went outdoors. The day was going to be even warmer than she had anticipated, she thought happily, adjusting her dark glasses as she stepped out into the sunlight.

The grass was still wet from last night's storm. Her sandalled feet sank into it, and it was like walking on velvet. It felt deliciously cool, and she kicked off her sandals for the sheer pleasure of feeling her bare feet sink into its softness. The smell of the clover flowers, bruised by her feet, mingled with the other scents of the garden, and she sniffed appreciatively.

Then she settled herself into her own special chair and began — as she did every morning at this time — to study her braille.

(Copyright)

Beautiful on your wall
Elegant in your living room
Functional in your kitchen

JUNGHANS TRANSISTORISED BATTERY CLOCKS

Imagine! The heart of these Craftsman-made clocks is the amazing transistor and the humble torch battery. Junghans, Europe's largest maker of watches and clocks, have perfected the ultimate in clock design and accuracy, based on these two simple elements.



Never needs winding, no wiring, no installation costs. **JUST HANG IT ON THE WALL AND FORGET IT.** One battery lasts 12 months or more.

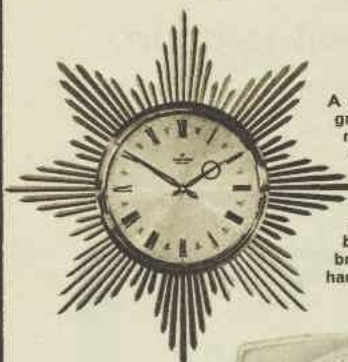
BRASS MANTEL CLOCK

A superb clock with filigree hands, engraved ivory and brass dial and case. 8 in. by 4½ in. Only \$51.95.



SUNBURST CLOCK

A glorious piece to grace your living room whether furnished in contemporary or traditional style. 8 in. dial and 17 in. sunburst are in rich brass, blackenamel hands. Only \$35.75.



KITCHEN CLOCK

Just one of many attractive styles. 6 in. dial is set in porcelain surround. Choice of colors to suit your kitchen. Only \$13.95.



ASK FOR
battery operated, transistorised
JUNGHANS CLOCKS

fully guaranteed — at all good jewellers and department stores.

OS 1479



**DON'T BE
CAUGHT OUT BY
INDIGESTION**

Neutralise that excess acidity, get fast relief with the balanced formula of

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS.

PAX LINDSAY*

One of Australia's best gardeners — see his "lucky gardeners" guide each month in the

**AUSTRALIAN
HOME
JOURNAL**

**THE MAGAZINE
OF BRIGHTER
READING 15c**

Everybody's

The Ideal Gift!
A SUBSCRIPTION TO

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	1 YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	\$4.75	\$9.50
N. Guinea	\$5.65	\$11.30
N. Zealand	\$6.50	\$13.00
and Fiji		
Brit. Dom.	\$6.55	\$13.10
Foreign	\$7.85	\$15.70



held the little note out to him. "Look at this . . . How long have you known, by the way?"

"Oh, ages," he said, glancing at it. "It's terrific, isn't it?"

"Why didn't she say anything to us?"

"She's shy about weddings. You can't blame her, can you? He was unconcernedly rifling through the rest of the post to see if there was anything for him, then he added, "You're pleased, aren't you? About Jenny?"

"Very pleased, indeed," said Frances. She was studying him covertly, but he showed no emotion whatsoever. Only as he reached the door she thought he sighed, but he turned to her smiling, so perhaps she had imagined the sigh, after all. He said, "I'm pleased, too, you know."

The day of the wedding was

LAME DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

sunny and bright. They were married in a little church Frances had never been in before. It was filled with spring flowers and looked lovely. But the loveliest thing of all was Jenny. She stood at Martin's side in her pretty blue suit, with a hat of blue flowers on her shining head. There weren't many guests at the wedding, perhaps a couple of dozen.

Remembering Jenny's assessment of their importance to her in her invitation, Frances had sat as far forward as possible. She saw, as they stood at the altar, that Martin and Jenny were holding hands. Once they turned a little to look at each other. They were in love all right. She wanted

to cry; but these were exceptionally happy tears, and she always cried at weddings, anyway. It was silly, but she couldn't help it, even if she was happy.

Afterwards there was a reception at the Raymonds'. It wasn't until the cake had been cut and Dr. Raymond had made his speech, and everyone was standing about chatting in groups and sipping champagne, that anything happened to cloud her sense of well-being.

She and Andrew and Tim were standing together. Apart from the Raymonds and Jean and Jonathan, who were busy on the other side of the room, they didn't know anyone there. Over Tim's shoulder

Frances saw Jenny laughing and talking; saw the radiance shining in her eyes as she looked up at Martin, and she caught her breath at the adoration for his bride written all over Martin's face.

He stood beside her, still holding her hand, as though he could never let her go. And then Frances realised, with a flash of intuition, with all his success and money and popularity he needed Jenny even more than she needed him. He would be the dependent one . . .

And at that moment a voice behind her said, "She's a pretty little thing, isn't she? Nice to see a lame dog make good."

And a woman's voice slightly amused, agreed, "And for it to find such a good home."

Something very odd indeed happened to Frances. Anger flared in her. Jenny had never been a lame dog! And she whipped round to face the couple who had spoken. The man, red-faced and self-satisfied, smiled knowingly. The woman smirked beside him.

Frances opened her mouth to say something; to say that Jenny was no lame dog seeking a home and a husband and security. Jenny had integrity, and would never have married unless she could do so with all her heart.

AND suddenly she saw it all, was staggered that she could ever have been so disastrously blind. Oh, she had liked Jenny all right, but she had never really seen how she had come through all her troubles unembittered and unspoiled, with a bright, shining courage.

Tim, looking a little white, was speaking for her. He said with great dignity, "Excuse me, but are you friends of the bride — or of the groom?"

Discomfited, the woman said coldly, "My husband is associated with the groom in business."

"But you would surely have noticed the way the bride walked up the aisle? There was no trace of a limp, I think you will agree." His voice had taken on a steely quality. "If you have been told that she suffers from any disability I'm sure you'll be pleased to know that you have been misinformed."

Frances squeezed Tim's arm. "Well done, darling. So polite! I wanted to be downright rude."

And suddenly a great sense of loss swept over Frances. If she hadn't drawn Martin into the picture, it could have been Tim standing there beside Jenny now. It was no good her telling herself that even if she hadn't introduced Jenny to Martin, perhaps nothing still would have happened between Jenny and Tim, that perhaps Jenny still would have married someone entirely different. Always, she would wonder . . .

Andrew had moved away, was chattering to a man she didn't know. Alone with Tim, because of her miserable doubts, suddenly, she went beyond the bounds of mother-to-son discretion, and burst out, "Oh, Tim, I'm so sorry! Did you love her very much?"

He didn't answer at once, and she was afraid she had gone too far, but after a moment he said matter-of-factly, "Enough to know I want to marry someone like her when I'm established, and can give her what a wife should have." He looked down at Frances, smiling. "And in the meantime, I've got you, you wily old fox, haven't I?"

So he had known what she had done.

"Will you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive? It was my fault, too, you know. I could have asked her to wait for me, only I didn't think it fair. I never even found out if she loved me. Somehow, I thought she'd begun to — but I don't know . . . Don't worry. When the time comes I'll find another Jenny." He sounded so confident, and she felt he would.

"Next time, I swear I won't interfere."

"Not by word, or deed, or thought?" He was laughing.

"Not ever, no matter what . . ."

And wishing with all her heart to atone, knowing he must find his own happiness, she meant it.

(Copyright)

The freedom of Meds

the most absorbent tampon*

Five days of new freedom. To leap into the active life you love. Make all the outing plans you want. Enjoy them all with the safe lasting protection of Meds. More women use Meds than any other tampon.

*Laboratory tests prove Meds Tampons have more absorbent capacity than any other tampon.



For free booklet, mailed in plain wrapper, write to:
NURSE REID,
JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.,
BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

WW 12.7.67

Meds — a Reg'd. Trade Mark of Johnson & Johnson Pty. Ltd.



Johnson & Johnson

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

3795. — A-line "pop-in" dress with dropped shoulder-line and cuffed sleeves. Applied contrast band and braid trim. Sizes: Small (31-32in.), Medium (34-36in.), Large (38-40in.). Price 60 cents includes postage.

4265. — Pretty, semi-fitted, A-line dress with cut-away armholes, is shirred into narrow bias band at neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4222. — Semi-fitted A-line dress has stand-away neckline with one-button closing at back. Short sleeves and belt extending from side front seams also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

3795

4265

4222

4095

4095. — Semi-fitted blouse and straight hipster pants with cuffs and contrast belt. Semi-fitted dress and A-line hipster skirt also in pattern. Blouse and dress designed for knit fabric. Sizes: Young Junior 30, 31, 33in., Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4234. — Lovely dress for after-five or street wear, is tent-shaped, fitted at bust, and flaring out at hem. Has scalloped collar or Peter Pan collar as shown and tab with optional sequin and button trim. Sleeve variations in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4248. — Girl's A-line dress with short bell sleeves or seven-eighths sleeves. Contrast banding. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE visits Dr. Zed, who reveals that he has invented a thermonuclear reactor, the dream of scientists everywhere. What will he do with it? READ ON...



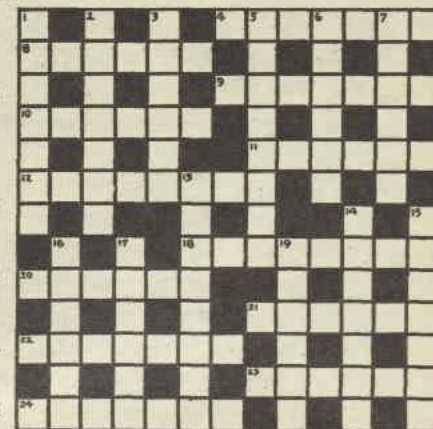
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- A bookie with disturbed son or person who gives security for another (7).
- Sappho's home (6).
- Melange of a minstrel (7).
- Strikes smartly; sounds like a Scotchman in a steamer (6).
- Inanimate objects (6).
- To awake concern in anyone you must bury first (8).
- A mast in a part of Australia (8).
- Repass to make it thinly scattered (6).
- A prank (6).
- A man and an insect form a very hard substance (7).
- Take a troop and it makes an outlaw (6).
- Sore lad in severe trials (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Cat's lip for a mouldable substance (7).
- Greek name of the Phoenician Venus (7).
- Receptacle, which can be closed (6).
- Let a step make boards for painters (8).
- Purely intellectual (6).
- Its place is in the fruit-basket (6).
- Situated on the outside and its outside exists for ever (8).
- Reckon as part of a whole (7).
- Talismans in mother's small beds (7).
- It frightened Miss Muffet away (6).
- Unit of weight in the metric system (6).
- Spotted S. American tiger-cat (6).



Chunky, crunchy, Scotch Finger biscuits—golden with egg and butter goodness

It took years of biscuit-making experience to produce this delicious shortbread. Experience, and a recipe generous with the goodness of eggs and butter. Arnott's have the experience and the recipe—you know it the moment you bite into an Arnott's Scotch Finger Biscuit. Chunky, crunchy shortbread, golden with egg and butter goodness. Arnott's Scotch Finger Biscuits. Try some soon.



Arnott's

famous

Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality